July 17, 1978

THE NEW YORKER

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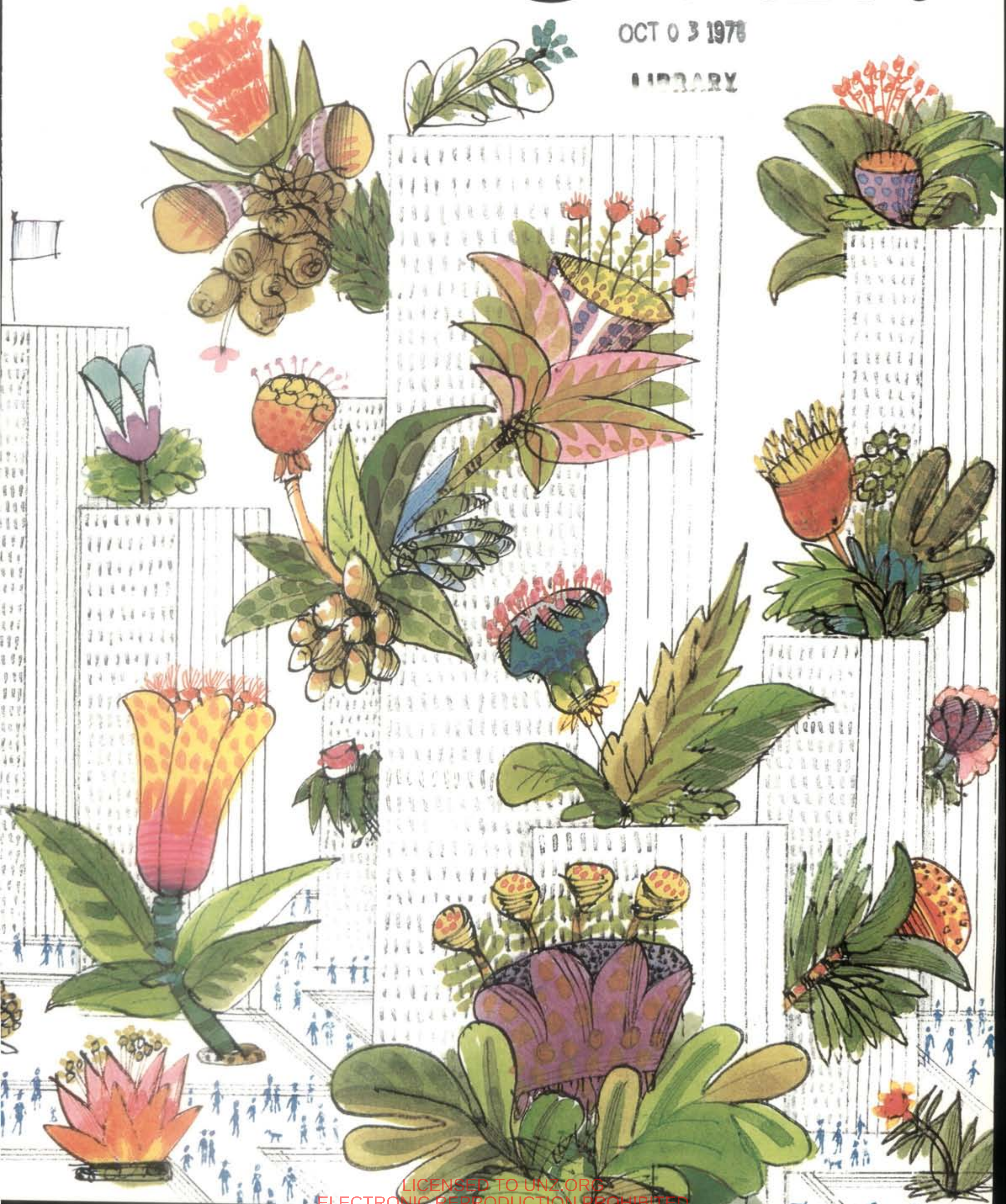

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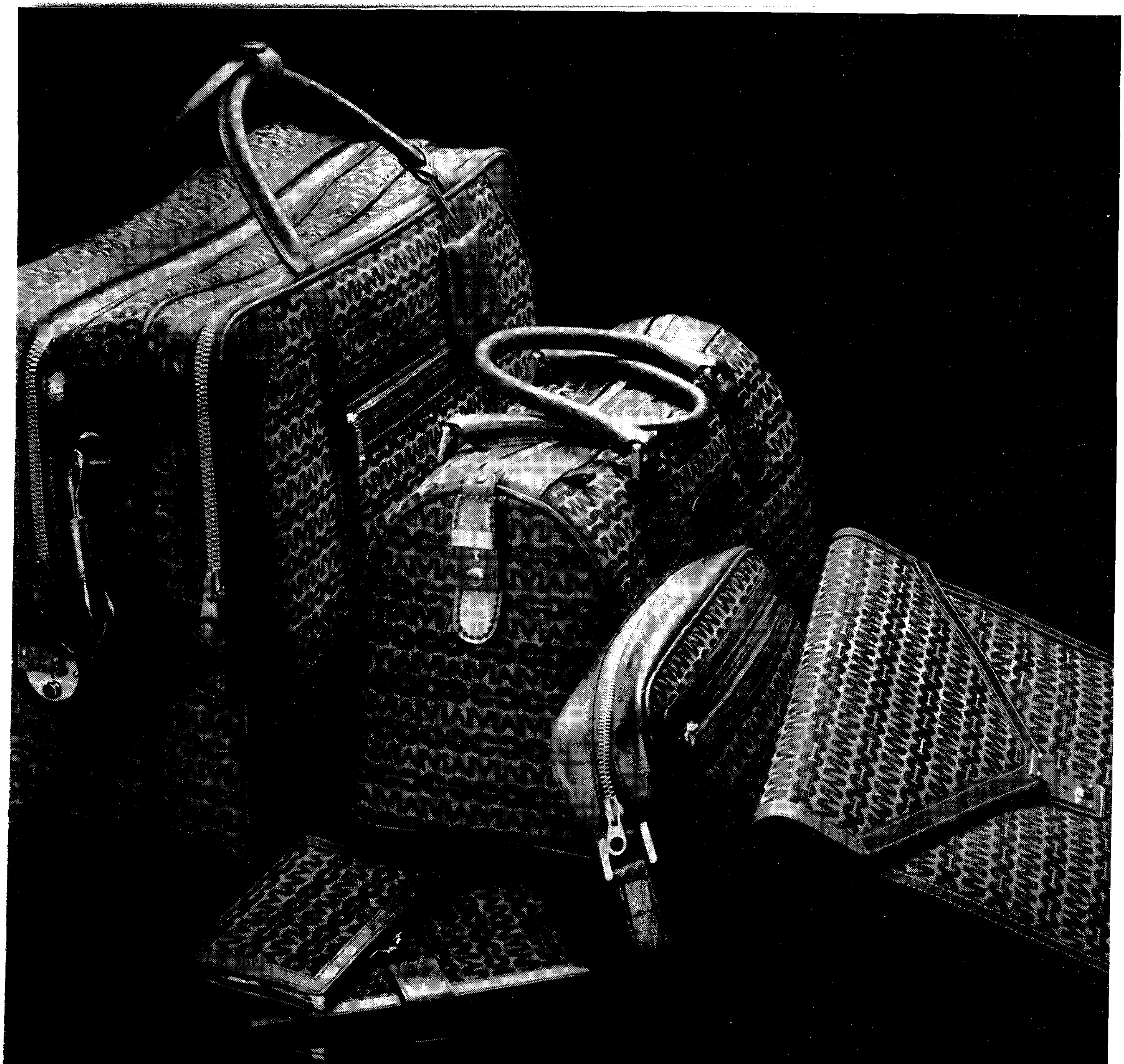

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Dance Machine—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Catsplay—István Orkény's comedy—about the trials and eventual triumph of a spunky, feisty widow in Budapest whose lover is snatched away from her—makes an entertaining evening, under Lynne Meadow's capable direction. (4/24/78) (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Chapter Two—A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. The four-person cast is admirable. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Da—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dancin'—Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Deathtrap—A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Wood, Marian Seldes, Victor Garber, Marian Winters, and Richard Woods. Directed by Robert Moore. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—A ten-performance repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan. Monday, July 17, and Thursday, July 20, at 7:30: **iolanthe**. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 18, at 7:30, and Wednesday, July 19, at 2 and 7:30: **the mikado**. . . . ¶ Friday, July 21, at 8, and Saturday, July 22, at 2 and 8: **h.m.s. pinafore**. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, July 24-25, at 7:30: **the pirates of penzance**. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Dracula—Frank Langella and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (10/31/77) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The 5th of July—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 for various purposes. Lanford Wilson is an experienced dramatist, but this is one of his non-vintage plays. The performance is very good, though. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same. Among them are the tuneful songs, the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words, and the presence of the gifted Don Scardino in the singer's company. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Just the Immediate Family—A play by Grace Kimmins. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W 26th St. 242-2695. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man-Wo-Man—A pair of one-acters—subjec as stated. In the first, "Michael," an ironic and funny "dramatic fragment" by Ed Bullins, a worldly composer and arranger on a visit to a black college is wooed and won by an innocent-seeming student. In the second the kaleidoscopic "Passion Without Reason," by Neil Harris, a black man and woman assume any number of male and female roles (5/22/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, July 16 Free.)

Mary Rose—J. M. Barrie's ghost play is a foolish relic, but it is a relic that is still in working order, as is demonstrated by this Off Off Broadway troupe. The acting as a whole is satisfactory; that of Julia MacKenzie in the leading role of a young wife who disappears on an island in Scotland and then returns to haunt the family; of Kate Wilkinson as her mother; and of Thomas MacGreevy as her grown son is better than satisfactory. (Lion Theatre Company, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-7930. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 16.)

Once in a Lifetime—Hollywood in turmoil over the advent of the "talkies." This first collaboration by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman has been given a charming production, with John Lithgow and George S. Irving as a pair of nitwits who can do no

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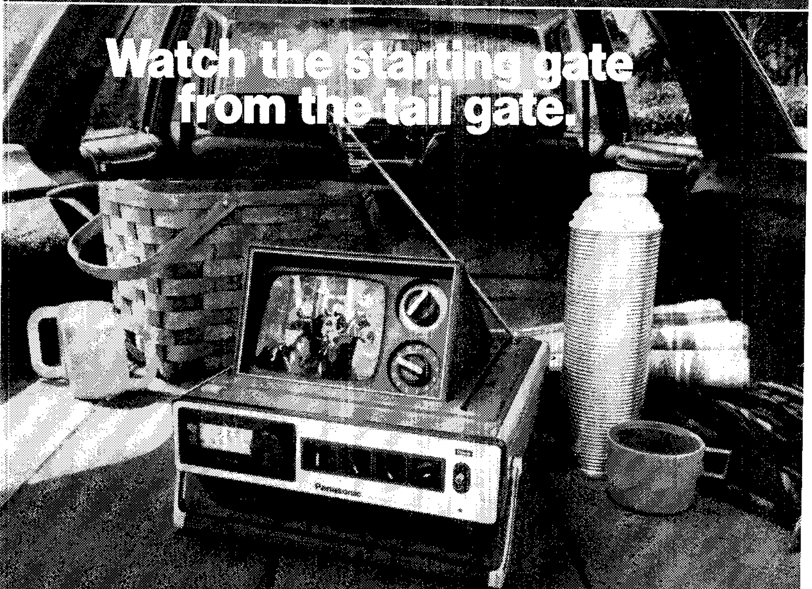

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wrong. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On the Twentieth Century—A musical comedy (book and lyrics by Comden and Green, music by Cy Coleman) based on the old Hecht-MacArthur play "Twentieth Century" and showing its age. John Cullum, Imogene Coca, and Judy Kaye are its stars. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Piano Bar—A small musical, lightly disguised as cabaret, about two men and two women who enter a bar as strangers and leave, after a couple of hours, as friends and lovers. Music by Rob Fremont, lyrics by Doris Willens, and libretto by both. (6/19/78) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pins and Needles—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Three Charles Ludlam productions. **STAGE BLOOD:** Mondays and Wednesdays at 8. . . . **BLUEBEARD:** Thursdays and Fridays at 8. . . . **CAMILLE:** Saturdays and Sundays at 8. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

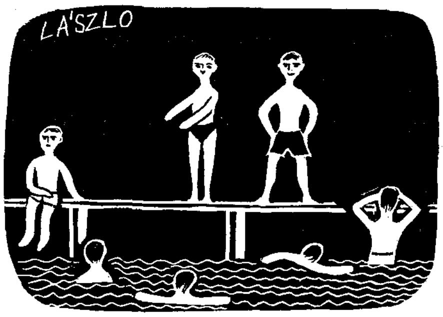
The Show-Off—Paul Rudd and Polly Rowles in a revival of George Kelly's comedy. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, July 16.)

Spring Awakening—A two-week engagement of the Juilliard Theatre Center's production of Frank Wedekind's play, adapted by Edward Bond and directed by Liviu Ciulei. Opens Wednesday, July 12, and will run through Sunday, July 23. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Timbuktu!—Eartha Kitt, Melba Moore, Gilbert Price, and Ira Hawkins in a silly reworking of the musical "Kismet." (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tribute—Jack Lemmon is superb in this rueful comedy (by Bernard Slade) about a dying man who seeks belatedly to achieve a successful relationship with his son. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,568 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of the American writer Ntozake Shange are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Dick Boccelli (substituting for Danny Aiello, who will return on Monday, July 17) as the father, and Anne DeSalvo and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE GIN GAME:** Jessica Tandy and E. G. Marshall in a new comedy about the horrors of old age. Harsh, but at the same time extremely funny. The playwright is D. L. Coburn. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-seven years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Betsy Palmer and Charles Kimbrough are the cast. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesday through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wedne days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Souther high-school girl cheerleaders change fro all but identical "best friends" (1963) int quite different and incompatible New Yorl ers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironi comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at th Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-839 Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Satu days at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays a 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** A blac musical version of that well-remembere movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars c the occasion are Tom H. John, who did th sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the co tumes and also directed the show. (Broac way Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:3 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music pro gram about the sixties, with four musician doing thirty-seven songs written by Joh Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harri son. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th S 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Satur days and Sundays at 2.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring tent circus, spon sored by the New York School for Circu Arts. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns trapeze artists, and gymnasts. (Eighth Ave and 50th St., on the site of the old Madiso Square Garden. 581-9186. Wednesdays a 11:15 and 2:15; Thursdays through Satur days at 2:15 and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 an 4.)

DANCE

Performing Arts Company of the People's Republi of China—Final performances of an engage ment (two programs) by this company o dancers, singers, and musicians. Program (including an excerpt from the ballet "Re Detachment of Women"): Wednesday, Jul 12, at 8, and Saturday, July 15, at 2. . . ¶ Program II (including an excerpt from th ballet "The White-Haired Girl"): Thursda and Friday, July 13-14, and Saturday, Jul 15, at 8. (Metropolitan Opera House. 580 9830.)

Berlin Opera Ballet—With Valery and Galin Panov, in the final performances of the en gagement—Wednesday, July 12, at 8: "Cin derella." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 13, at 7; Fri day, July 14, at 8; Saturday, July 15, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, July 16, at 8: "The Rite o Spring," "Bolero," "Daphnis and Chloe," "Adagio Hammerklavier," and "Le Corsair Pas de Deux." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 2 "Giselle." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

London Festival Ballet—With Rudolf Nureyev, in the opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Saturday, July 29—Tuesday evening, July 18; Wednesday matinée and evening, July 19; and Thursday evening, July 20: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 21, and Saturday matinée and evening, July 22: "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is *therefore always advisable to call ahead.)*

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A musician-owned night-club loft on a stretch of Greene Street that hasn't changed much since the neighborhood—the desolate and gray Factory District—turned into SoHo. Trumpeter **AHMED ABDULLAH**, who has worked with Sam Rivers and Sun Ra, heads up a fine, moving sextet through Saturday, July 15; on Tuesday, July 18, bebop-vocal pathfinder **EDDIE JEFFERSON** will arrive with a quartet. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from about ten.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—Composer and lyricist George David Weiss has moved into these quarters for the eight-thirty show with a band and some backing singers. At ten-thirty, a comic, Tim Cahill; a singer, Audrey Lavine; a singer-comedian, David Little; and a singer-pianist, Alan Menken, will take turns onstage. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge, with good musicians performing in a picture window music corner. Bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** directs a quartet through Saturday, July 15; Wednesday through Saturday, July 19-22, bassist **FRANK TUSA,** drummer **ELIOT ZIGMUND,** and pianist **AL DAILEY** will get together. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Except for a few artfully got-up punk-rock groupies, the patrons here resemble the clean-cut, Pepsi generation that makes up the studio audiences on "Saturday Night Live." The highlights from the current lineup are singer and songwriter Laura Nyro, who will be present on Wednesday and Thursday, July 12-13, with folkie Bryan Bowers, a touring pro on the Autoharp circuit. Thursday through Saturday, July 20-22, David Johansen, the former lead singer with the New York Dolls, will bring in his own band. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A lot of people like to hang out here, checking everyone at the bar in the overhead mirrors or listening in on the literary gossip. A lot of other people think of Bradley's as piano-bass heaven: **BOB DOROUGH** and **BILL TAKAS** are the musicians through Saturday, July 15; on Monday, July 17, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and the stunning bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** will take over for six nights. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—If one cannot fly to Rio, this is the next best thing. Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others performed by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist. In short, a lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music Tuesdays through Sundays from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and music from Carnival. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his aides, **BEVERLY PEER** and **GENE GAMMAGE,** on bass and drums, respectively, depart the old homestead for the summer after Friday, July 14. On Sunday, July 16, pianist Monty Alexander's trio will begin a Sunday-through-Thursday stint. Music at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

Cassidy's, 303 E. 53rd St., near Second Ave. (755-8050)—Pianist **NINA SHELDON** plays jazz standards and Tin Pan Alley standards and often takes requests. On a recent evening, she sang as well as played the requested "'Round Midnight." Miss Sheldon is accompanied by a bassist, and sometimes a saxophonist or a singer friend will sit in, too. Tuesdays through Fridays from nine to one; closed Saturdays and Sundays. Dining in a pleasant room.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Punk-rock bands on the bandstand; punk-rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of torn T-shirts, dirty sneakers, rearguard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome flannel shirt or two. Monday is showcase night. Nightly from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**JOE TURNER,** a first-edition stride pianist—he's in his early seventies and was a contemporary of Fats Waller and other Harlem players fifty years ago—has moved in to play solo piano weeknights at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. On Sundays from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**SCOTT HAMILTON,** a tenor saxophonist in his mid-twenties who plays in a style nearly twice as old as he is, leads a trio from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The band, which begins weeknights after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist-proprietor Red Balaban. On Tuesday, July 18, trombonist **EDDIE HUBBLE** will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, July 16, **SCOTT HAMILTON** will lead a quintet. From eight-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** guitarist **JOE PUMA,** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten to three, and on Sundays from seven to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to pianist **AL HAIG,** guitarist **AL GAFA,** and bassist **MORRIS EDWARDS.** Weeknights, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Valve trombonist **BOB BROOKMEYER** directs a quartet Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A taste of Austin, Texas: slick young lawyer types, cosmic cowboys, and pecan pie (but where are the chicken-fried steaks?). The entertainment usually consists of progressive country bands. (Progressive country bands tend to be bands that write their own material and get high.) Weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Les Mareyeurs, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**RONNY WHYTE,** a debonair, straight-arrow baritone and his own capable accompanist—dig his left hand—is back at the piano in this front-room bar. In a town chock-full of singer-pianists, Whyte is wonderfully good. He does Rodgers and Hart's "Manhattan," Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind," and nearly everything in between.

He's here with strong bass support, from **RON MARKOWITZ,** through Saturday, July 15, and from **JACK SIX,** beginning Tuesday, July 18. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, a radio DJ, a writer, a baseball fan, and the son of composer Arthur Schwartz, sings Schwartz tunes through Saturday, July 15; on Tuesday, July 18, saxophonist Steve Wolfe and his quintet will move in. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. It has also drawn **CHICO HAMILTON,** a wily, melodious drummer and a smooth, witty showman, who will lead his sturdy young quintet through some of the most subtle rhythm and blues around. Thursday through Saturday, July 13-15. Music from ten to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea. The Poussette-Dart Band, a Boston rock group, is in town Thursday through Saturday, July 13-15; on Wednesday and Thursday, July 19-20, Robert Hunter, who has been writing lyrics for the Grateful Dead for years, will bring in his own band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lee Castle and the Jimmy Dorsey orchestra provide the music in Art Deco-land Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—**ANITA O'DAY,** who began making vocal breakthroughs nearly forty years ago, is here through Sunday, July 16; on Tuesday, July 18, yet another big-band singer, **MAXINE SULLIVAN,** will come in. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty; Miss Sullivan will appear at nine only. Dining.

Sibi, 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—This jazz spot, like a poor relation, has been relegated to an out-of-the-way but elegant second-story room above the night club Ibis and its Vegas-style floor show. **BOBBY COLE,** a pianist with a sure, subtle touch and a vocalist with a hoarse, raspy voice, has settled in with what seems at first like a fifties' lounge repertoire—"Cry Me a River," "When Your Lover Has Gone" and "From This Moment On"—until he drops in "Wild Horses," by the Rolling Stones. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

Storytowne, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Baritone saxophonist **GERRY MULLIGAN** will be here, leading his latest quartet, Thursday through Saturday, July 13-15. Shows begin about nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Flugelhornist **ART FARMER** leads a quartet Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. On Monday, July 17, **BOB MOVER,** a swirling alto saxophonist in his twenties, whose solos go right back to Charlie Parker in their shapes and full-tilt tempos, will lead a quintet. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. Shows nightly, except Sundays, at midnight and two, usually. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Chicago blues—the electric, big-city, twelve-bar musical form that evolved some thirty years ago, when rural, Delta-blues players like Muddy Waters, Otis Spann, Howlin' Wolf, and others migrated north—hasn't changed very much over the years. In fact, for many listeners its main attractions are its uncannily satisfying predictability and simplicity. In the sixties, derivative groups like the Paul Butterfield Blues Band and the Rolling Stones infused the raw, loping ostinatos of Chicago blues with a fresh, if a bit slick, level of energy and intensity. The music of **OTIS RUSH,** who will be downstairs here

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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with his quartet through Sunday, July 16, owes nearly as much to Butterfield and the Stones (and to other derivative groups) as it does to the pure-blues giants like Waters and Spann. Rush plays wonderful, exciting blues-guitar solos and sings more than adequately, and his band backs him up with an extraordinary competence and tightness. What is missing is a sense of live-wire interaction, of unexpected, ricocheting solo exchanges between Rush and his rhythm guitarist—the kind of impromptu sagacity that characterized the old Muddy Waters/Otis Spann band. On Tuesday, July 18, tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine will arrive with his disco-pop, jazz-funk band. Shows at about ten-thirty most nights; at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. In the Top of the Gate, upstairs, Bob January leads a fifteen-piece band on Sundays from seven to eleven, and jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** works with a trio on Tuesdays from nine to midnight. One can have dinner in this large L-shaped room, which has been outfitted to look like a dark Victorian dining room.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—**SONNY FORTUNE,** a driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist who can make one downright grateful for long, extended, unending solos, is here leading his quintet through Sunday, July 16; on Tuesday, July 18, guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** will arrive with a trio. Mondays are claimed by the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Harris Simon has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and aging swing musicians who can still swing. George Kelly's Jazz Sultans play on the beat through Friday, July 14; on Saturday and Sunday, July 15-16, stride pianist and vocalist **BROOKS KERR,** his flashy young drummer, **SONNY GREER,** and their quartet will be on hand; and on Tuesday, July 18, trumpeter Franc Williams will come in with his quartet. Live music from nine nightly, except Mondays when the management presents jazz-history sessions on film, records, or slides. Student food at student prices.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Striking black-and-white murals painted in the heroic style of the twenties and thirties, portraying workers of the world—farmers, stevedores, chorus girls (they're workers, too). **HAROLD DANKO,** the keyboard caretaker with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis outfit on Mondays at the Village Vanguard, is here on his own through Saturday, July 15; on Tuesday, July 18, **JILL MCMANUS,** another fine young pianist, will take over for a week. Music from nine to one. Closed Mondays.

DISCOTHÈQUES

IPANEMA, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Mostly recorded disco and some Brazilian music from nine. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning, colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

RÉGINE'S, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

REDD FOXX and **JEAN CARN**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Thursday, July 13, at 8.

TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS and **DERRINGER**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, July 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

CROSBY, STILLS & NASH—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, July 22, at 8.

GROVER WASHINGTON, JR., AL JARREAU, and **LOCKSMITH**—Palladium. Saturday, July 22, at 8 and at midnight.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LEE ADLER—Recent oils and graphics, all of them abstractions that look like designs for heavy-duty machinery. Through Friday, July 21. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

MARTIN CANIN—Shaped canvases, most of them elongated horizontally and divided into large areas of striking colors, and simple abstractions in oil or crayon on paper. Through Friday, July 21. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

LOUIS I. KAHN (1901-74)—This architect made his first sketches of architectural monuments by copying out of his schoolbooks, and some of these early efforts, together with later sketches in pastel, pen and ink, charcoal, watercolor, pencil, which were made during his travels in Europe and Egypt (the latest is dated 1959), are included here. Through Aug. 12. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open daily, except Sundays, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

EGON SCHIELE (1890-1918)—Twenty-four self-portraits by this celebrated Austrian draftsman, nearly all of them pencil drawings or watercolors. Through Aug. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

TANIA SCHREIBER—Compositions made up of huge triangles of primary colors. Through Saturday, July 15. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

PIERRE SOULAGES—Small, dark, and heavily varnished abstract paintings by the French Expressionist. Through Friday, July 14. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MEXICAN ART—A two-gallery exhibit (daily, 10 to 5; a single admission covers both shows) of works, spanning twelve millennia, on loan from the Mexican National Museums. At the **KNOEDLER,** 19 E. 70th St., pre-Columbian and colonial objects, among them breastplates, pottery, jewelry, paintings, and, at the entrance, an Olmec stone head nearly six feet tall. Through Saturday, July 22. . . . ¶ At the **HAMMER,** 51 E. 57th St., paintings by three important twentieth-century artists: Rivera, Orozco, and Siqueiros. Through July 23.

VARIATIONS ON LATIN THEMES IN NEW YORK—A widely diversified exhibit of works by Latins now resident here, ranging from total abstractions to purest realism. Among the artists are Luis Frangella and Liliana Porter, from Argentina; Ana Mendieta and Juan Gonzalez, from Cuba; and Edgar Franceschi, from Puerto Rico. Through July 28. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Five painters: James Dinerstein, Sheila Girling, Clifford Ross, Sandi Slone, and Edward Youkilis. Through Friday, July 21. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Etchings, engravings, and woodcuts by more than thirty Old Masters, including Aldegrever, Bol, Beham, and Reni. Through Aug. 4. . . . **COOPER,** 155 Wooster St.: Paintings and sculptures by Robert Huot, Ellen Phelan, Kes Zapkus, and others. Through July 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: A first-rate show, impeccably hung, of gallery regulars, plus a few pieces of lagniappe, including an offbeat portrait by the late Richard Lindner of a man with a large red mustache, and a seventeenth-century Peruvian mask that looks quite modern. Through Friday, July 14. . . . **CRISPO,** 41 E. 57th St.: A changing exhibition of paintings and sculptures by a number of artists, among them Avery, Gorky, Nevelson, and Twombly. Through July 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: The summer show here includes a rich-looking screen of rusty iron pipes (a hundred and fifty of them in a fixture eighteen feet long and nine feet tall) by Tom Clancy, and a hexagonal steel rod precisely twelve feet long, which is Charles Perini's means of demonstrating (along with diagrammatic drawings) how far the earth spins at the gallery site in the course of .0104 seconds. Through July 28. . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Still-life paintings by fourteen artists. Nancy Hagin, John Moore, Lucy Sallick. Through July 28. . . . **FREIDUS,** 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.: Five sculptures created for the gallery's roof space by Tom Doyle, Alan Finkel, Winifred Lutz, Michael Norton, and Patsy Norvell. Also, indoors, drawings and sculptures by these and other artists. Through July 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GENESIS,** 41 E. 57th St.: A show of new talent includes large abstract compositions by Ray Lewis; interiors by Dan Wittels; and scenes of frozen Alaskan wilderness by Loren Adkins, who lives sixty miles outside Juneau. Through Saturday, July 15. . . . **KORNBLEE,** 20 W. 57th St.: The summer show here includes a huge paper bag, nearly six feet tall, by Alex Hay; a painting of the knot in an enormous red tie by Domenico Gnoli; and a small, boxed construction showing the side of a house resting on a shelf of granite by Bruce Montieth. Through Friday, July 14. . . . **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Food and drink of every sort and class are the subjects of this selection of drawings by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Friday, July 14. . . . **O.K. HARRIS,** 383 West Broadway: Noticeable among the works at the summer invitational show (eight artists) are a domed structure, fourteen and a half feet in diameter and eight feet tall, made of raw tree branches tied together with wire, by Harriet Feigenbaum; a chandelier-like sculpture dripping with particles of plastic, wood, foil, and the like, strung on wire, by Mattie Berhang; and an environment by Kit Schwartz in which are posted the responses of a hundred or so art-world people to the poser "Describe yourself as a person." (Andy Warhol: "Silly.") Through Friday, July 14. (Opens at noon.) . . . **PHOENIX,** 30 W. 57th St.: Step-by-step illustrations showing how a number of the gallery artists (among them Suzanne Hodes, Anna Bisso, and Nelson Williams), arrived at a finished product: ideas jotted on the back of an envelope, color experiments, black-and-white sketches. Through Aug. 10. . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: The group show of gallery artists includes a drowsy summer scene near Quakertown by John Gundelfinger; a large abstract oil in fresh colors by John Ferren (the gallery got it from the Phillips Collection in exchange for several Ferren watercolors); and a Josef Levi still-life incorporating a hand of bananas, a vase of rhododendrons, and an Utamaro print. Through July 27. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and drawings, including futurist paintings by Joseph Stella (1877-1946); beach scenes by Gertrude Fiske (1878-1961); and city scenes by Louis Guglielmi (1906-56). Through Friday, July 21. . . . **SHEPHERD,** 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century English paintings

and drawings, heavy on the Pre-Raphaelites. Through Friday, July 21. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **TRUMAN**, 38 E. 57th St.: In a show called "The Reality of Art," the visitor follows a strange progression from Bruce Robbins' seesaws and silvery ladders, past one of Richard Tuttle's wall dividers, to an eight-foot drawing by Christo of a section of his running fence. Eight artists are represented, and the works all seem related. Through Thursday, July 20. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.)

Many galleries are closed in the summer. Some of those that are open show, often on a rotating basis, works by their own artists. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.)... **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 2.)... **HAMILTON**, 20 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.... **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St.... **SPERONE WESTWATER FISCHER**, 142 Greene St.

ALFRESCO SCULPTURE—**CHAIM GROSS**: Bronzes. ... **LILA KATZEN**: Metal pieces in a variety of sizes. (Both at Fordham University's Lincoln Center Campus.)... **NED SMITH**: Multipart concrete pieces positioned around the plaza in formal arrangements. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)... **ARTHUR WEYHE**: A huge freeform sculpture, remotely resembling a Coney Island roller coaster and incorporating tree trunks the size of telephone poles. The site is a large plaza affording a sweeping view of the East River. (Waterside, accessible to visitors by a footbridge across the East River Drive at 25th St.)... **GEORGE SUGARMAN**: "Yellow Ascending," a twenty-four-foot sculpture of enamelled welded-steel units, erupts from a base in front of City Hall.

PHOTOGRAPHY

JAMES ABBE (1883-1973)—A selection of photographs centered on the rise of European militarism in the thirties. Portraits of Franco, Hitler, and Mussolini are included. Through Friday, July 21. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

JERRY DANTZIC—Color prints of mesas, buttes, and bridges, in a show at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

ROBERT DOISNEAU / GEORGE KRAUSE—A group of photographs of twentieth-century artists (Léger, Steinberg, Picasso) stand out in a show of a hundred works by this Parisian photographer. / Studies of nudes, most of them surreal. Through Aug. 18. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM HENRY JACKSON (1843-1942)—Photographs of waterfalls and rock formations. Through Aug. 18. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **GREY ART GALLERY**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: More than a hundred and sixty nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs from the collection of Sam Wagstaff, which includes such names as Julia Margaret Cameron, Robert Frank, Doris Ulmann, and William Eggleston. Through Aug. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30.)... **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**: Nearly two hundred prints made by contemporaries of Alfred Stieglitz and collected by him—Strand, Steichen, Käsebier, de Meyer. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.... **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY**, 344 E. 14th St.: Fifty photographers' views of city games (stickball, Johnny-on-the-pony, skateboarding, and so on). Through Sept. 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4; Sundays, 10 to 1.)... **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: The third annual "Rated X" show. Through July 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **PFEIFER**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibition devoted to the male nude has as its earliest example a photograph (of a sculpture) made in 1857 by Robert MacPherson, and as its most recent example sunbathers on a beach in Acapulco by Louis Falco. Through July 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: New York night life during the first half of this century, depicted in photographs from the Underwood & Underwood Archive. Through Friday, July 21. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Images of Women: Master Drawings of Five Centuries" has ninety works (from the Lehman Collection) by artists who include Dürer, Ingres, Menzel, Valadon, and Matisse. Through Oct. 1.... ¶ "The Arts Under Napoleon": an outline of Napoleon's influence on French craftsmen of the period, with objects ranging from furniture and firearms to silk and silver. Through July 30.... ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. Through Aug. 27.... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Two hundred prints from the Alfred Stieglitz Collection. Through Sunday, July 16. (Open daily except Mondays. If you are headed for the museum with a specific exhibit in mind, proceed with caution: some galleries, except on weekends, are open on only a rotating basis. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of portrait drawings of twentieth-century American and European painters, sculptors, and writers. Through Sept. 24.... ¶ An exhibit of etchings by Jim Dine. Through Sept. 5.... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Color landscapes by Jerry Dantzic. Through July 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)... **NOTE**: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts Fridays and Saturdays at 8: jazz, new musical compositions, and so forth.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, collages, and reliefs of the Italian abstractionist Alberto Burri, whose collages are often composed of damaged linen, wood, metal, plastic, and other materials. Through Aug. 27.... ¶ Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans (Calder and Archipenko are the exceptions; Léger, Bombois, and Matisse are some of the painters), from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. Through Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—An H. C. Westermann retrospective of his sculptures, drawings, and paintings. Through Sunday, July 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Photographs by nineteen recipients of fellowship grants, among them Lilo Raymond, Jan Groover, Louis Faurer. Through Aug. 4. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of prints by Jim Dine, Lee Friedlander, Adja Yunkers, and others, made under the auspices of the University of South Florida's Graphicstudio. Through Sunday, July 16. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit called "Ice Age Art," installed in a gallery on the third floor, contains prehistoric implements and a rock engraving as well as replicas of carvings done as early as 35,000 B.C. and photomurals of cave paintings at Altamira and Lascaux. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Imperial China from the mid-eighteen-hundreds to 1912 is the subject of vintage photographs, chiefly by Europeans (Charles Weed, John Thomson, Donald Mennie among them). Portraits of the Dowager Empress and her entourage are included in a series by her court photographer. Through Aug. 20. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Embroidery Through the Ages," a show of textiles reaching back to the fourteenth century, taken from the museum's collection or on loan from the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. It includes examples for ecclesiastical, household, and personal use. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)... ¶ Concerts in the garden Tuesday evenings at 7.

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of bronze statuettes attributed to the Renaissance sculptor Severo da Ravenna. All but five of the seventeen pieces are on

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

loan. Through Oct. 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of seventy works (paintings, manuscripts, album leaves), medieval in aspect and all produced by an unknown artist called the Spanish Forger, who might have lived as recently as 1900. . . . ¶ A drawing of four demons by Luca Signorelli and a large study for the Delacroix altarpiece "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel" are two of the drawings in the exhibit "Devils, Demons, and Fantastic Creatures." (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) Both shows through July 29.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of traditional folk-art objects whose dominant motif is the heart. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A modest show of memorabilia from nineteenth-century resorts in New York State offers a glimpse of past holidays perhaps less tranquil than one might imagine—a day at Saratoga, according to publications of the period, might have had, in addition to three vast meals, a concert, bathing, the races, and a dance on the schedule. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Patrons & Publishers: The Economics of English Literature" is the theme of an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and early editions from the Berg Collection. (The library is open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—Opening performances of a six-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 26. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Monday, July 17, and Wednesday, July 19: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as violin soloist in an all-Mozart program, with Judith Blegen, soprano, and Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 18: Zukerman and Ax plus Eugenia Zukerman, flute, and Carlos Bonell, guitar, in a program of chamber music. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 20: The Zukermans, Ax, and Bonell, plus Lynn Harrell, cello, in a program of chamber music. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 21-22: Neville Marriner conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Harrell and James Galway, flute. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing a Bach-Telemann program, with Kenneth Bell, bass, and others. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, July 16, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 864-6765.)

Richard Peaslee—Directing a performance of his "Passage," for synthesizer, tape, keyboard, guitar, reed, bass, and percussion. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, July 19, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Thursday, July 13, at 8:30: Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; and Carlos Bonell, guitar. . . . ¶ Friday, July 14, at 7: Joseph Silverstein, Emanuel Borok, and Max Hobart, violin; Burton Fine, viola; and Jules Eskin, cello, in an all-Schubert program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 14, at 9: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the Boston Symphony and acting as violin soloist in a Vivaldi-Schubert program, with Mr. Silverstein. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 15, at 8:30: Neville Marriner conducting an all-Schumann program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 2:30: Neville Marriner conducting an all-Mozart program, with Miss de Larrocha. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 18, at 7: Willie Nelson and Emmylou Harris. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 20, at 8:30: Phyllis Curtin, soprano, and Ryan Edwards, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 21, at 7: Malcolm Frager in an all-Schubert piano recital. . . . ¶ Friday, July 21, at 9: Klaus Tennstedt conducting the Boston Symphony in a performance of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 8:30: Sergiu Comissiona conducting a varied program, with Mr. Silverstein. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 23, at 2:30: Klaus Tennstedt conducting a varied program, with Mr. Frager. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 27. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

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Caramoor Festival—Saturday, July 15, at 8:30: Alexander Gibson conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 5:30: Arthur Weisberg conducting the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, with Barbara Martin, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 8:30: Alexander Gibson conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 23, at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 20. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The New York City Ballet in a three-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, July 22. Wednesday evening, July 12: "Ivesiana" (with "Calcium Light Night"), "Afternoon of a Faun," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "An Evening's Waltzes." . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, July 13: "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 13: "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," "In G Major," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 14 (a benefit performance): "Stars and Stripes," "Tricolore," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 15: "Swan Lake" and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 15: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Ivesiana" (with "Calcium Light Night"), and "An Evening's Waltzes." . . . [NOTE: A special program will be given by Bob Hope on Sunday evening, July 16.] . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 18: "Ballo della Regina," "Other Dances," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 19: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, July 20: "Rubies," "Other Dances," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 20: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 21: "The Goldberg Variations" and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 22: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 22: "Tricolore," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Symphony in C." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2. Through Monday, Sept. 4. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 15: The Paul Taylor Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 18-22: Marianna Tcherkassky and Michael Owen, Rachel Lampert and Dancers, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Thursday, July 13, at 2, and Friday, July 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Saturday, July 15, at 8; Sunday, July 16, at 2; and Monday, July 17, at 8. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Wednesday, July 19, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Thursday, July 20, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Atlanta, Friday and Saturday, July 21-22, at 8:05.

Racing—At BELMONT: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Juvenile, Wednesday, July 12; the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 15; the Sword Dancer Handicap, Sunday, July 16; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 22. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 4. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 15. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.)

Soccer—Cosmos vs. New England. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, July 12, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—W.C.T. Invitational at Forest Hills. (West Side Tennis Club. Round-robin play Wednesday through Friday, July 12-14, at 1 and 7:30; semifinals Saturday, July 15, at 1 and 7:30; and finals Sunday, July 16, at 1. For information about tickets, call 478-2045.) . . . ¶ World Team Tennis at Madison Square Garden. Apples vs. Indiana, Tuesday, July 18, at 7:30, in Felt Forum. . . . Apples vs. Anaheim, Thursday, July 20, at 7:30, in the Arena. (Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 23. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 15, through Saturday, July 22.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, with Mark Linn Baker, Remak Ramsay, and Pamela Reed. The first of two plays to be presented by the troupe. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 30. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 6.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the second and third in a series of five productions. Thursday, July 13, at 8:30 (rain date, Tuesday, July 18): "Tosca," with Helena Yurkevicz-Scuderi, soprano; Giovanni Consiglio, tenor; and Frank Guarrera, baritone. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 20, at 8:30 (rain date, Tuesday, July 25): Verdi's Requiem, with Lucine Amara, soprano; Mr. Consiglio; and a chorus of a hundred and fifty.

Wollman Rink—The Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Wednesday, July 12: Atlanta Rhythm Section and Aztec Two Step. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 14-15: Dave Mason and Pablo Cruise. . . . ¶ Monday, July 17: Arlo Guthrie and Shenandoah. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 19: Emmylou Harris and Asleep at the Wheel. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22: Laura Nyro. (Evenings at 6:30; through Saturday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of Irving Berlin's ANNIE GET YOUR GUN, with Lucie Arnaz and Harve Presnell. (Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 9:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Walking Tour—On Saturday, July 15, Henry Hope Reed will conduct a tour of Central Park. Meets at the Arsenal, Fifth Avenue and 64th Street, at 10:45; rain date, July 22. For information call UN 1-9696.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 11 Monday through Thursday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

Simulated situation based on actual incident.

"THANK GOD AND THANK VOLKSWAGEN."

And we thank Brian Regrut for writing us the following letter about his Dasher.

Gentlemen:

Please pass along my thanks for your negative steering axis (or whatever it is called) to your engineers back in Germany. It helped keep me out of big, big trouble.

Many West Virginia roads, particularly those in the southern part of the state are bad. Unfortunately, I have to travel these roads during the course of my business.

Fortunately, I occasionally drive the mountains in my Dasher. (I usually drive a big company car.) The Dasher's size affords me the luxury of staying on the road when a coal truck passes in the other direction. And in the Dasher, I've always been able to dodge pot holes without spinning out of control, and to traverse the roads in bad weather with assurance.

Traveling home recently on these bad roads, the sidewall of my left front tire blew out while I was driving at about 50 miles an hour. Faced with on-coming traffic on the left and a steep drop off the pavement on the right (40 feet down through the trees to the river), I braced for the worst. It never came. In fact I had little trouble maintaining control as I slowed to about 10 miles an hour and drove for about a quarter mile to a tiny spot where I could get most of the car off the road.

Finally, I was back on the road, thanking God that He was with me during the emergency, and thanking Volkswagen for designing a front end that helped me stay on the road.

With warm thanks,

Brian Regrut

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

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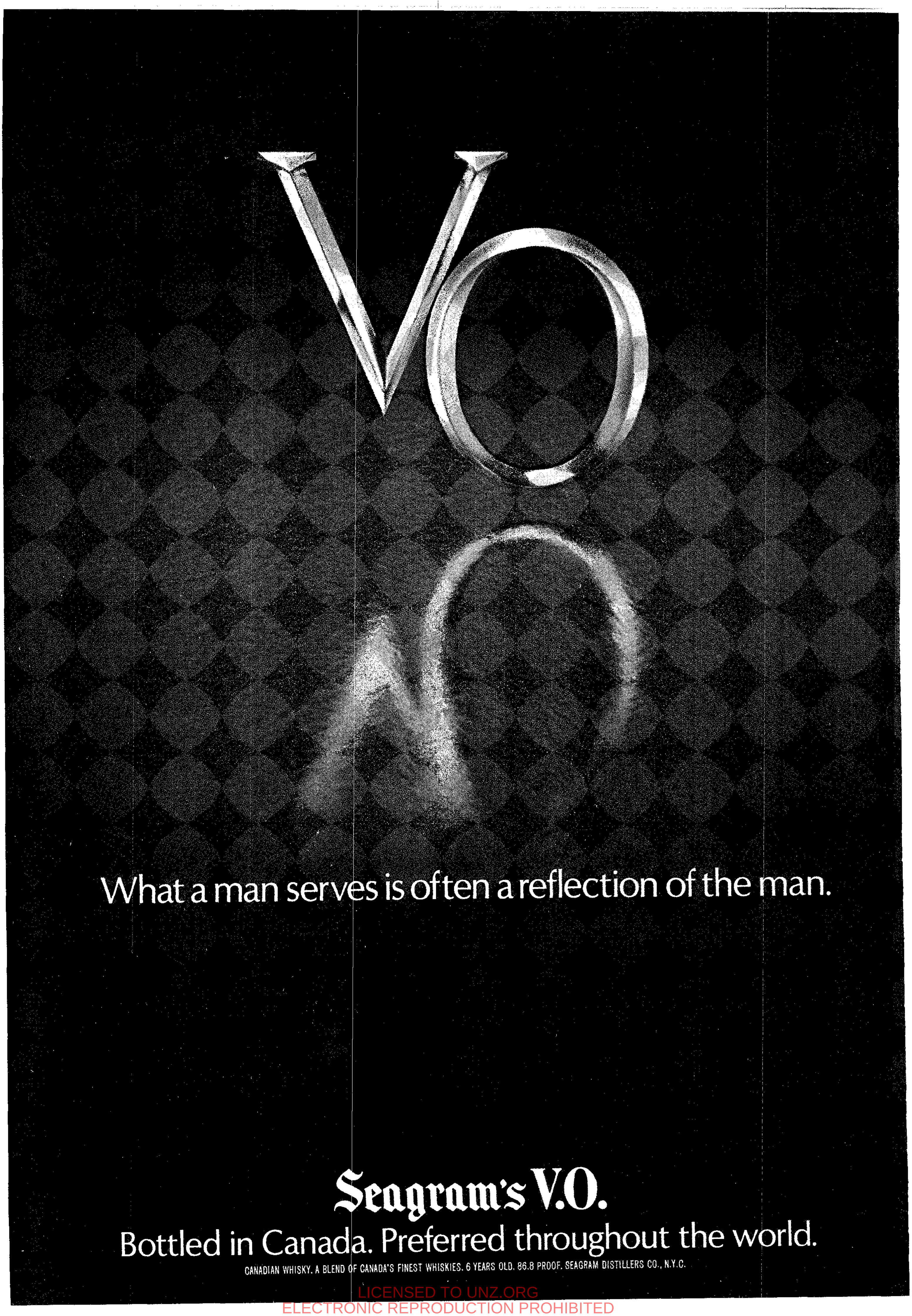

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Turning Point" and "3 Women."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 18: "High Anxiety" and "Where's Poppa?"
From July 19: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Man Who Loved Women."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Grease."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Jaws 2."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Damien: Omen II."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through July 13: "Servant and Mistress."
From July 14: "The Swarm."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Dear Inspector."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through July 18: "Coming Home."
From July 19: "International Velvet."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Madame Rosa."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through July 13: "A Different Story."
From July 14: "Bread and Chocolate."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Cheap Detective."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through July 13: "The Mouse and His Child."
From July 14: "The Bad News Bears Go to Japan."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Jaws 2."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cat and Mouse."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through July 13: "Convoy."
From July 14: "Servant and Mistress."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Replay."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Heaven Can Wait."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 18: "House Calls."
From July 19: "The End."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 18: "Coming Home."
From July 19: "International Velvet."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 13: "The Cat from Outer Space."
From July 14: "The Swarm."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Grease."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through July 18: "Damien: Omen II."
From July 19: "Foul Play."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Jaws 2."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Jaws 2."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Pretty Baby."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; opens at six, Mondays through Fridays.)
"The Grateful Dead."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through July 18: "House Calls" and "Convoy."
From July 19: "The Last Waltz."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through July 18: "That Obscure Object of Desire" and "The Lacemaker." From July 19: "An Unmarried Woman."
Theatre 2: Through July 13: "A Place in the Sun" and "The Wild One." From July 14: "The Swarm."
Theatre 3: Through July 13: "The First Time." From July 14: "The Swarm."
Theatre 4: Through July 18: "High Anxiety." From July 19: "International Velvet."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through July 13: "The Mouse and His Child."
July 14-18: "The Bad News Bears Go to Japan."
From July 19: "International Velvet."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Matilda."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through July 18: "The Last Waltz."
From July 19: "Revenge of the Pink Panther."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through July 13: "Pretty Baby."
From July 14: "Let's Face It: C'Est la Vie."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 13: "Coming Home."
From July 14: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Cheap Detective."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Viva Italia!"

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through July 18: "An Unmarried Woman."
From July 19: "Foul Play."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through the afternoon of July 18: "An Unmarried Woman." (No evening performances on Wednesday and Thursday, July 12-13.)
From July 19: "Foul Play."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Faces of Love."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through July 13: "House Calls" and "The Last Remake of Beau Geste."
From July 14: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Theatre temporarily closed.
Theatre 2: Through July 13: Theatre closed. From July 14: "The Greek Tycoon."
Theatre 3: Through July 13: "The Mouse and His Child." From July 14: "The Swarm."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Pretty Baby."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 13: "Coming Home" and "Jabberwocky."
From July 14: "The Bad News Bears Go to Japan" and "Islands in the Stream."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 12: "The Clockmaker" (1976), in French, directed by Bertrand Tavernier, with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort; and "Rouge et Noir" (1954), in French, directed by Claude Autant-Lara, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi.
July 13: "La Marseillaise" (1938), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Pierre Renoir and Louis Jouvet; and "Let Joy Reign Supreme" (1977), in French, directed by Bertrand Tavernier, with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Philippe Noiret, and Jean Rochefort.
July 14-15: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina; and "My Life to Live" (1962), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina.
July 16-17: "Network" (1976), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty; and "Sweet Smell of Success." (†)
July 18: "Zatoichi's Fire Festival" (1962), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi, with Shintaro Katsu; and "We Will Remember" (1966), in Japanese, directed by Zenzo Matsuyama.
July 19: "Stolen Kisses" (1968), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale; and "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari.
July 20: "Walkabout" (†); and "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 12: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (1932), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Paul Muni, Glenda Farrell, Edward Ellis, and Helen Vinson; and "You Only Live Once" (1937), directed by Fritz Lang, with Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda, Jean Dixon, Barton MacLane, and Margaret Hamilton.
July 13: "Dodes'ka-den" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa; and "Maria of the Ant Village" (1958), in Japanese, directed by Heinosuke Gosho.
July 14: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970), directed by Marcel Ophuls, a documentary on the German Occupation of France.
July 15: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated).
July 16: "Anna and the King of Siam" (†); and "The King and I" (1956), directed by Walter Lang, with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner.
July 17: "Mädchen in Uniform" (†); and "The Children's Hour" (1962), directed by William Wyler, with Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine, and James Garner.
July 18: "L'Avventura" (†); and "Red Desert" (1965), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris.
July 19: "The Pleasure Garden" (†); and "Rich and Strange" (1932), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Henry Kendall and Joan Barry.
July 20: "Antigone" (†) and "Phaedra." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 13: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (†); and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.
July 14-15: A two hour program of six two-reelers starring the Three Stooges, including "Men in Black," and "Three Little Pigskins."
July 16-17: "The Turning Point" (†) and "Roseland." (†)
July 18: "A Thousand Clowns" (1965), di-

rected by Fred Coe, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, William Daniels, Barry Gordon, and Gene Saks; and "Harry & Tonto" (1974), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Art Carney.

July 19-20: "Slap Shot" (†) and "The Longest Yard." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through July 15: "Romeo and Juliet" (1936), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, John Barrymore, Basil Rathbone, Edna May Oliver, and C. Aubrey Smith; and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" (1934), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Norma Shearer, Fredric March, Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Ralph Forbes.

July 16-18: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor; and "The Harvey Girls." (†)

From July 19: "Ninotchka" (†); and "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through July 13: "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933), directed by Frank Capra, with Barbara Stanwyck, Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon, and Walter Connolly; and "A Hole in the Head" (1959), directed by Frank Capra, with Frank Sinatra, Edward G. Robinson, and Eleanor Parker.

July 14-15: "Baby Doll" (1956), directed by Elia Kazan, with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock; and "A Face in the Crowd" (1957), directed by Elia Kazan, with Andy Griffith, Patricia Neal, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa.

July 16-17: "Henry V" (1944), directed by, and with, Laurence Olivier.

July 18: "Pumping Iron" (1977), directed by George Butler and Robert Fiore, a documentary on body-building; and "On Any Sunday." (†)

July 19-20: "Lost Horizon" (†); and "Pocketful of Miracles" (1961), directed by Frank Capra, with Glenn Ford, Bette Davis, and Hope Lange.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 12: "The Gang's All Here" (1943), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Alice Faye, Carmen Miranda, Charlotte Greenwood, and James Ellison; and "Weekend in Havana" (1941), directed by Walter Lang, with Alice Faye, John Payne, Carmen Miranda, and Cesar Romero.

July 13: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (1954), directed by Jack Arnold, with Richard Carlson, Julia Adams, and Richard Denning; and "It Came from Outer Space" (1953), directed by Jack Arnold, with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush.

July 14: "The Lodger" (1926), a silent film, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ivor Novello; and "Hangover Square" (1945), directed by John Brahm, with Laird Cregar and Linda Darnell.

July 15-16: "The King and I" (1956), directed by Walter Lang, with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner; and "Anastasia" (1956), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, and Helen Hayes.

July 17: "When Worlds Collide" (1951), directed by Rudolph Maté, with Richard Derr and Barbara Rush; and "The Day the Earth Stood Still." (†)

July 18: "Manhattan Melodrama" (†); and "A Free Soul" (1931), directed by Clarence Brown, with Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, and Leslie Howard.

July 19: "The Shining Hour" (†) and "The Shopworn Angel." (†)

July 20: "Life with Father" (†) and "Our Town." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Seventeen programs in a series of films directed by Henry King: July 13 at 2:30: "Ramona" (1936), with Loretta Young, Don Ameche, and Jane Darwell. . . . July 13 at 6: "Marie Galante" (1934), with Spencer Tracy, Ketti Gallian, and Helen Morgan. . . . July 13 at 8:30: "I Loved You Wednesday" (1933), with Warner Baxter and Elissa Landi. . . . July 14 at 2:30: "The Country Doctor" (1936), with Jean Hersholt, John Qualen, and Jane Darwell. . . . July 15 at noon: "Little Old New York" (1940), with Alice Faye, Fred MacMurray, and Richard Greene. . . . July 15 at 2:30: "Ramona." . . . July 15 at 5: "State Fair" (1933), with Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor, and Lew Ayres. . . . July 16 at noon: "Little Old New York." . . . July 16 at 2:30: "The Country Doctor." . . . July 17 at noon: "Vengeance of the Dead" (1917), a silent film, with Philo McCollough, Edward Peters, Lillian West, and King himself. . . . July 17 at 2:30: "In Old Chicago" (1938), with Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, and Don Ameche. . . . July 17 at 6: "One More Spring" (1935), with Janet Gaynor, Warner Baxter, and Jane Darwell. . . . July 18 at noon: "Vengeance of the Dead." . . . July 18 at 6: "Jesse James" (1939), with Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda, Randolph Scott, and Nancy Kelly. . . . July 20 at 2:30: "Lloyds of London" (1936), with Tyrone Power, Madeleine Carroll, and Freddie Bartholemew. . . . July 20 at 6: "A Yank in the RAF" (1941), with Tyrone Power and Betty Grable. . . . July 20 at 8:30: "In Old Chicago." . . . ¶ Other, non-King, films scheduled during this period are: July 14 at 6: "Hoodoo Ann" (1916), a silent film, directed by Lloyd Ingraham, with Mae Marsh and Robert Harron. . . . July 16 at 5: "My Darling Clementine" (1946), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell, and Victor Mature. . . . July 18 at 2:30: "The Road to Glory" (1936), directed by Howard Hawks, with Warner Baxter, Fredric March, and June Lang. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)—July 13-16: "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski. . . . ¶ Starting July 20: "And Now My Love" (1975), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Marthe Keller and André Dussollier. Showings Thursdays at 6:30 and 8:35; Fridays at 8 and 10:10; Saturdays at 6, 8:10, and 10:10; and Sundays at 6:30 and 8:35.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Anna and the King of Siam (1946)—In this first movie version of Margaret Landon's account of the Englishwoman who went to Siam to teach the multitudinous children of the barbaric king, Irene Dunne is Anna to Rex Harrison's king. Harrison wears a dusky makeup and a pair of short pants that wrap around his haunches, and he speaks in a quaint dialect—a sort of pidgin Piccadilly—but he's never less than magnetically ridiculous. You don't want to take your eyes off him—certainly not to watch Irene Dunne curtsying in her starched petticoats. It's pitifully unauthentic, and not a very good movie, either, but the story itself holds considerable interest. Linda Darnell is brashly American but luscious as the king's favorite wife; Lee J. Cobb, well-tanned, plays the bare-chested Siamese prime minister. John Cromwell directed. (In the later, musical version, the leads were Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 16.)

Antigone (1961)—There are some masterly sequences in George Tzavellas's neglected version of the Sophocles drama, as well as a strong, fine Antigone by Irene Papas and a great Creon by Manos Katrakis. In modern Greek. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 20.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's study of the human condition at the higher social and economic levels—a study of adjusted, compromising modern man, afflicted by short memory, thin remorse, the capacity for easy betrayal. The characters are active only in trying to discharge their anxiety: sex is their sole means of contact. Too shallow to be truly lonely, they are people trying to escape their boredom by reaching out to one another and finding only boredom once again. Because the film is subtle and ascetic, yet laborious about revealing its meanings, it suggests Henry James when he "chewed more than he bit off." Visually, it's extraordinary: a calm hangs over everything—Antonioni's space is a vacuum in which people are aimlessly moving. Searchers and lost are all the same: desperate, without goals or joy. This is upper-class neorealism—the poetry of moral and spiritual poverty. There had been nothing like it before, and it isn't fair to blame this movie for all the elegant sleepwalking and desolation that followed. There's something great here—a new world, a new emotional rhythm—even with all the affectation. Lea Massari is the woman who quarrels with her architect lover (Gabriele Ferzetti) and then disappears from the uninhabited island they're visiting; Monica Vitti is her friend who takes up the search and then takes her place with the architect. Also with Dominique Blanchar. Cinematography by Aldo Scavarda; script by Elio Bartolini, Tonino Guerra, and Antonioni. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 18.)

The Bad News Bears Go to Japan—With Tony Curtis and Jackie Earle Haley, directed by John Berry. (59th St. East, and Olympia; starting July 14. . . . ¶ Guild; July 14-18.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Baronet; starting July 14.)

Cat and Mouse—Lelouch at his most tricksy and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78) (Cinema I.)

The Cat from Outer Space—From the Disney studios, with Ken Berry, Sandy Duncan, Harry Morgan, Roddy McDowall, and McLean Stevenson. Directed by Norman Tokar. (U. A. East; through July 13.)

The Cheap Detective—Written by Neil Simon for Ray Stark. If Simon were on the moon, he would still write films for Ray Stark or plays for millions of people and dollars. This has Peter Falk in a thin imitation of Humphrey Bogart—thin because it catches Bogart's mannerisms without his cast of thought—and a host of beautiful women, including Louise Fletcher, Ann-Margret, Stockard Channing, Madeline Kahn, Marsha Mason. The picture is facetious, but it is going to be popular, because its freshness manages to take the sting out of death. (7/3/78) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Playboy, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 14.)

Coming Home—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/20/78) (Playboy, and Olympia; through July 13. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; through July 18.)

Convoy—With Kris Kristofferson, Ali MacGraw, and Ernest Borgnine; directed by Sam Peckinpah. (Columbia II; through July 13. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through July 18.)

Damien: Omen II—The followup to "The Omen," with Jonathan Scott-Taylor as the possessed child, now thirteen, grown in satanism from six. Directed by Don Taylor. Diabolism sells now, no doubt of it, but with films like this, one wonders why. (6/19/78) (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through July 18.)

The Day the Earth Stood Still (1951)—Robert Wise, who edited "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "Citizen Kane," directed this hasty sci-fi about a peace-giving flying saucer,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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manned by Michael Rennie, that alights on the Washington Ellipse. Quite wry and alarmingly smooth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 17.)

Dear Inspector—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (5/1/78) (Sutton.)

A Different Story—With Perry King and Meg Foster, directed by Paul Aaron. (Baronet; through July 13.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Cinema II.)

The End—With Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field; directed by Reynolds. (72nd Street East; starting July 19.)

Faces of Love—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Delphine Seyrig, and Lea Massari; directed by Michel Soutter. In French. (Cinema Studio.)

The First Time—Claude Berri has made a lovable—perhaps too lovable, but very plain and clear-eyed—film about first sexual encounters. In French. (Quad Cinema; through July 13.)

Foul Play—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (Loews Ciné, Cinema 3, and Paramount; starting July 19.)

The Grateful Dead (1977)—A filmed concert. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Grease—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The grease is the Elvis Presley sort of hair grease, the society is proudly sexist and ritualistic, the film's commercial calculation is obviously shrewd. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Bay Cinema, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Greek Tycoon—An undisguised story about Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and Aristotle Onassis. The worst and most opportunist sort of fictional biography posing as fact. (5/29/78) (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 14.)

The Harvey Girls (1946)—In this lavish, high-spirited M-G-M period musical, Judy Garland leads the forces of respectability (the clean, starched waitresses who serve travellers food only), and Angela Lansbury is the wicked, glittering dance-hall queen whose girls provide God-knows-what illicit pleasures. The central conceit of glorifying progress and moral uplift in a musical comedy set in New Mexico in the eighteen-eighties is certainly a strange one, but it worked out surprisingly well—though the charm is mostly heavy. With John Hodiak (an ill-chosen romantic partner for Judy Garland) and Ray Bolger, Cyd Charisse, Marjorie Main, Kenny Baker, Virginia O'Brien, Chill Wills, Selena Royle, and Preston Foster. There is, of course, the deservedly famous classic number "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe"—it's one of the triumphant sequences in screen-musical history—as well as a batch of other Johnny Mercer and Henry Warren songs, including "The Wild, Wild West" and "It's a Great Big World." George Sidney directed. (Regency; July 16-18.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (Loews Tower East.)

High Anxiety—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs: all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (St. Marks Cinema, and Quad Cinema; through July 18.)

House Calls—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (Embassy 72nd St.; through July 13. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Greenwich; through July 18.)

International Velvet—With Tatum O'Neal, Christopher Plummer, Anthony Hopkins, and Nanette Newman; directed by Bryan Forbes. (Trans-Lux East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, and Guild; starting July 19.)

Islands in the Stream (1977)—The implacable stodginess of this Franklin J. Schaffner version of Hemingway's posthumous novel is stupefying yet impressive. It's fascinating to see Hemingway's themes placed in this huge glass jar for our inspection. George C. Scott gives a scrupulous performance as the fisherman-artist hero living in the Bahamas at the outbreak of the Second World War, who is visited by his three sons from two broken marriages, and then by his first wife (Claire Bloom). By being respectful and dedicated, and incompetent at action, Schaffner and his scenarist, Denne Bart Petitclerc, bring out the worst in Hemingway—his mystique. With Julius Harris, David Hemmings, Gilbert Roland, and Michael-James Wixted as the middle boy, Davy. (3/14/77) (Olympia; starting July 14.)

Jabberwocky (1977)—Blithely announced as "at last, a film for the squeamish," this is an agreeably deranged English comedy, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. The villain is the Jabberwocky, who looks batlike, in a cobwebby way, below, but has a fishy face. (5/9/77) (Olympia; through July 13.)

Jaws 2—The plastic old thing snaps again. With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (6/26/78) (Murray Hill, D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Quad Cinema; through July 18.)

The Last Remake of Beau Geste—Sir Hector Geste, of Geste Manor, gnashes his teeth when his nice wife bears him a beautiful daughter instead of the son he has pined for. At the Wormwood & Gall Boys' Orphanage, he picks out the very lad: strong-jawed, blond, destined to grow up into Michael York, a twin wildly held to be identical to the slithery-eyed boy destined to grow up into Marty Feldman (who wrote and directed this recklessly funny film). Side benefits include a Chinese Legionnaire who sings soppy Irish ballads, some bookish-looking camels, and Peter Ustinov as a leader cheerfully called the Kraut, who has a peg leg, a peg-legged horse, and a peg-legged Teddy bear. (7/25/77) (Embassy 72nd St.; through July 13.)

The Last Waltz—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare. (5/1/78) (Ziegfeld; through July 18. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting July 19.)

Let's Face It: C'Est la Vie—Directed by Samy Pavel. In French. (Festival; starting July 14.)

Life with Father (1947)—The director, Michael Curtiz, seems to be totally out of his element in this careful, deadly version of the celebrated, long-running Broadway comedy—a piece of starched Americana—by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, based on Clarence Day's stories. William Powell plays the crotchety head of a large, tumultuous upper-middle-class New York household in the eighteen-eighties; this must have seemed like a plum of a role, yet Powell's timing (usually impeccable) is way off, and the comic expressions freeze on his face. Everybody seems to be trying too hard. With Irene Dunne, Elizabeth Taylor, Edmund Gwenn, ZaSu Pitts, Jimmy Lydon, Monte Blue, Emma Dunn, and Martin Milner. The script is by Donald Ogden Stewart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 20.)

The Longest Yard (1974)—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (Cinema Village; July 19-20.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The original version, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part prissy, high-flown cracker-barrel sentimentality. The opening trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his delightfully cadenced manner, but Shangri-La, the genteel Himalayan utopia of peace, health, and eternal life, is enough to make one head for the nearest gin mill. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, Edward Everett Horton, Thomas Mitchell, Isabel Jewell, H. B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, and Jane Wyatt. (Thalia; July 19-20.)

Madame Rosa—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew, who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Plaza.)

Mädchen in Uniform (1932)—A sensitive young girl (Herthe Thiele) in a fashionable school is unhappy under the harsh, Prussian discipline; she flowers when a sympathetic, understanding teacher (Dorothea Wieck) gives her special consideration. This consideration is ambiguous and certainly sensual. The teacher is not viewed as decadent or even naughty; she appears to be on the side of the liberal, humanitarian angels, yet she seems unmis-

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takably lesbian. This legendary film, temporarily obstructed by U.S. censors, was later voted the best film of the year by the New York press. It was directed by Leontine Sagan from Christa Winsloe's play "Yesterday and Today"—one of the few occasions in film history when a woman writer's material has also been directed by a woman. The picture is always described as sensitive; it's also a rather loaded piece of special pleading. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 17.)

Manhattan Melodrama (1934)—The film made famous when Public Enemy No. 1, John Dillinger, went to see Clark Gable in it (as Blackie, a gangster who strode to the electric chair with a smile on his face) and was shot down as he emerged. It's a melodrama deluxe from M-G-M, photographed by James Wong Howe, directed by W. S. Van Dyke, and with a screenplay by Oliver Garrett and Joseph L. Mankiewicz. The cast includes William Powell, Myrna Loy, Leo Carrillo, Isabel Jewell, the one-man goon squad Nat Pendleton, Leonid Kinskey playing a Trotskyite, and Mickey Rooney playing Clark Gable as a twelve-year-old. There's a song by Rodgers and Hart that later became known as "Blue Moon." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 18.)

The Man Who Loved Women—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks to be about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (Gramercy.)

Matilda—With Elliott Gould, Clive Revill, Harry Guardino, Roy Clark, and Robert Mitchum; directed by Daniel Mann. (Music Hall.)

The Mouse and His Child—An animated feature, with the voices of Peter Ustinov, Cloris Leachman, Sally Kellerman, Andy Devine, and others. Directed by Fred Wolf and Charles Swenson. (59th St. East, Guild, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 13.)

Ninotchka (1939)—"Garbo Laughs," said the original ads, in 1939, but there is by now a widespread story that when the time came for her laughing scene she pantomimed laughter beautifully, but no sound emerged; it was later provided by someone anonymous in the lab. The rest of her performance is her own—and she brings her incredible sensual abandon to the role of a glum, scientifically trained Bolshevik envoy who succumbs to Parisian freedom—i.e., champagne. The film includes a historic encounter, when the great instinctual artist of the screen meets the great stylist and technician of the stage—Ina Claire, as a Russian grand duchess. The fur flies exquisitely. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, this light, satirical comedy has the nonchalance and the sophistication that were his trademark—but it also reveals that this time the trade marked him too high. There's an obviousness here; we can feel that we're being played down to. With Melvyn Douglas, Sig Rumann, Felix Bressart, Bela Lugosi, Alexander Granach, and George Tobias. Screenplay by Charles Brackett, Billy Wilder, and Walter Reisch, from a screen story by Melchior Lengyel. (The material is no more than a musical-comedy turn, which it became in the stage musical "Silk Stockings," filmed in 1957.) (Regency; starting July 19.)

On Any Sunday (1971)—A breezy documentary on motorcycle racing, directed by Bruce Brown. (Thalia; July 18.)

Our Town (1940)—Despite all one's conscious objections—the sentiment, the stagy techniques that don't really work on film—this movie version of the Thornton Wilder play stays with one. Partly that's because of the beauty of many of the lines, and partly, too, because of the acting. In conception, the play is similar to Dylan Thomas's later "Under Milk Wood," but in Wilder's New England setting the dialogue is laconic, the wit dryly humane. The young William Holden is warm and skillful as the adolescent hero. Martha Scott, who plays opposite him, repeats her stage performance; she never took the camera well, and her readings here are a little too arch and finished, but she gets her laughs. Frank Craven, also from the original cast, is the omniscient spokesman of the piece; if Wilder had to be omniscient, nobody could come as close to getting away with it as Craven. With Fay Bainter, Beulah Bondi, Thomas Mitchell, and Guy Kibbee. Sam Wood, who did another view of small-town life in "Kings Row," directed; he can't be blamed for the Hollywoodization of the ending. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 20.)

Phaedra (1962)—Jules Dassin's glossy, novelettish version featuring Melina Mercouri, who leaves her husband, Raf Vallone, to run away with Anthony Perkins, while the audience tries to figure out why. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 20.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—This George Stevens version of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," adapted by Michael Wilson and Harry Brown, features Elizabeth Taylor—in one of her most sensitive (yet steamy) performances—as the rich girl whom a poor, rather weak young man (Montgomery Clift) is drawn to. The film is mannered enough for a gothic murder mystery, while its sleek capitalists and oppressed workers seem to come out of a Depression cartoon: the effect is to turn a basically simple story into something portentous, pre-interpreted, and "deep." The film is very famous, though. Shelley Winters plays the girl Clift jilts (a role more memorably played by Sylvia Sidney in von Sternberg's thirties version). With Raymond Burr, Fred Clark, Keefe Brasselle, Shepperd Strudwick, and Ted de Corsia. (Quad Cinema; through July 13.)

The Pleasure Garden (1925)—The first film that Hitchcock (previously a movie designer and writer) directed. It's about two chorus girls from the Pleasure Garden Theatre; the parts are played by two American actresses—Virginia Valli is the virtuous one, Carmelita Geraghty the villainous one. The picture has ingenious sequences, and it's good to look at, though the story is vintage melodramatic hokum; actually, some of that hokum is hilariously campy now, such as the sequence about a depraved white man in the tropics. With another American, Nita Naldi, and Miles Mander. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 19.)

Pretty Baby—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Waverly, and New Yorker.... ¶ Festival; through July 13.)

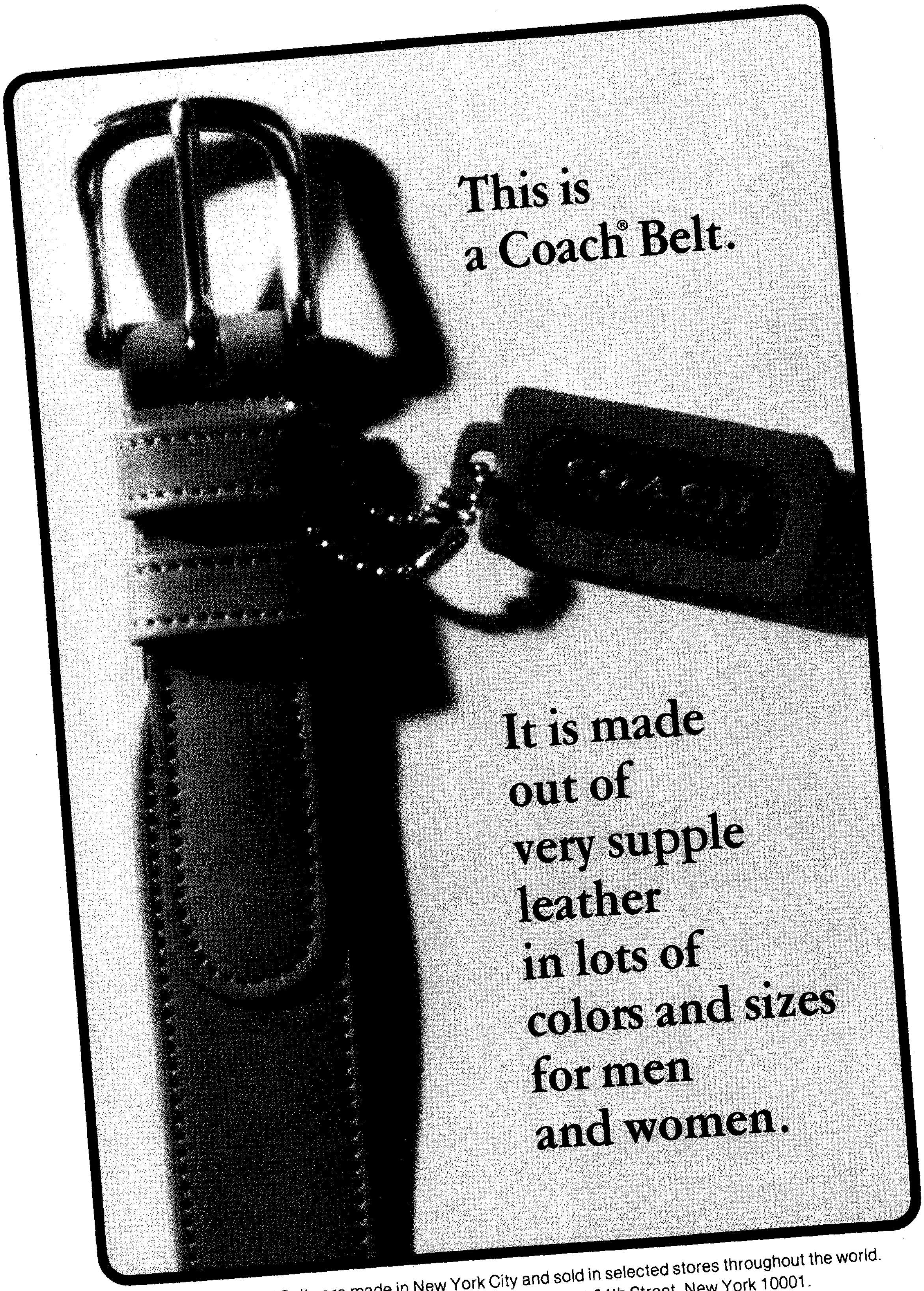
Replay—With Marie-José Nat and Victor Lanoux, directed by Michel Drach. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Revenge of the Pink Panther—The fifth in the series, with Peter Sellers again as Inspector Clouseau. Directed by Blake Edwards. (Ziegfeld; starting July 19.)

Roseland—Three stories set inside the famous, still functioning dance hall on Fifty-second Street off Broadway, now a haven for nostalgic, aging people. In its hushed concern for their dignity, the movie denies them any spirit. Christopher Walken and Don De Natale are the only performers who manage to transcend the film's faded, genteel sensitivity. James Ivory directed, from Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's script. (12/5/77) (Cinema Village; July 16-17.)

Servant and Mistress—An élitist role reversal between a master (Victor Lanoux) who comes home to collect his supposed inheritance and the family maid (Andréa Ferréol) who has moved in to commandeer the money. Everything is conducted here with talk that gives an implacable weight to trivia. Bruno Gantillon directed. In French. (6/19/78) (Eastside Cinema; through July 13.... ¶ Columbia II; starting July 14.)

The Shining Hour (1939)—Elaborately staged, sanctimonious melodrama about a night-club dancer (Joan Crawford) who marries into a feudal landowning family in Wisconsin and by disrupting the members' lives causes their spiritual regeneration. Melvyn Douglas is her husband, but his brother (Robert Young) is also in love with her, and this naturally creates difficulties for the brother's wife, Margaret Sullavan. Fearfully noble, she attempts to immolate herself, so that her husband will be free. The original Keith Winter play was



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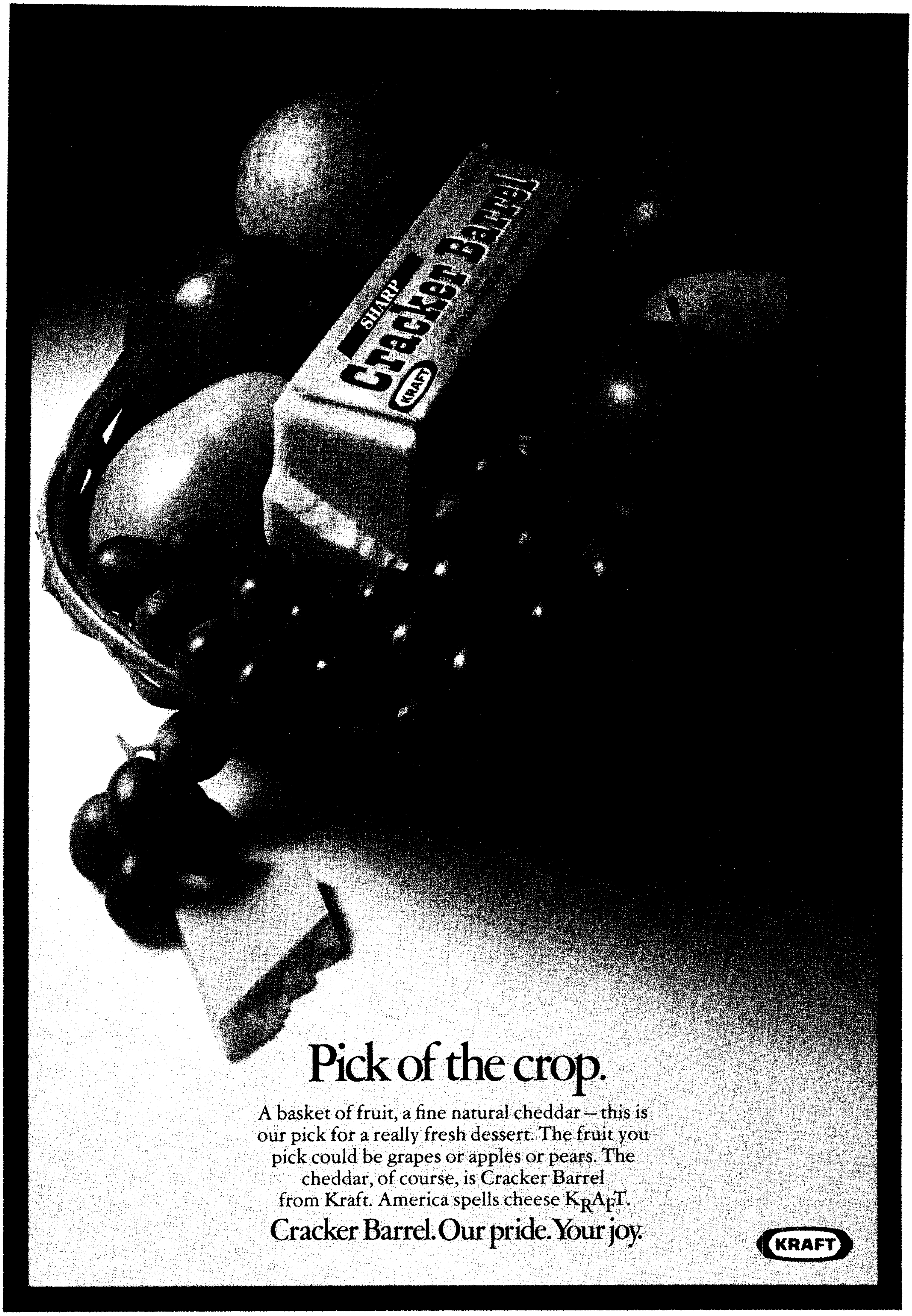

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set among quiet English farm people; the adapters, Jane Murfin and Ogden Nash, gave the material the grand scale more appropriate to an M-G-M production, as well as the then practically mandatory happy ending. It's an unconvincing, overly classy film, with the selfish characters being ennobled by love in a way that nobody gets ennobled in movies anymore. Margaret Sullavan is a considerable asset, even in her do-gooding role. The cast also includes Fay Bainter, as a smart, neurotic spinster, Hattie McDaniel, Allyn Joslyn, Frank Albertson, and Harry Barris. Frank Borzage directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 19.)

The Shopworn Angel (1938)—The material is shopworn, too (a remake of a 1929 movie based on a 1918 *Satevepost* story), but Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart are perfectly—indeed, poetically—cast, and they are memorably tender in the roles of a knowing Broadway actress and the innocent who idolizes her. Waldo Salt did the subtle screenplay—tart yet believably plaintive—and H. C. Potter's direction creates just the right sort of romantic atmosphere. With Walter Pidgeon, Hattie McDaniel, and Sam Levene. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 19.)

Slap Shot (1977)—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself; the picture is geared to giving the public "what it wants"—and there's an antagonistic feeling behind it. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (Cinema Village; July 19-20.)

The Swarm—With Michael Caine, Katharine Ross, Richard Widmark, Olivia de Havilland, Ben Johnson, Lee Grant, and Patty Duke Astin; directed by Irwin Allen. (Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 14.)

Sweet Smell of Success (1957)—For several years, Tony Curtis had been a virtual guarantor of box-office success, and the New York locations for this film were invaded by thousands of teen-agers, who broke through police barricades to get to their idol. But these throngs ignored the completed picture, in which Curtis grew up into an actor and gave what will probably be remembered as the best performance of his career. Even the presence of that other box-office guarantor, Burt Lancaster, did not lift the picture from the red ink. This is understandable, for the movie is a sweet slice of perversity—a study of dollar and power worship, with Lancaster as a Broadway gossip columnist and Curtis as an ingratiating, blackmailing press agent. Clifford Odets never came through more pungently as a screenwriter; his distinctively idiomatic dialogue generally seems like bad poetry when it's spoken from the screen, but here it's harshly expressive and taut. The director, Alexander MacKendrick, has a crisp *film-noir* style: the production is shaped by a zest for the corrupt milieu, the pulsating big-city life (what used to be called "the symphony of a city")—the streets, the night clubs, the cynical types, the noise and desperation. His temperament enables us to respond to the vitality in this decadence. The weakest part is in the contrasting sweetness and light of the young lovers, Martin Milner and Susan Harrison. The melodrama is somewhat synthetic and is pitched very high, but the film has body and flavor; even Tony Curtis's name (Sidney Falco) stays with one—that, and the inflection he gives to "avidly." With Barbara Nichols, Sam Levene, and Emile Meyer; from a short story by Ernest Lehman. Score by Elmer Bernstein; cinematography by James Wong Howe. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 16-17.)

That Obscure Object of Desire—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Cinema Village; through July 13.... ¶ Quad Cinema; through July 18.)

3 Women (1977)—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged, Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. The film is full of Altman's overheards and murmurs, with a hallucinating quality typified by his recurring use of self-absorbed twins who never speak except to each other. A fine, musing film. (4/18/77) (Art.)

The Turning Point—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Art.... ¶ Cinema Village; July 16-17.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Beekman.... ¶ Paramount; through the afternoon of July 18. No evening performances on Wednesday and Thursday, July 12-13.... ¶ Cinema 3; through July 18.... ¶ Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 19.)

Viva Italia!—With Vittorio Gassman, Ornella Muti, Alberto Sordi, and Ugo Tognazzi; directed by Mario Monicelli, Dino Risi, and Ettore Scola. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris.)

Walkabout (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," did the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a run-down English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—an English brother and sister, expensively school-trained, and a young aborigine, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 20.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—Two New York brothers (George Segal and Ron Leibman) who have promised their dying father they won't put their mother (Ruth Gordon) in a home for the aged are stuck with a demanding senile psychopath. Segal, the unmarried son who lives with her, is in an agony of sexual frustration and walks in a stooped position under his Oedipal load. This Freudian farce was adapted by Robert Klane from his own novel and directed by Carl Reiner. It's full of hip energy and talent, and it's intermittently very funny, though it goes any which way for a gag. The skits tend to fall apart for want of aim, and the unlimited, omnidestructive satirical humor doesn't leave us anything to hold on to—there's nothing for our laughs to bounce off. The high point is perhaps the quietest moment: when Segal, in a near trance of romantic longing, sings "Louise" to the charmingly comic ingenue, Trish Van Devere. With Vincent Gardenia, Paul Sorvino, Rae Allen, Garrett Morris, Rob Reiner, and Barnard Hughes. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 18.)

The Wild One (1954)—Despite its naïveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his magnetic, soft-eyed youth—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Quad Cinema; through July 13.)

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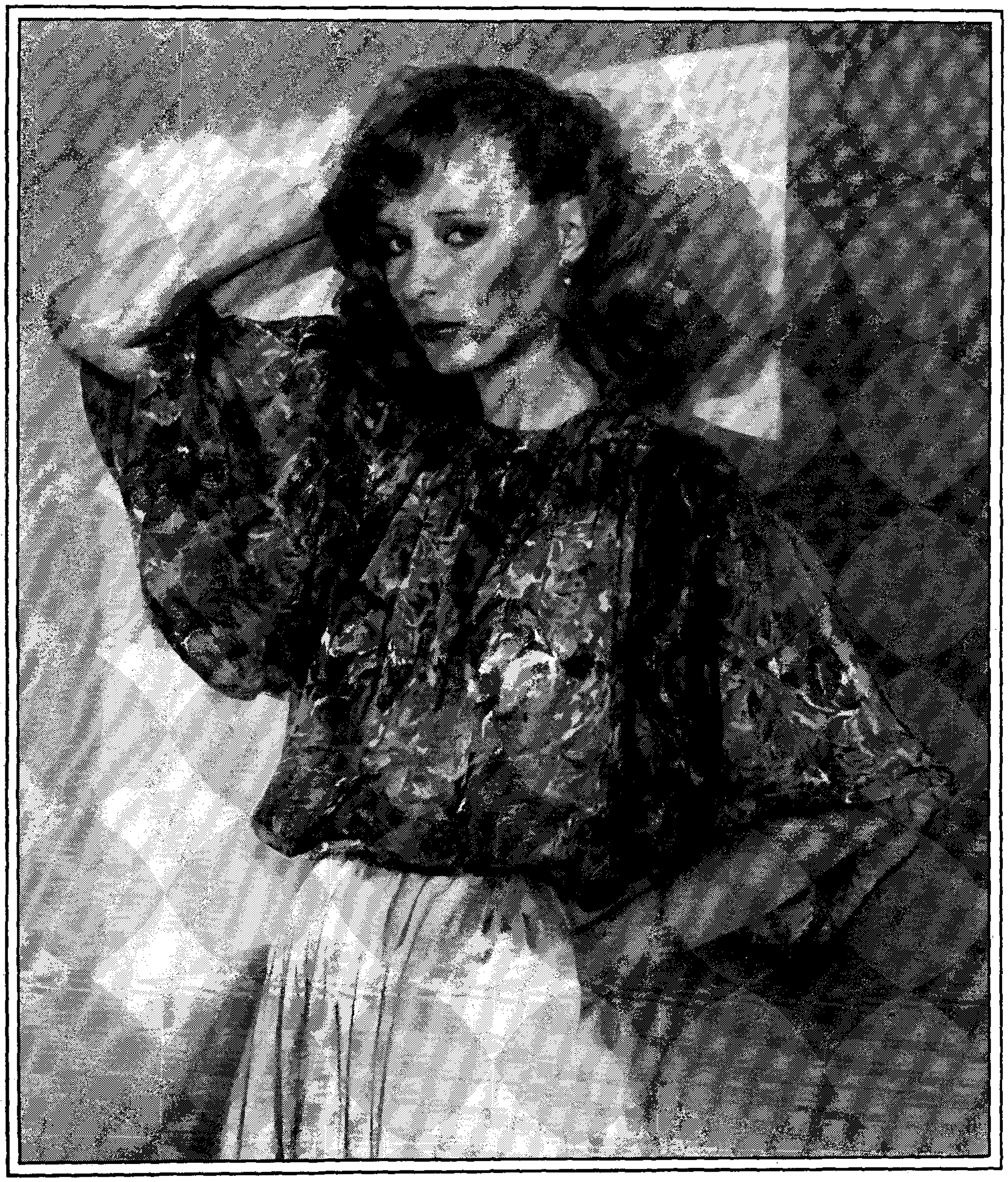

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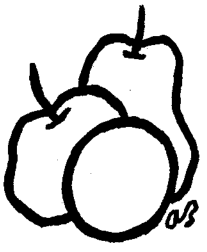
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SOMEONE who has been making use of the fact that you can now dial direct from London to Moscow (the code is 010 7 095) is the British lawyer John Macdonald, whom the Russians refused to allow in to defend the physicist Yuri Orlov. On May 18th, Orlov was sentenced to seven years in a strict-regime labor camp, to be followed by five years of internal exile, for heading a group that kept watch on Soviet observance of the human-rights clauses of the Helsinki agreements and investigated and reported any breaches. Orlov, according to a Moscow city court, was thereby guilty of "systematic distribution of slanderous fabrications defaming the Soviet state and social system." In the last few months, with the help of a Russian-speaking assistant, Macdonald—who was asked fifteen months ago by Orlov's wife to defend her husband—has had a number of telephone conversations with Yevgeny S. Shalman, the lawyer appointed by the Soviet authorities to defend Orlov. Macdonald had among the volumes on Soviet law in his Lincoln's Inn chambers a 1976 Moscow phone book. He has been calling Shalman at home and at his office; a speedy automatic connection is generally made on calls to trusted Communist Party members, but calls to others, and calls from Moscow, often do not get through, or are interrupted or abruptly cut off. Through these conversations, Macdonald has come to know something about Orlov's lawyer and about what a defense attorney can and can't do in such a case in the Soviet Union. Shalman, who, like Macdonald, is in his forties, was formerly a court interrogator. He is one of about a hundred lawyers (out of roughly a thousand in Moscow) who are on a special list approved by the K.G.B. (the Committee of State Security) as allowed to deal with political cases. Under Soviet law, an accused person may be held incommunicado up to nine months before trial, his only contact with the outside world being through his lawyer. Orlov had been detained for twelve and a half months, in the Lefortovo Prison, in Moscow, before Shalman was named to defend him. In London, Macdonald has been advised by two former Soviet lawyers—Konstantin Simis and his wife, Dina Kaminskaya, who both had to go into exile abroad last year. (Mrs. Simis had defended such political prisoners as Vladimir Bukovsky, Alexander Ginzburg, Yuri Galanskov, and Anatoly Marchenko.) In his first telephone conversation with Shalman, on March 8th, Macdonald learned that the charges against Orlov were under Article 70 of the Criminal Code of the Soviet Union; namely, spreading slanders about the state. This did not raise anyone's spirits in London. Dina Kaminskaya said, "I know of no case in which any person accused under Article 70 has been acquitted."

In the course of that March 8th conversation with Shalman, inquiries were made about Dr. Orlov's health. Shalman said, "Well, the prison is not a resort, but he is well." When Shalman was informed that seventeen people outside the Soviet Union wanted to give evidence at the trial, he said, "I know nothing about them and do not wish to know." Under Soviet law, a defense lawyer who has completed his investigation into a case has the duty of informing the closest relative of the accused of the detailed charges against him, and Shalman said that he would do this. However, when Mrs. Irina Orlov called Macdonald from a public phone box on March 29th (her own phone has been disconnected by the authorities), she said that Shalman had refused to tell her the detailed charges, although he had admitted completing his investigation two days before. He had also let her know that her husband had written two scientific papers while he was in prison. On March 31st, answering a call from Macdonald, Shalman claimed that he was still investigating the case. As for the work Orlov had completed in prison, Shalman said, "Of course, I am concerned over what happens to this work, and I am certain that it will not be lost. This must not happen. It is a delicate question."



A spark of humanity, perhaps, but one that was soon blanketed in the totalitarian fog. On April 27th, when Macdonald phoned Shalman to inquire about a petition that Shalman was reported in London by the *Financial Times* to have submitted to the authorities, asking them to drop the case against Orlov because of lack of evidence to substantiate the charges, Shalman said yes, he had petitioned the authorities. "It is up to them, the court, and so on." He did not say that the petition had in fact been dismissed the previous day. He still claimed that he had told Mrs. Orlov the detailed charges. He still had not. (Shalman finally admitted this in a conversation with Macdonald on May 10th, when he said that he *would* not give the detailed charges to Mrs. Orlov.) Macdonald had sent Shalman statements by the seventeen witnesses, testifying to the truth, and therefore the non-slanderous nature, of the reports made by Orlov's Helsinki monitoring group; these statements were sent by registered mail, accompanied by an acknowledgment-of-delivery card. The card was returned to Macdonald, indicating that the statements had been delivered to Shalman. On May 10th, however, Shalman denied receiving them. He also denied any knowledge of when the trial was going to take place. It began five days later.

In London, on May 15th, at the Institute of Physics in Belgrave Square, Macdonald examined on Orlov's behalf a number of Russians who appeared there to give evidence for the

"Only God can make a tree, silly."

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defense; they included Andrei Amalrik, Ludmilla Alexeyeva, Tatiana Khodorovich, Mrs. Leonid Plyushch, Lydia Voronina, and Valentin Turchin. Former Major General Pyotr Grigorenko, too ill to travel, gave evidence by phone from Washington, D.C. In Moscow, Orlov's trial took place in a courtroom on the outskirts of town. Mrs. Orlov and his two sons by a previous marriage were alone among his relatives, friends, and supporters in being allowed entry. Early in the trial, apparently, Orlov, in an amicable fashion, dispensed with Shalman's services as a defender in court, so that he could conduct a specifically political defense. Orlov was allowed to ask questions of the witnesses produced by the Soviet authorities, but not to question them fully, and he was often interrupted. (One physicist, Anatoly Lebedev, testified that Soviet scientists enjoyed complete freedom to travel abroad.) When Orlov himself was giving evidence, he was often interrupted by the judge and by spectators, who heckled him. Witnesses he wanted to call were ruled irrelevant. He was permitted the last word, as is customary in Soviet courts, but the judge left while he was speaking. After the first day of the trial, Ludmilla Alexeyeva, who had been a member of Orlov's group, rang Shalman from London. It was late at night in Moscow; probably she got him out of bed. She asked him why he hadn't called any members of the Helsinki monitoring group as defense witnesses. Shalman replied, "It no longer exists." Ludmilla told him that Reuters had just reported from Moscow that five members of the group had spent the day in vigil outside the court.

Since the trial, Mrs. Orlov has not been allowed to see her husband, who is still being held in prison in Moscow, though the closest relative of a convicted person is supposed to have such a right; since his arrest, seventeen months ago, she has seen him only across the courtroom. (At one point, she and his sons called out to him that the West was watching events there and that his defense was being presented in London, but they were quickly silenced.) Orlov, having received advice from Shalman about the legal formalities, has appealed against his sentence, and so, advised by Mr. and Mrs. Simis, has Macdonald. He has done this in the prescribed fashion, in Russian, to the College of Appeal, Criminal Division, of the Supreme Court of the Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic, with a copy to the Russian Embassy, London. He has appealed on the grounds that Orlov's conviction was not justified under Soviet law; that his object was not the overthrow or defamation of the Soviet state but the observance of democratic guarantees contained in the Soviet constitution and accepted by the Soviet Union under international declarations and agreements; that there were substantial violations of the Soviet Code of Criminal Procedure during the trial; and that the preliminary investigation and judicial hearings were one-sided and incomplete. It is expected that Orlov's appeal will be heard within the next three or four weeks. Macdonald hopes that Mrs. Orlov, who has not called him recently, has learned of what he has done. (She has not received any of the material about the case which Macdonald has sent her by mail.)

As for Shalman's performance, Macdonald says that it demonstrates that the Soviet authorities are not going to take the chance, in a sensitive case, of giving the accused a genuine defender. Dina Kaminskaya says, "Over the years, I can think of only a few Soviet lawyers, like Boris Zolotukhin and Sophie Kallistratova, who were prepared to defend a political case on its merits. Today, they are no longer free to appear in political cases." As the sole link between the accused and the outside world, the lawyer provides an obvious point at which a police state can exercise control and spread confusion. Macdonald says, "Shalman is clearly not a brave man. His livelihood depends on the state. He wouldn't ask the Procurator's office if they would grant me a visa. He won't risk anything. But Irina understands. When she spoke to me on May 6th, she said, 'He is afraid that he might lose his job.' "

During the wait for the appeal to be heard, Macdonald has not been idle. He has been speaking about Orlov before various groups in Scandinavia and elsewhere in Europe. Orlov has been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize by some Dutch and Norwegians, and has been recommended by the staff of CERN, the European Organization for Nuclear Research, near Geneva, for a post there—he is an expert in particle acceleration. Macdonald has also been proposing a scientific and sports boycott of the Soviet Union. Many American physicists are backing such a move, and the Norwegians are planning a conference on the subject on Human Rights Day, December 10th. Macdonald thinks that sportsmen should decline to go to Moscow for the 1980 Olympics, and should go instead to an alternative Olympics that may be held in Stockholm. He hopes that athletes who do go to Moscow will adopt a Soviet political prisoner and give maximum publicity to his case.

As Macdonald has expected, other Russian dissidents are beginning to be brought to trial—notably, Ginzburg and Anatoly Shcharansky, whose trials start this week. He believes that they, too, will be given long sentences. He says, "With Orlov's, these are the most important trials to take place in the Soviet Union since Stalin—a critical moment. If the Russians really want a SALT treaty on arms reduction and a stable détente, they are going to have to find a way of backing down and showing that they can respect the basic rights of their citizens." He is not wholly pessimistic. On making his last call to Shalman, during the trial, Macdonald found him highly upset. This, it seemed, was because Macdonald at his defense of Orlov in London had been condemning Shalman. The BBC Russian Service had reported Macdonald's accusations that Shalman had deliberately misled Macdonald, by claiming to have told Mrs. Orlov the detailed charges when he hadn't, and that Shalman had refused to call defense witnesses who could have confirmed the truth of the reports by Orlov's Helsinki group. Shalman, Macdonald says, was not hurt or frightened; he was very angry. "It was as if we were not taking account of the position he was in, as a part of their system. He had to defend himself. And yet I think it is interesting that he has never hung up on us. He obviously listens to the BBC, like many in Moscow who want to know what is really going on in their strange world, where they have put the state above law and truth. It gives me hope that we are getting through."

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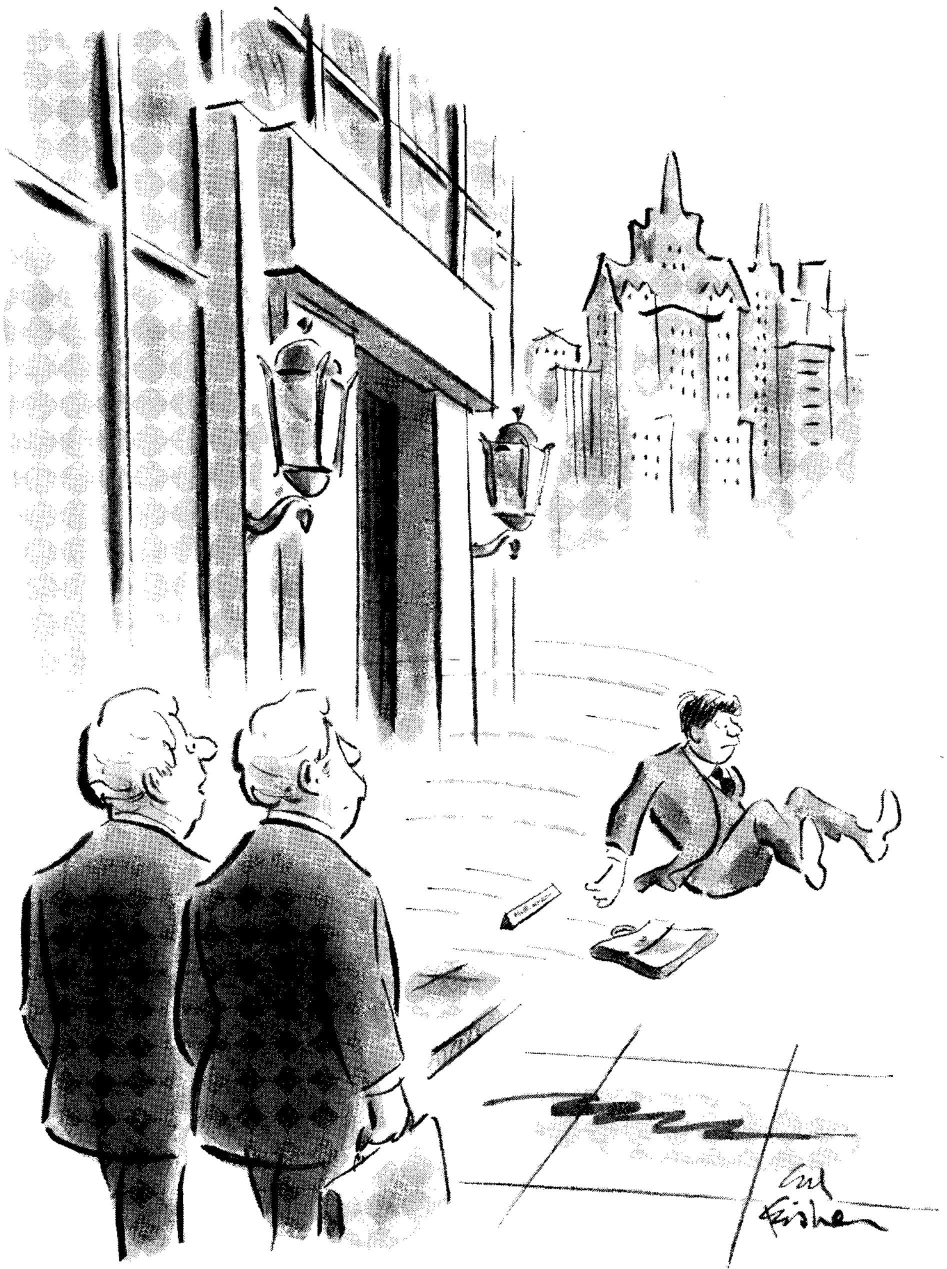
Skytyping

AT eleven o'clock on Saturday, July 1st, a sparkling morning with blue skies and a brisk breeze, we went out to Zahns Airport, a small airfield in Amityville, Long Island, where we found six brightly painted, blunt-nosed Second World War Navy trainer planes parked side by side on the grass just off a scruffy runway. The planes, single-engine SNJ-2s, built in the early forties, looked particularly appropriate on this first morning of the four-day Fourth of July weekend, for they had red fuselages, white wings, and red-white-and-blue striped tails. We put on a fire-resistant olive-drab flight suit over our T-shirt and jeans, and an inflatable life belt over the flight suit; buckled on a parachute harness; and, feeling every bit as encumbered as we felt secure, climbed into the aluminum back seat of Plane No. 2, the only one of the six planes that had a back seat. Once seated on the hard aluminum, we fastened our seat belt and shoulder harness, and put on a pair of fire-retardant gloves and a helmet containing earphones. The six planes were anything but idle harlequins. They were gainfully employed aerial typewriters—six of a dozen in the United States (the other six reside in California and work on the West Coast)—owned by an outfit called Skytypers East.

Several Saturdays earlier, we had made the trip to Amityville on a nice clear day with the intention of going Skytyping, only to have an early-morning blue sky suddenly turn leaden,



"I thought we were reducing the staff by attrition."

thereby grounding our mission. "Typing on a gray or a white sky is like working with invisible ink," Mort Arken, the owner of Skytypers East, told us on that occasion. According to Arken, a bluff extrovert of fifty-four who put in fifteen years as a regular Navy pilot and ten years in the active Army Reserve, Skytyping was invented in 1949 but didn't become popular on the East Coast until the early seventies, when he gave up a job as vice-president of an aircraft-leasing company and went into the business full time. He did a bit of skywriting, he said, but he much preferred Skytyping, and described himself as a super-salesman for his preference. "Skytyping's main advantage over skywriting is speed," he said. "In skywriting, it takes a single plane at least ten minutes to form the letters in 'SOLARCAINE.' By the time the pilot has written the 'E,' the 'S,' 'O,' and 'L' have faded and the rest of the letters are disappearing fast. In Skytyping, five planes flying in front-line formation—that is, in an even row at the same altitude—can decorate the firmament with 'SOLARCAINE' in forty-five seconds." If skywriting is something of an art, Skytyping is something of a science, we gathered from Arken. In all his planes except No. 2, the back seats have been replaced by large tanks containing Texaco Corvus Oil, a biodegradable highly distilled mineral oil; in Plane No. 2, a smaller tank of Texaco Corvus is tucked under the back seat. Plane No. 1, the center plane, which is always piloted by Arken, is equipped with a computer; a computer-reader; a computer tape, on which all the messages that the planes are supposed to inscribe on the sky on a given day are punched out; and five transmitters, which control the smoke emissions for all five of the other airplanes. Each of the other planes is equipped with a receiver. As the tape is fed into the computer, Arken's transmitters signal the receivers in the other planes. Each receiver activates a magnetic valve, which lets a small amount of the mineral oil into the manifold exhaust-collector ring, where the temperature is about two thousand degrees Fahrenheit. There the oil is converted into white smoke, which is then compressed through a long stainless-steel smokestack running along the top side of the right wing; when it comes out and hits the air, it expands into a puffy white line from fifty to seventy-five feet long. The tape tells each plane when to release a puff of smoke so that the elongated puffs will be released in the proper sequence to form the required letter. For example, to form the letter "T," the five planes come in from the left, and the end plane that is to produce the top of the "T" emits two puffs, then all five planes emit one puff simultaneously, and then the end plane emits two additional puffs. The leter "T" appears like this on the sky:

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"It's harder and more time-consuming to explain than to do," Arken assured us. "We can type from twenty to twenty-five letters per minute. The five planes fly about two hundred and fifty feet apart, so our letters are about a thousand feet tall—about the height of the Chrysler Building. An average message containing from twenty to twenty-five letters is from five to seven miles long. We fly at about ten thousand feet—that's the altitude that makes Skytyping easiest to read on the ground. Our letters are visible in a four-hundred-square-mile area. With over fourteen million people living in New York's metropolitan area, I'm convinced that two million people will turn their heads skyward when they hear the buzz of our planes. At ten thousand feet, the planes can't be seen from the ground, but they sound different from jets."

Arken's clients include supermarkets, department stores, automobile companies, and private individuals. On a recent Sunday, the five planes had printed "HAPPY BIRTHDAY LESLIE—YOU'RE THE BEST" over Manhattan, at the behest of Leslie's loving wife, and in 1976 the planes had put "REPENT THE END IS NEAR" on the sky over Brooklyn for a religious zealot. Arken's rates are four hundred dollars for typing a message once, a thousand dollars for typing it three times, and eighteen hundred and seventy-five dollars for typing it ten times.

"Most clients want their messages on the sky on weekends and holidays, when lots of people are outdoors," Arken said, looking nervously at the blue sky over Amityville at eleven o'clock on Saturday, July 1st, which looked less blue to him than it had at nine. There were white clouds on the southwest horizon, and Arken, who had thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of work lined up for the next four days, said that the weather forecast for the holiday weekend was discouraging: clouds on Sunday, rain on Monday and Tuesday. He was eager to get going. By eleven, Arken's mechanics had the first five planes ready. There was still some work to be done on No. 6, which is used as a spare to give the pilots a rest and to extend the planes' air time: they carry more fuel oil than mineral oil. Shortly after eleven, five men climbed into the cockpits of Nos. 1 through 5, checked them out, and started them up. Mort Arken and his son Larry, who is twenty years old, fly regularly. The pilots in the four other planes are chosen from a group of fourteen line pilots—professional aviators, all of whom have had military flying experience. Some are still in the service; others work as pilots for major airlines or for corporations. All fourteen moonlight for Arken more for pleasure than for money. Our pilot in Plane No. 2 was Lieutenant Chris Cosden, U.S.N., a slim, quiet, pleasant man of twenty-nine with straight black hair and a mustache; he is a production test pilot for the Navy at Grumman.

One by one, the planes' propellers began to spin and their engines to whirr. At eleven-fifteen, all five were set to go. They taxied down the runway and took to the sky in numerical order, only fifteen seconds apart, and headed out over the deep-blue Atlantic at a speed of a hundred and twenty-five knots. By the time they had reached an altitude of a thousand feet, they were in close V formation (the most expedient way for them to travel together), with Arken's plane at the point of the inverted V. The formation proceeded east and climbed quickly to ninety-five hundred feet. At eleven-forty-five, out over Shirley, Long Island, Arken gave an order for the planes to make a sharp right turn, form a straight line, and head toward the beaches. "O.K., here we go," he announced over the radio. The planes started to type. Looking out through the plastic window of our overhead canopy, we saw various numbers of caterpillar-like white lines trailing behind the various planes, but, hard though we craned our neck, we couldn't read a single letter, much less a word. To us, Arken and his men appeared to be covering the sky with an illegible abundance of Morse-code dashes.

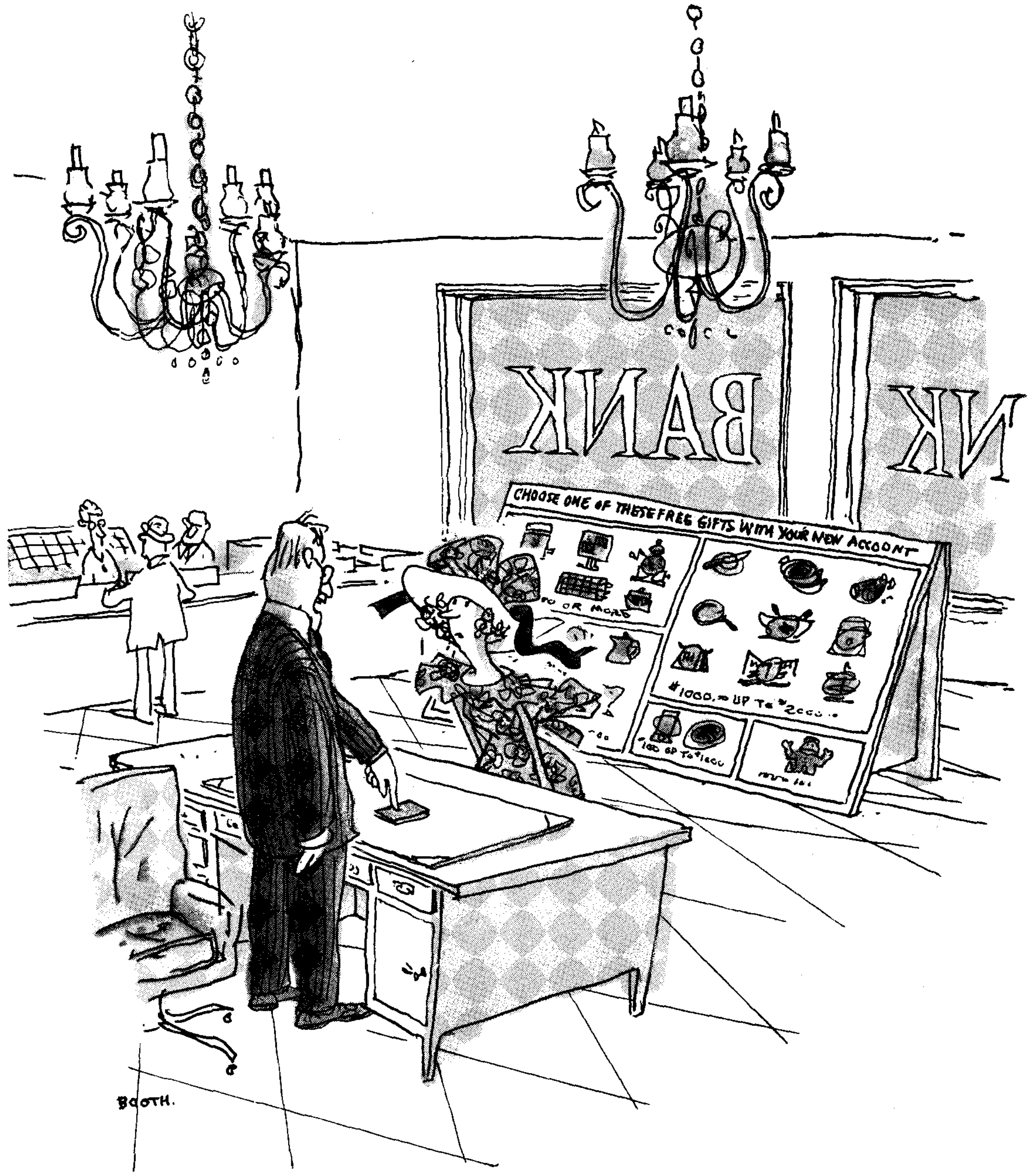
"What are you writing?" we asked Lieutenant Cosden on No. 2's intercom. (The plane was so noisy that we couldn't hear a thing he said without the intercom, although we were sitting just a couple of feet behind him.)

Cosden laughed, said he didn't

know, said his job was simply to concentrate on keeping a straight line, said he would gladly find out, and queried Arken over the radio.

"L.I.—YOUR HOME + OURS KING KULLEN" was Arken's reply.

For the next hour or so, we flew all over Long Island, from the Hamptons to Coney Island, and including parts of Queens and Brooklyn, putting King Kullen's aerial message on the sky ten times and a plug for a rock performance—"WOLFMAN JACK BELMONT TODAY 5:30"—four times. To our untrained eyes, the planes appeared to be less than fifty feet apart, and, although ours felt very stable, our neighbors appeared to be drifting in the wind, doing a picturesque aerial ballet. We alternately watched the dance of the planes; watched the puffs of smoke slowly turn fuzzy and then gray and then dissolve; and looked down ten thousand feet and admired the magnificent view—colorful squares of rooftop, narrow strips of sand, shimmering metal cars, blue-green swimming-pool ovals and rectangles, straight and twisting roads. At that altitude, the beachgoers were tiny dots, sailboats were small white triangles, and large yachts appeared to be miniature models of themselves, their trailing wakes suggesting mini-puffs of smoke in a different medium.


BANK
CHOOSE ONE OF THESE FREE GIFTS WITH YOUR NEW ACCOUNT
OR MORE
$1000.00 UP TO $2000
$100 UP TO $1000
BOOTH.

"*You are not entitled to the Cuisinart food processor in this category, Miss Dunwoodie. You are entitled to the Patty Cake stuffed monkey.*"

At twelve-thirty, with the Throgs Neck Bridge below us, Plane No. 6 flew into view and was instructed to take No. 3's place. Until then, Arken's voice on the radio had simply given directions or comments every now and again, such as "O.K., straight ahead now, hold the line," or "We're going to do a three-sixty to the left, we're going back over another target," or "No. 3, come in closer, you're drifting out. No. 5, too," or "You guys are dynamite. Beautiful!" As soon as No. 6 had taken No. 3's place in the front-line formation and the five planes had begun to type, the first problem of the day became apparent to Arken: No. 6's smoke receiver wasn't functioning properly. Instead of emitting fifty-to-seventy-five-foot-long puffs, No. 6 was emitting endless streamers of smoke. Arken instructed No. 6's pilot to switch from automatic smoke control to manual smoke control. From then on, each time a message was to be typed on the sky, Arken read the tape and instructed No. 6 by voice over the radio when to release smoke. "Four puffs—now, now, now, now," he said, or "Two puffs—now, now."

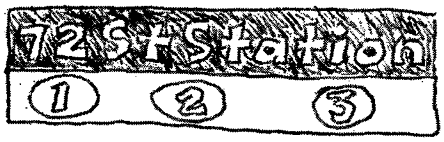
A second problem developed shortly afterward: the sky above the New Jersey coast was overcast. Arken had several messages to print there—"PLAY NJ CASINO INSTANT LOTTERY" was one of them—but after flying toward New Jersey in search of a patch of blue sky he saw the futility of wasting time and fuel, and turned back toward Long Island, where the planes typed "COPPERTONE—TAN DON'T BURN" again and again and again, over the North Shore, over the South Shore, and back out almost as far as Montauk. After Plane No. 3 had had its rest, Plane No. 6 relieved No. 5, then No. 2, then No. 4. When it was Cosden's turn to take a break, he admitted that staying in formation was, as we'd suspected, harder than it looked. He relaxed by roaming around the sky doing a little free flying. It was queasy fun.

Shortly after two o'clock, Arken's plane ran out of smoke. It was the first plane to do so, partly because Arken hadn't yet been relieved by No. 6, and partly because it is in the nature of the letters of the alphabet for planes flying in the end and center positions to emit the greatest number of puffs and thus use up the most smoke. Arken ordered Plane No. 6 into his center position and flew a short distance below and behind it, continuing to program No. 6 by voice. Shortly before three o'clock, Plane No. 2—with its small tank—ran out of smoke, so all the planes quit typing and began their descent. Arken decided to fly his squadron into Amityville at a thousand feet over the beaches—a lower altitude than is his custom—by way of giving the people on the beaches a Fourth of July salute. At the lower altitudes, the beachscape was visible in all its entertaining detail—the eclectic houses on Fire Island, the elegant mansions and neatly cultivated fields at the tip of Long Island, the snappy striped towels, brief bikinis, and gently breaking waves on Jones Beach. We landed in Amityville at three-twenty. It took the mechanics an hour or so to refuel and reload the planes, during which the pilots stretched their legs, drank iced tea and soda, and ate sandwiches and peaches. The sky over Long Island and Manhattan was getting progressively whiter. Arken decided to spend the afternoon in Connecticut, where he had a few jobs to do, and where the sky was still blue. Our head hurt from the pressure of the helmet and the blare of the "Now, now, now"s and the static of the intercom, so we decided to call it a day, but we regretted our decision almost as soon as two aspirins took effect and we watched the tricolored planes zoom down the runway.

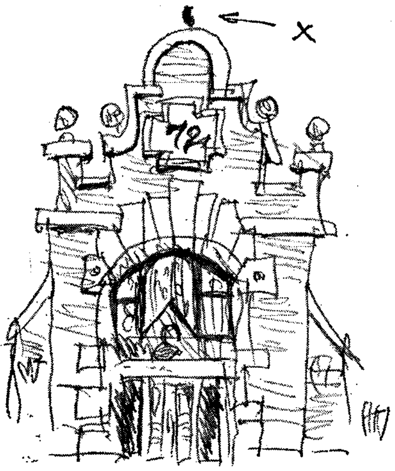
On Tuesday, a rainy July 4th following a rainy July 3rd, we called Arken to thank him for the most enjoyable time we'd had in the sky in years and to ask him how he'd fared on Saturday afternoon and Sunday. Late Saturday afternoon, his planes had recommended "KRAUSS FRANKS" and "KRAUSS DELI MEATS" over Connecticut for two and a half hours. On Sunday, he had been able to find blue sky only over parts of Long Island, where he had done aerial ads for Coppertone and Krauss for almost three hours. He'd been unable to fly on Monday or Tuesday. "Weather is my worst enemy," Arken said. "I only got to do about eight thousand dollars of the thirty-five thousand dollars of business I had to do in the last few days. From October, 1976, to March, 1977, I couldn't get up in the air once—I just couldn't get the weather. August is usually an excellent month, but in August, 1977, I flew only three days. Maybe next weekend will be better."

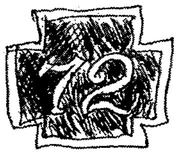
I.R.T. Stop

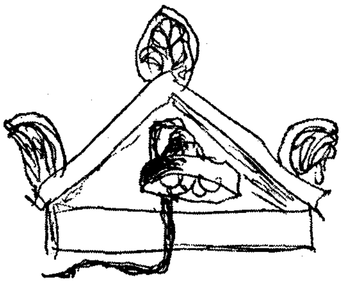
If you don't happen to know that the miniature Peruvian cathedral sitting in the middle of Broadway at Seventy-second Street is the I.R.T. subway station, you won't get much help from the sign. All it says is:

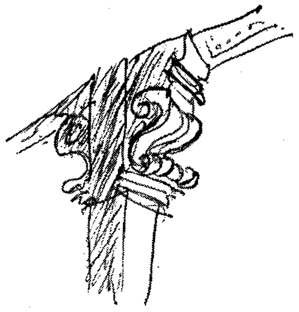


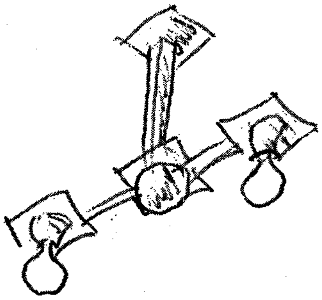
Baffling to anybody not into metropolitan color codes and digit cryptography. (The drive toward simplicity—originally laudable—has resulted merely in mystification of a higher order.) We like to go there anyway, just to sightsee. It is rather dim, reasonably smelly, handsomely constructed, and full of noise and activity, and there is often a pigeon on top. (X marks the pigeon.) High up on both the north and the south façade are bas-relief shields of light blue, and these have numerals on them that can't be beat. The frieze over the main doorway features a sturdy lamp—a five-bulber—and, once you get inside, there are walls of white tile (tending toward the choleric) and soaring steel arches that carry the eye upward from the nave to the apex of the corrugated roof, where a row of small windows of historic dinginess provide a mellow light. The capitals on the steel columns are stylish. Artificial light comes from several sources, including neon lights and some simple chandeliers.



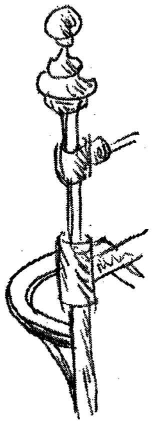




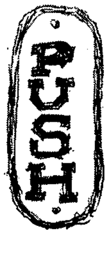




The railings of the stairs that lead passengers down to the subway itself have a certain dignity and authority. Above the doorways leading to what were once (long ago) public bathrooms are eroded-looking signs that appear to have been carved out of stone.



Our favorite things of all, however, are the ancient enamel plaques mounted on the inside of the deep-brown swinging doors of the entrance. They are models of clarity. They are white with blue borders and blue letters, and their message—devoid of color codes—is simple and, to us, oddly satisfying. They say:



Short Story

A Four-Year-Old friend of ours, knowing of our interest in fiction, dictated the following:

Forsythia Seaweed

Forsythia Seaweed was a little girl. She had blowers. The blowers were supposed to eat oranges, but hers ate her elbows. She took them to be fixed, and then they ate grapefruits.

COLLOQUY

IT is a July day, warm but temperate. A man goes up the front steps, hollowed and soft with age, of the house in which he was born. His name is John Coulter. The house is his mother's. And he finds her on her old slatted porch swing, sending it whipping to and fro, though her feet barely reach the floor. Her eyes seem to him clear, not blurred and wandering as they have been in recent days. The parchment skin of her face looks to have fewer wrinkles. Her white—her almost yellow—hair is caught in the chignon that, he recalls, she fancied when he was a child and her hair was ginger brown. She is wearing a starched white shirtwaist, a gray pleated skirt, and sensible oxfords. A chain of long, thin gold links glints on her neck and vanishes into her blouse. And he wonders why he is not astonished, why he is not afraid. For his mother is, in fact, near death, though lingering, and that is why he has spent three restless weeks in her house—a thousand miles west of his own, in a suburban town on the Hudson. Waiting. A duty. He knows that she must be lying in a nursing home; he has seen her there only a few hours before. But now he simply accepts the thought that she may have wanted to talk in surroundings less forbidding. There, she is all but beyond speech; here, she is, it strikes him, rather garrulous.

He thinks that he may be dreaming, and then thinks not. He looks around; things are quite as they should be. A maple stands guard, as always, between the house and the street, its leaves flickering in the breeze that sends occasional small winged seeds spinning to the grass. The old cracked sidewalk shows damp spots left by a shower that morning; he recalls the shower clearly. Elmer, the next-door collie pup, is chasing squirrels along the near side of the untrimmed privet hedge. And John wonders if *he* has somehow contrived to bring his mother there. A figment, perhaps, a tilt of the mind. The days have been strained and the nights long. But, whatever the case, it seems imperative not to startle—or dispel—her. He draws a wicker chair forward and sits down, and waits.

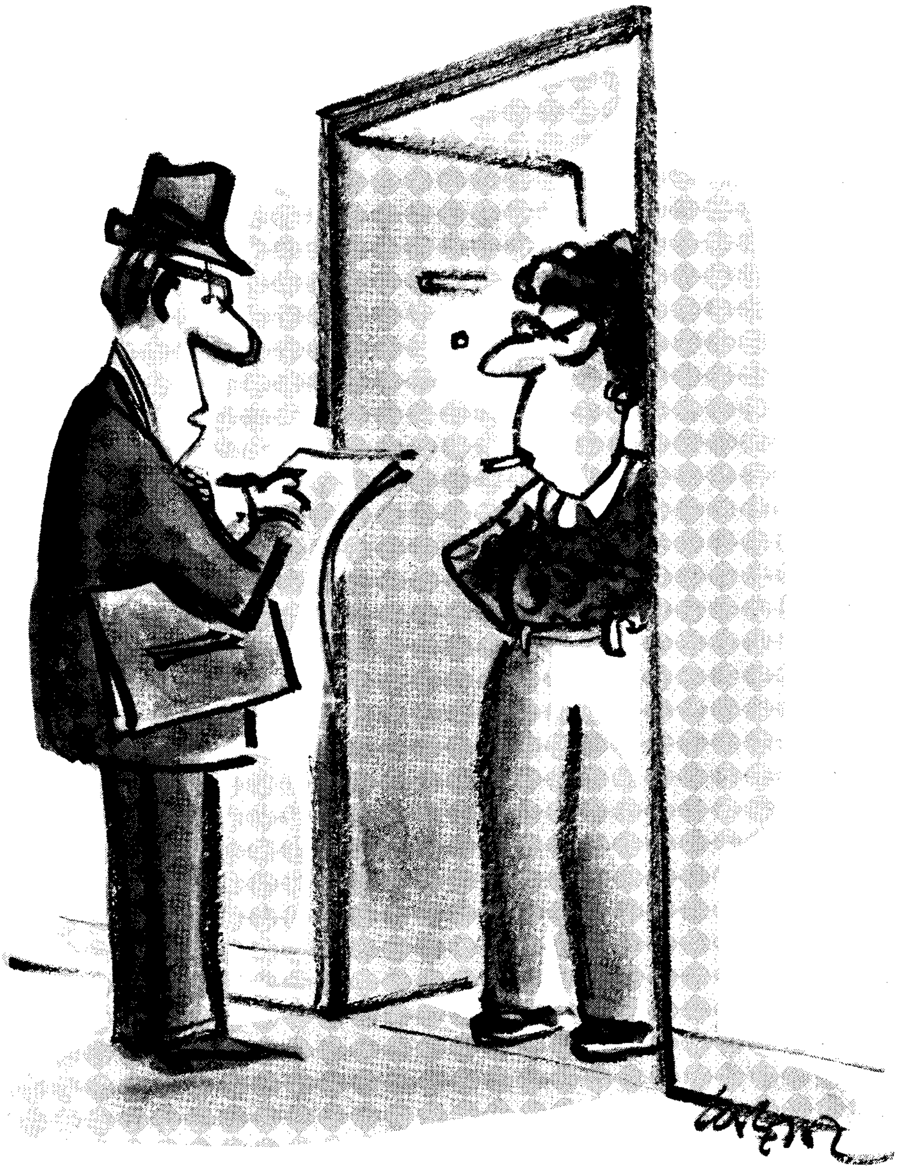
She is chattering matter-of-factly and about nothing much, yet John cannot escape the feeling that she may have come to reproach him; she has always circled the point of a reproof before getting down to it. "The chains of this swing have been squeaking and squawking since the beginning of time," she says. "A drop of oil at the top is all they need. Your father built it himself not long before he died. You wouldn't remember." (But he does. He was only four, and he stood in awe of such handiwork, such creation.)

She tells him then that the side-porch steps need shoring. She seems merely to be reporting domestic trifles, but he is sure that she also means to say that he has not visited her very often these last years—a neglect he has found easy to excuse. He has been busy, he has a wife and grown children whom he loves devotedly, and a bookstore that also has his deep affection. From the first, he has shared the store with Miriam, his wife. Largely because of her urging, it has become more and more a place of special books—old and rare ones, books with histories. And, to be sure, his mother has seldom seemed to him to be in need of anyone at all, but now he feels the hovering guilt that has been at him since he came there.

"You *are* very busy, John," she says. "How is the store doing? Going well, I'm sure. Do give my best to Miriam and the children." And he wonders, astonished, how she has contrived to read his mind.

He thinks, too, of how often and how far during his stay he has stumbled into the past. The house is full of things that, as he prowled it, have brought him memories or surprises. A rag doll, his mother's childhood confidante, now worn and burst at the seams, with only one button eye left. His father's telescope, the larger lens still cracked. John's own doing. And, oddly, a medal presented by the Italian government to one Professore George Niles, in March of 1922.

But now she is silent, watching. I



"If the election were held today, which Jimmy Carter would you vote for?"

know the look, he thinks. *Something* should be getting through my thick head. There must be some unfinished business between us—a matter she wants brought into the light before the light goes out.

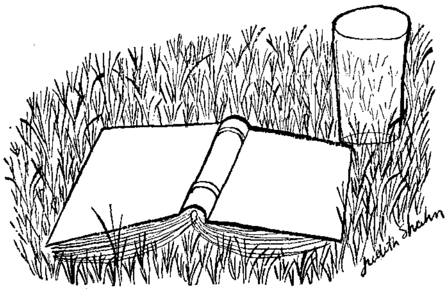
THE swing. It came into partial being in the basement, composed of some narrow lengths of wood, a pair of chains, nuts and bolts, a can of varnish. The smell of the varnish was pungent, the feel of sawdust, scooped from the floor, was soft. The swing was carried in segments to the porch, assembled and hung there, a solid expansion of the property. John's father chewed gum as he worked, which was astonishing, a sight never seen before; John himself was forbidden the pastime, on the basis of vulgarity. But evidently it was helpful to the job, and it gave his father an unaccustomed air of jauntiness. He was a bearded, monumental man, far older than his wife. The town was a Midwestern college town, and Professor Coulter, head of English, was viewed there with some awe. When he died, a year or so after the building of the swing, there was a great deal of ceremony, but what John would recall (sitting on the porch nearly half a century later) was chiefly the arrival of several aunts, each of whom, sighing, embraced and stifled him in folds of musty black.

The ladies did not stay long and seldom came again. They disapproved of John's mother, whom they regarded as a child, the folly of their brother's middle years. One of them did make a courtesy visit, stopping again only briefly, accepting lemonade, sitting primly with John's prim mother on the swing. After that, John and his mother were largely left alone by relatives—alone in a great creaking house built by the Professor's grandfather. And John's mother set out to bring him up, as she was sure her husband would have wanted, under firm rules of obedience and duty (love between close kin was assumed but seldom mentioned) and thrift. There was money—old family money—half of it left to her, and half in a trust fund for John when he should reach twenty-five. But she felt her share was not fully hers; as much of it as she could spare must someday go to John. She used enough, reluctantly, to support them while she took a master's degree in Romance languages, after which she hoped that she could find work as a teacher, and so stand on her own feet. When she got the degree, at the head of her class, she was at once invited to stay and teach in the college—a gesture she attributed largely to respect for her husband's memory.

"WHY were you playing with that telescope?" she asks him, there on the porch. "I never knew. I was too shocked that you'd broken it, and then too shocked at myself for striking you. Well—it was the only time."

Yes, John thinks, the only time she struck me, and just about the only time I saw her show so much feeling. But—"*that*" telescope? How does she know, or does she, that I came on it only last night? (She, too, was in awe of my father, and after his death the respect extended to his relics. But did she love him?) "I was being Nelson at Copenhagen," John tells her. "I was clapping it to my blind eye so as not to see the signal to retreat. I won the battle, but I dropped the telescope."

"I see," she says. "All the odd games you played! You had an overheated imagination. I would guess that you still have."



THE games were played in the large back yard that sloped down to a little woods. The roles John played were usually the heroes he had read or heard about—Kit Carson, Charlemagne, Robin Hood, D'Artagnan—and he always embellished their reported deeds. He had few friends. He was under standing orders to come straight home from school, fix himself crackers and milk, and wait for his mother. Then, after classes, she would send him to the grocer or the drugstore while she set about grading papers.

The subject matter of John's games changed as he grew older, to be replaced by fantasies seldom more factual. During the first year of high school, he became, in his reveries, a matchless halfback, though he was both slight and timid. And in political autumns he was likely to turn orator. So when the chance to make an actual speech arose—a tryout for the debating team—he seized it. The subject was the growing danger of Fascism. John wrote his speech over many days, in the kitchen with milk and crackers alongside, putting the manuscript out of sight when his mother was due to come home. He never mentioned it to her. He knew she would insist on hearing

TO A TYRANT

He used to come here till he donned gold braid,
a good topcoat on, self-controlled, stoop-shouldered.
Arresting these café habitués—
he started snuffing out world culture somewhat later—
seemed sweet revenge (on Time, that is, not them)
for all the lack of cash, the sneers and insults,
the lousy coffee, boredom, and the battles
at twenty-one he lost time and again.

And Time has had to stomach that revenge.
The place is now quite crowded; bursts of laughter,
records boom out. But just before you sit
you seem to feel an urge to turn your head around.
Plastic and chrome are everywhere—not right;
the pastries have an aftertaste of bromide.
Sometimes before the place shuts down he'll enter
straight from a theatre, anonymous, no fuss.

When he comes in, the lot of them stand up.
Some out of duty, the rest in unfeigned joy.
Limp-wristed, with a languid sweep of palm,
he gives the evening back its cozy feel.
He drinks his coffee—better, nowadays—
and bites a roll, while perching on his chair,
so tasty that the very dead would cry
"Oh, yes!" if only they could rise and be there.

—JOSEPH BRODSKY

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Alan Myers.*)

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the speech, and he was embarrassed by, though proud of, some elegant flourishes in its peroration. But she learned of the tryout (though she also refrained from speaking of it), and John, standing before an audience of students and teachers, saw her slip into a seat in the rear of the room. He got through the speech, and that evening she said merely, “I thought you did reasonably well.” He was chosen for the team.

THE swing is still flailing merrily back and forth. The lady’s cheeks are sagging a little now. Her shoes look run down; they have tiny cracks, and the cotton wadding she sometimes stuffed into an ancient pair for comfort as she grew older is peeping out.

Is the clue to her coming that one-eyed rag doll, John wonders, watching her warily. I remember it as in much better shape. Now the wreckage is carefully wrapped in silk and kept in the drawer of her bed table. Could she have been cherishing it, on and on, wearing it out, *needing* it? That’s ludicrous. God knows she has always been more than self-sufficient. Still—*could* she have come for it today?

“I happened across a doll I think you had as a child,” he tells her offhandedly. “I coveted it when I was small, but you never would let me play with it. It had a name that I don’t recall.”

“Jemima,” she says. “And if you’re asking what she’s doing in that drawer, why, I suppose I just liked her nearby. She’s an ugly old doll, but she has often done quite well as an adviser. A person has need of guidance now and then, and I could never fancy anyone’s listening if I prayed.”

“I see.”

“Well, you needn’t look so embarrassed,” she says, grinning a little. “Nobody else ever knew, least of all your father. And people are entitled to some secrets. When I’m gone, just get rid of her. She’s quite beyond repair. But do it kindly.”

WHEN it was time for John to go to college, he more or less ran away, or felt that he did. His mother had suggested from time to time that he attend the local college and live thriftily at home, but he took the earnings of a summer job, hitchhiked to Ohio State, and, after he had enrolled there, was struck by the notion that she had not really pressed him to stay. This was puzzling; in matters of thrift she was likely to be urgent.

He went home for all vacations. In the summer of his sophomore year, he arrived in an elevated state. He had fallen in love. And on a Sunday morning, when, unable to sleep, he had gone in robe and slippers to the porch swing, he told his mother—who wondered what had got into him and what the neighbors would think—the truth, to his own astonishment.

She braced herself silently, started to go to a chair that faced him, then sat beside him on the swing, resolutely looking toward the far end of the porch.

“She’s small. She has nice hair and eyes. Both dark,” John said, more and more astounded by his ease. “She likes poetry, and we read it together. Sometimes we memorize things. Keats, John Donne, Shakespeare’s songs—”

His mother cleared her throat. “You’re a young man now,” she said. “Perhaps it’s—late. But there are matters I should have explained to you long ago. Matters I should have preferred your father to explain.”

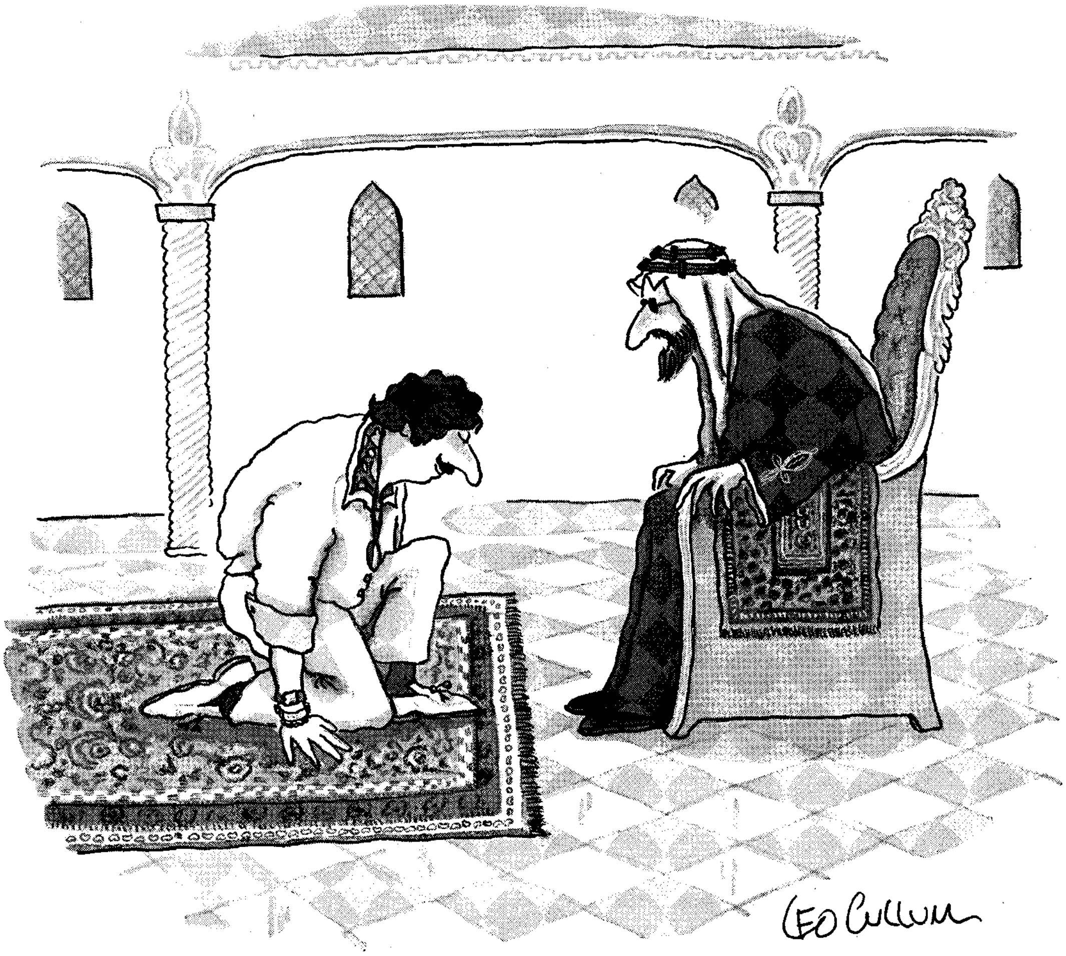
After a moment, John said, “I guess I know what you mean. You don’t have to explain anything to me *now*. I mean, it’s not *late*. It’s just that I know. Anyway, we went to a ballet together. It seemed as if they were doing it for us. I mean, explaining us to each other, and—”

“It should have been from me. Perhaps you aren’t really informed. Pickup talk, street talk—whatever.”

“I’m informed,” John said. “Some of it was street talk, I suppose, but some I got out of the Encyclopædia Britannica when I was twelve or thirteen. I couldn’t understand all the words at first, but I finally figured them out. Anyway, after that ballet—”

“Well, then,” his mother said, “we can drop the subject. I’m only sorry you didn’t learn properly from me. I was negligent.”

“WE have always talked past each other,” John says to himself, remembering. The swing slows, and his visiting mother, seeming older now, stares at her twisted hands. “We have



“You have purchased Los Angeles, my son. This is good.”

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led—well—parallel lives. They may meet in infinity. If ever.” And abruptly he thinks of the strange Italian medal under a pile of scented handkerchiefs in his mother’s top dresser drawer. He had been asked to bring handkerchiefs to her nursing home, and so he had found the medal.

George Niles, he thinks. Professor Niles. I never supposed he had a first name other than that—a tall, drab man who always gave me licorice drops out of a crumpled bag. He called each Sunday afternoon at a quarter to four, staying exactly thirty minutes, leaving his card in a silver dish in the hall. I think he was the head of her department, calling dutifully on his younger colleagues.

“There was a medal inscribed to Professor Niles under your handkerchiefs,” John says.

“He directed my master’s thesis,” his mother says. “*You* knew that.” (She is not going to say a thing about that medal, John concludes at once. I saw it somewhere, long ago. The medal, but not the inscription.) “It was all about *terza rima*—all very technical and probably dull. He was head of Romance Languages. A friend of your father’s. A distinguished man—they were *both* distinguished men.”

Yes, John thinks, and that’s about all I have ever really gathered from her about my father. Distinction. Preeminence. Did he and she also lead lives that never quite joined? Then neither John nor his mother speaks for a while, and with a sudden clarity that fills him with longing he sees his wife in their house far away. He sees her going each day to their bookstore, their great pride, and, skimming back down the years, he sees her, after his inheritance had come, poring over newspapers, finding the store for sale at a bargain price. And then he sees the girl who would be his wife, young like himself when they began to live together.

“Your father was a very *private* person,” says his mother.

AFTER college, John moved still farther from home. He went to Manhattan, with total confidence in his future and no notion at all of how to live in the meantime. He found a scattering of jobs—as a busboy, as an usher in a movie theatre—and a small room in a clean but dreary rooming house in Murray Hill. It was there that he contrived to meet the girl named Miriam who lived on the floor above him. She was also new in the city, and they began to explore it together.

They sought out all possible clichés. Knowingly. They walked on bridges at dawn. They rode back and forth all night on the ferry. They talked of what they had done that day, and then about the subtle designs they had lately, and jointly, found in life, but chiefly about each other and themselves, though much more of this had to do with John than with Miriam. He spoke of the big house left behind, of his childhood and therefore of his mother (though not often of her remoteness), and of his longings, which, to his delight and wonder, were finding words at last. He had never before guessed the close comfort of such talk. And so it was with happiness but little surprise that in a short while they found themselves returning on most nights to Miriam’s room.

Once, very late, when the lovemaking was over and they were lying close, hand in hand and feeling a light, shared sadness that seemed sometimes to come on them at such moments, John said that he had lost his way, had somehow lost himself. He said that he felt fragmented; he had not come there to be an usher or a busboy.

“How can I search for you if you’ve fallen apart?” Miriam asked him, teasing him a little. “How can you search for me if you don’t exist?” She then said, in deep earnest, that love was a search, an endless seeking. John believed that he had read as much at some time, but now it seemed a sample of fresh and invigorating wisdom.

And eventually Miriam found work in a book-and-record shop, where she was happy, and John found a job in a brokerage house, which he considered unaesthetic but which paid him better than ushering and made it possible for them to move to a two-room walkup beside the clattering Third Avenue El. It was private and secure, after the rooming house, and the small sadness now seldom visited them in the late hours.

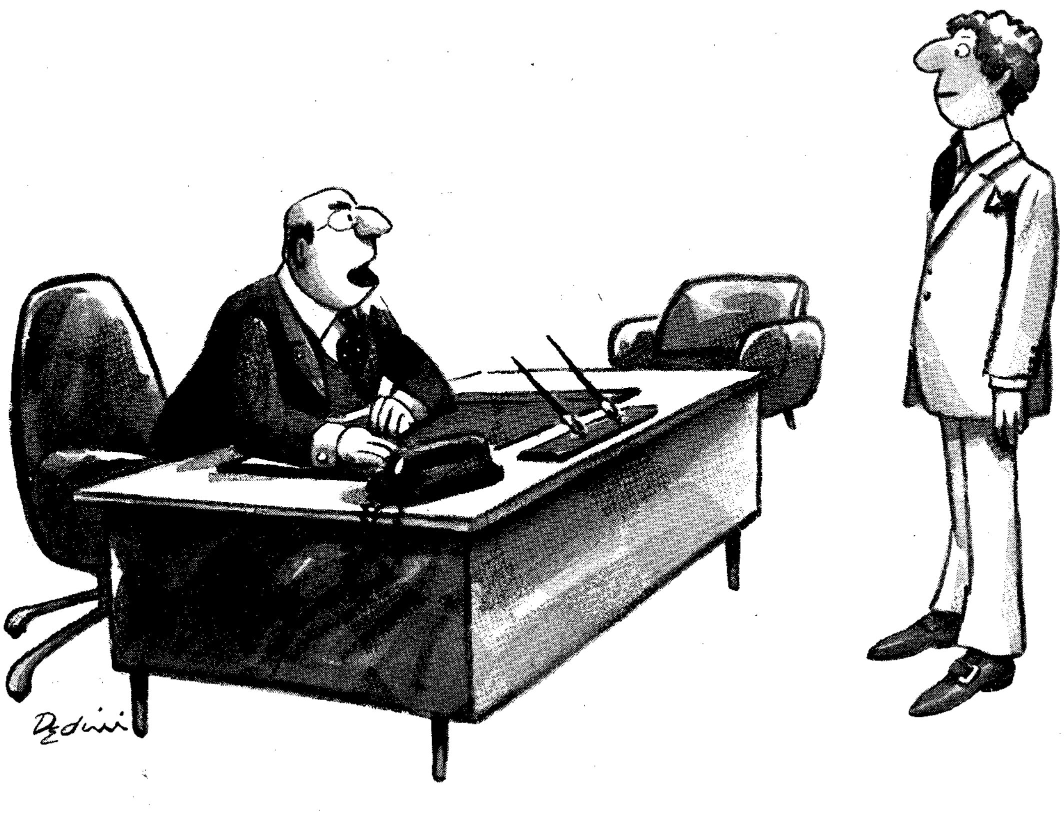
ON the porch, the swing has almost stopped. There is a long wait. John’s mother is not looking quite as old as a while before, or so he feels. She seems to change with her inward weather. Or with his own. The cracks in her shoes are no longer visible. Her hands appear less gnarled.

“I wish Father might have lived longer,” John says.

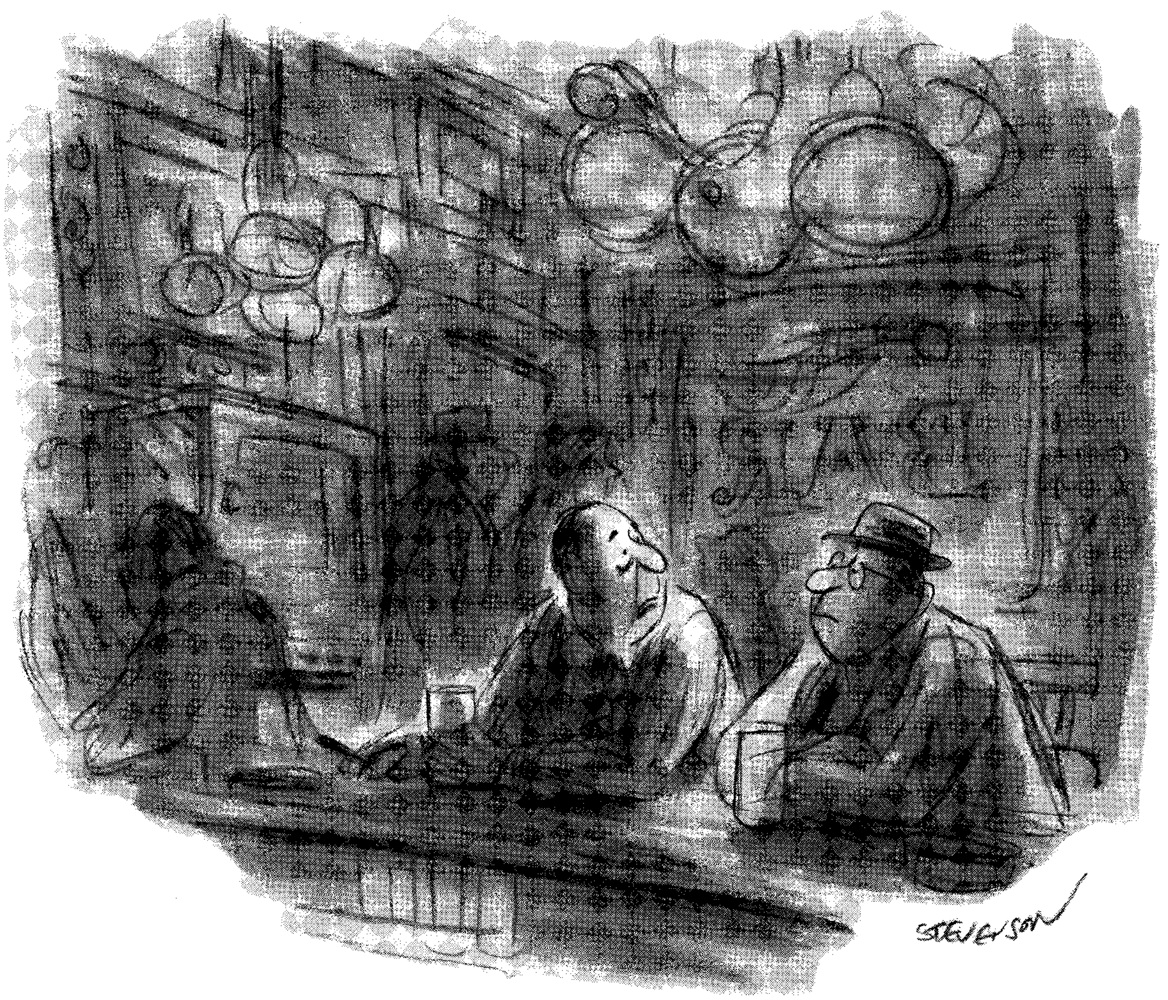
“Well, naturally, so do I—so did I,” she says quietly.

“I mean I wish I had got to know him better than one could at four or five. Grown to—oh—love him, I suppose.”

“I see,” she says. “But,



“Grissen, there’s more to holding a job here than being well shod!”



"My TV is brighter, sharper, and better-focussed than I am."

• •

for that, a person must reach out, explore, discover. She must—*he* must—" She stops abruptly.

Reach out, explore, discover, John thinks. *This* is new. She seems to be talking about Father and me—or about herself and Father, neither of which seems entirely likely.

The swing is motionless now. There is another silence, and then, sitting erect, she speaks rapidly, vigorously. "George Niles *willed* me that medal. He knew I would take care of it. His wife was an invalid for years. Her mind wandered. The medal was for his contribution to Italian-American harmony. I think the award was the high point of his life. It had had few high points. Up to then."

"I remember him," John says.

"He supervised my thesis," says his mother stiffly, ending the conversation.

"Yes, I remember Professor Niles," he tells himself. "And now I also recall that it wasn't only at three-forty-five each Sunday that I saw him. One summer, Mother and I went to a cottage Father had left us. I was sent to a day camp. I was ten years old. Once, I was supposed to be on a hike, but it rained and the hike was cancelled. I was walking home when Professor Niles drove by me, coming from the cottage."

Then, on an afternoon when I was playing, he came along the path between the yard and the woods. He gave me the usual licorice drop and went on up to the house—to the side steps that today need shoring. The licorice drop always seemed a signal that I could run off and play, now that I had shaken hands, fulfilling my social duty.

Reach out. Search. Discover. All our days together, Miriam and I have done that, and the seeking is still not over. It will end only when both of us have ended. But—*what* has brought Mother here? She wasn't speaking of reaching out to Father or to me. Was she speaking of herself and Niles, I wonder?

She has grown to seem very old to John again. She is staring across the porch and along the street. She plucks at her lower lip, as she has done constantly in the nursing home. And then she nods slowly, though whether in response to John's question or in answer to something in her mind or memory he cannot know.

Were she and Niles in love, John asks himself. Is *that* why she has come? Does she want it known? And he is suddenly touched that one so old, so nearly gone, should care to have a love so long past come to light. He smiles, but his throat is tight. Still, he cannot speak to her, he cannot ask her the questions in his mind.

I have never known her, though I would have said I did, he thinks. We have never known each other, really, or sought to, though clearly I am searching for her now. There is no one alive who knows that she loved—*could* love—and was loved. No one but myself, and I am guessing. It is because of Miriam that I can guess it now. Mother has come for something she had with Niles, and then in her lonely way with that doll—and now I am all she has left, and we are strangers.

His mother absently fingers the gold chain that hangs from her neck.

The medal, John thinks. It is on the end of that necklace. It is also upstairs in her dresser drawer, chain and all. Or is it? Yes. I will go and fetch it to her. Perhaps *it* can speak for me. And then maybe she can go—or I can let her go?—in peace. Which is it?

He walks into the house and up the stairs. He opens the drawer and finds the medal. He carries it down and out to the porch, but his mother is not there. And if the swing were not still moving (after her rising? with the light breeze?), he could not be sure that she had ever been there at all.

—ROBERT HENDERSON

•

Although Nicholas Jacques Conté gave his name to this delightful crayon, in fact, he was the inventor of the lead pencil. For the record, lead pencils did not become widely used until Conté invented them in 1799.—*"Drawing for Fun," by Alfred Daniels.*

People were naturally hesitant.

BROTHERS

DRIVING with my half brother Alexander Ross and our mother and my father, I watch the shadow of our car sweeping over the snow. We have been travelling from northern Ontario south to the city. Outside, on the Holland Marsh flatland, there are patches of black earth showing and tumbled stacks of vegetable crates left strewn across the fields. It has been Easter, and we are taking Alexander Ross back to his school in the city. We are not Catholics, but Alexander Ross goes to a Catholic boys' school for our mother's sake. She wanted him to go to the school his father went to. Alexander Ross's father died in the war.

Alexander Ross whispers and points to the back of my father's neck, where shaven skin folds over the tight starched collar. "Like bristles on a fish belly," he whispers. He says a priest called Chesley at his school looks like that, too, and that Father Chesley once threw a boy from a second-floor window. Alexander Ross reaches out with one hand, almost touching my father's neck, and then with his finger circles the places where the bones show under my father's scalp.

Yesterday, up north, Alexander Ross and my father and I hunted rabbits on the snow. In the late afternoon, on our way home, we stood on a frozen lake, looking out at the fishing shacks in the distance and where cars were driving over the ice. A car out by the fishing shacks fell through the ice. Alexander Ross and my father did not see it fall; they had already started walking away, back to shore, carrying five rabbits that dangled from a pole. I stood by myself, watching while the car settled into the water, floating and sinking slowly on the ice broken away beneath it. I did not call them back to see. I ran after them without speaking.

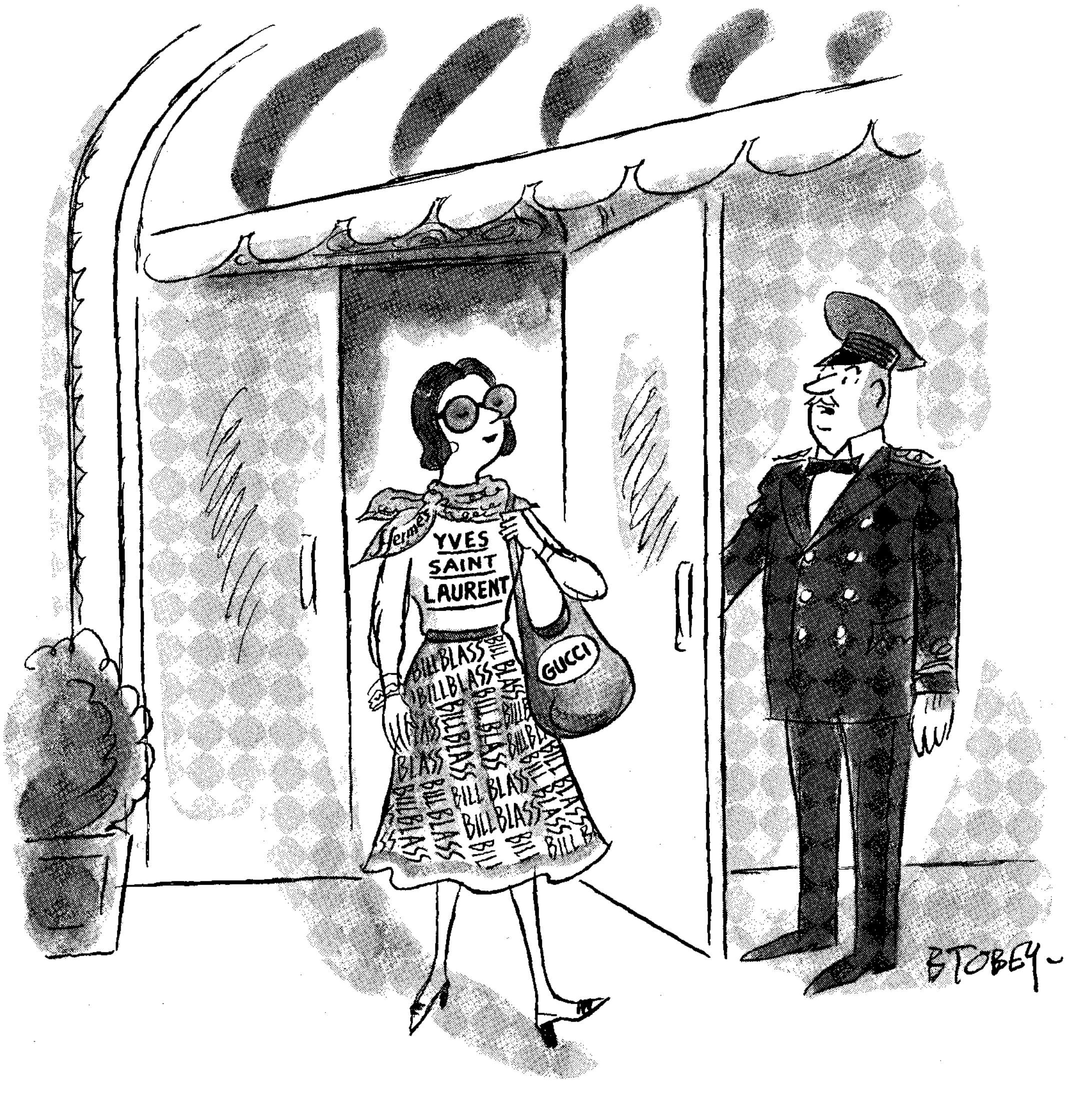
Last night Alexander Ross hung his arm down from the upper bunk, between the bunk frame and the wall, and I held his hand.

In the car my father sings, "There's none so *fair* as can com-*pare* with the figh-ting in-fan-*tree*," stamping a foot on the car floor, and then whistles a loud, tuneless verse. It is warm in the south. His arm is couched on the open window in front of me, and I watch the sun on his arm and the wind blowing through the hairs on his arm. Our mother is sleeping while my father sings. She has been sick. She is always sick at Christmas and at Easter.

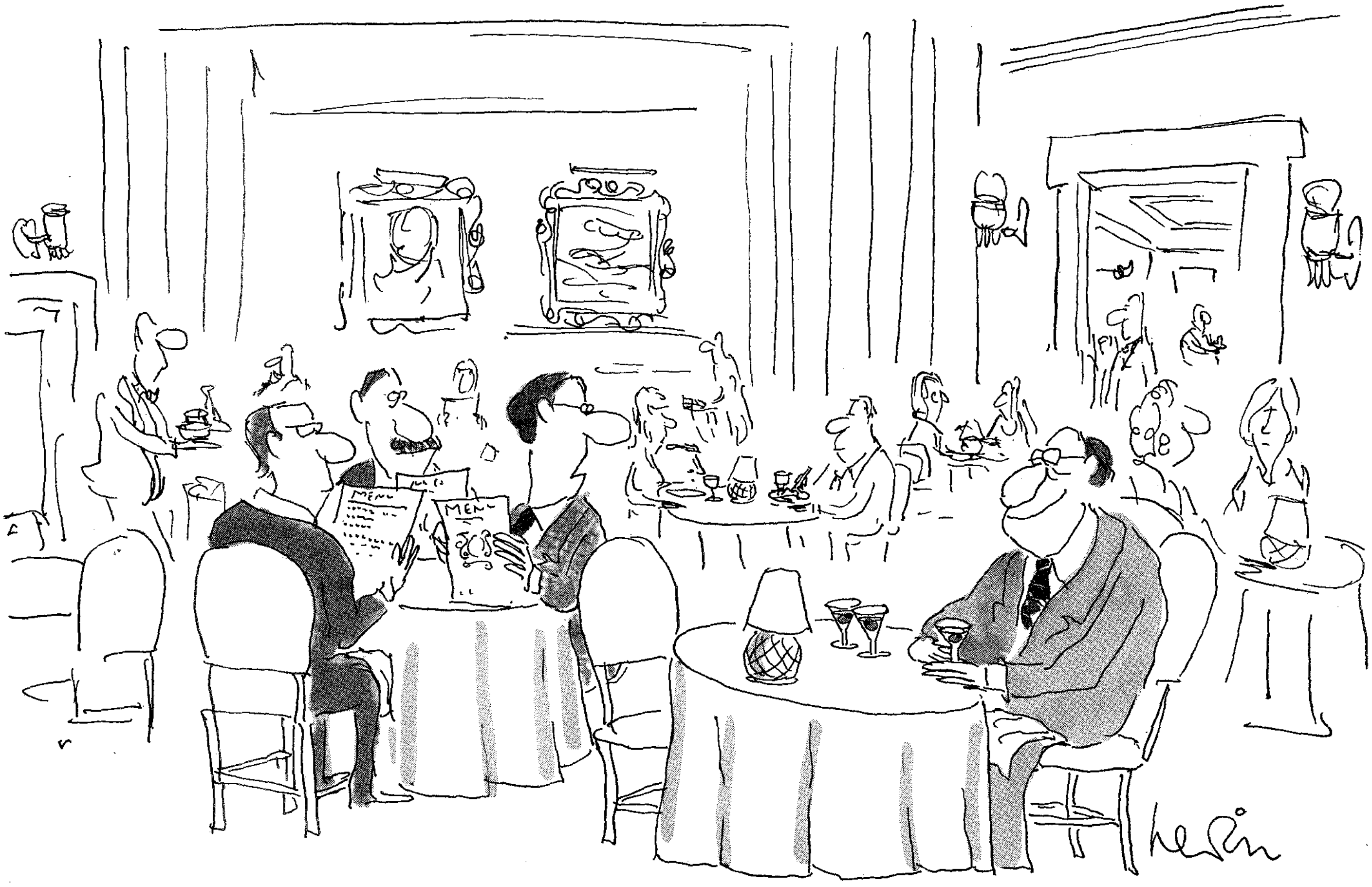
IN the city we go first to our grandfather's house. Our mother is awake in the front seat, and my father is silent. We ride under trees, down a winding street along the edge of a ravine. In our grandfather's neighborhood all the houses are set back from the street on raised lawns. We have been dressed for presenting ourselves—my brother in his maroon-striped school blazer and maroon shorts, my father in his *gentleman's* dress (the navy-blue jacket with his regiment's crest, a golden stag leaping a coat of arms, over his breast), and I in my blue blazer and gray flannel shorts. There is family talk—the directions and orders of disembarking—and then my father leads us in silence up some steps, through a space in a granite wall that runs along the sidewalk, to an iron gate, and through the gate to our grandfather, who is standing on his front walk in the sun. "How do you do, sir?" my father calls. "How do you do?" he says again, leaning forward to grasp our grandfather's hand. Men do not kiss. Our mother, though, leans forward and kisses our grandfather. She calls him Daddy. She brushes his cheek with her lips, and they touch with hands on each other's shoulders. Alexander Ross and I still call him Ga.

Behind the house across the street the ravine drops away. Through the gate I can see the tops of trees that grow up from the ravine floor, waving just level with the neighbor's lawn. The sound of traffic is distant, somewhere beyond the ravine.

Upstairs, Alexander Ross and I kiss our grandmoth-



"Good morning, Mrs. Kiley."



"The three-Martini lunch looks good."

• •

er's cheek while she lies on her canopied bed.

After lunch but still at the table, we all sit without speaking while Ga smokes his cigarette. He smokes with his arm crooked against his chest, holding his cigarette steady, inches from his mouth, tipping his head forward to draw on it. His long, sagging lips fold around the end. He pulls carelessly at the smoke, and some of it escapes the loose seal of his lips as he draws. It escapes out his nose, too, and rises up over his face, so that he looks as if he were sleeping with his eyes open, dreaming and burning in the smoke. We continue to sit in silence. He holds the cigarette still, and the ash grows until it bends. When at last Alexander Ross warns him, the ash breaks, tumbles down his vest, spreading a trail of gray on gray. Ga looks over to Alexander Ross with a quiet smile, sweeps slowly with the back of his hand at the ash trail, and then goes back to his smoking.

There is to be a tea for the boys and priests of Alexander Ross's school. We are to say goodbye to him at the tea, which will be held in a cathedral near the school. While we wait for the others to come out, Alexander Ross and I sit on the steps at the wrought-iron gate with a neighborhood boy who has captured a baby raccoon from the ravine. The animal clinging upside down to a baby's milk bottle, sucking and gripping the nipple with tiny, human fingers. Beads of milk spread on its hairy face.

"PULL my finger," Ga says. He has asked to ride in the back with Alexander Ross and me on our way to the cathedral. We have been riding without speaking. Now he holds out his hand with one finger extended. I pull his finger and he belches. He lights a match, lets it burn out, wraps it with invisible string, then jerks the string, snapping off the burned head. He lights a second match. He says he is a man with a harelip trying to blow out a candle before going to bed, and makes faces while he blows to the left and to the right, missing the flame, finally pinching it out with wet fingers.

On foot we cross the cathedral lawns. Alexander Ross points to his school in the distance. Then we walk quickly along a wall inside the empty cathedral. My father leads our mother with his elbow extended, holding his arm out from his side, and the two of them walk in front of my brother and Ga and me. The sound of our walking echoes, and the sound of boys' voices can be heard from a room at the other end of the cathedral.

When the door is opened, the voices inside wash out over us. It is a large room with chandeliers, and everywhere there are boys in maroon-striped blazers. Scattered among the boys stand their parents and the Fathers, their teachers. "There," Alexander Ross whispers to me, pointing across the room. "It's Chesley." He is gone for a moment, and then returns leading one of the priests behind him.

I see the boys nearest us turn with hidden smiles, whispering as Alexander Ross leads the priest past them. He is a tall, fat priest, blown large and soft and hairless, smiling, shaking all our hands, speaking with my father and Ga. What there is to be seen of his skin is a white color and squeezes out from beneath his robes—from the pinching collar at his throat and from under his long sleeves.

". . . And to be so excited!" I hear the priest say. I have not been listening to his story. "I thought the boy was having some sort of seizure, when he suddenly fled the room!”

“The poor little fellow,” my father says.

“Well, yes, of course. But what can we do? Don’t you agree? We are in no position here . . .”

“Well, yes, of course . . .” my father says, and the priest, Chesley, goes on, turning his head from side to side on his great soft neck, to Ga, to our mother, smiling. While he speaks, his fingers caress a china cup and saucer he has taken from a boy serving tea. His fingers are like a baby’s—soft pads on the china, except for one spot, where a thin band of silver embedded in the folds of a finger clicks against the cup. The other hand flutters in the room with all its fingers curling or opening together, and at times it alights to touch the cup-and-saucer hand, then to stroke the cup handle on its inside curve. Chesley’s free hand reaches out now to pat my head. I feel his fingers in my hair, and I step back and away from him. He says something to me that I do not hear, and he laughs. Alexander Ross is smiling, watching me.

WE leave the tea together, Alexander Ross and I. He takes me to the chapel. “I can show you this only because we are brothers,” he says, and from beneath one step of a circular iron staircase that leads from the chapel floor to a door in the cathedral tower he produces a foot-long piece of rusted iron pipe. He says it is the school bludgeon. There used to be a boy chosen from the lower forms, he says—one each year—to cross the lawns from the school in the night, enter this chapel, find the school bludgeon in its place under the stairs, and then climb the cathedral tower. The chosen boy was to kill a sleeping pigeon in the tower, and with its fresh blood on the bludgeon pound four times in the night on one of the cathedral bells before hiding the bludgeon again and returning to his room.

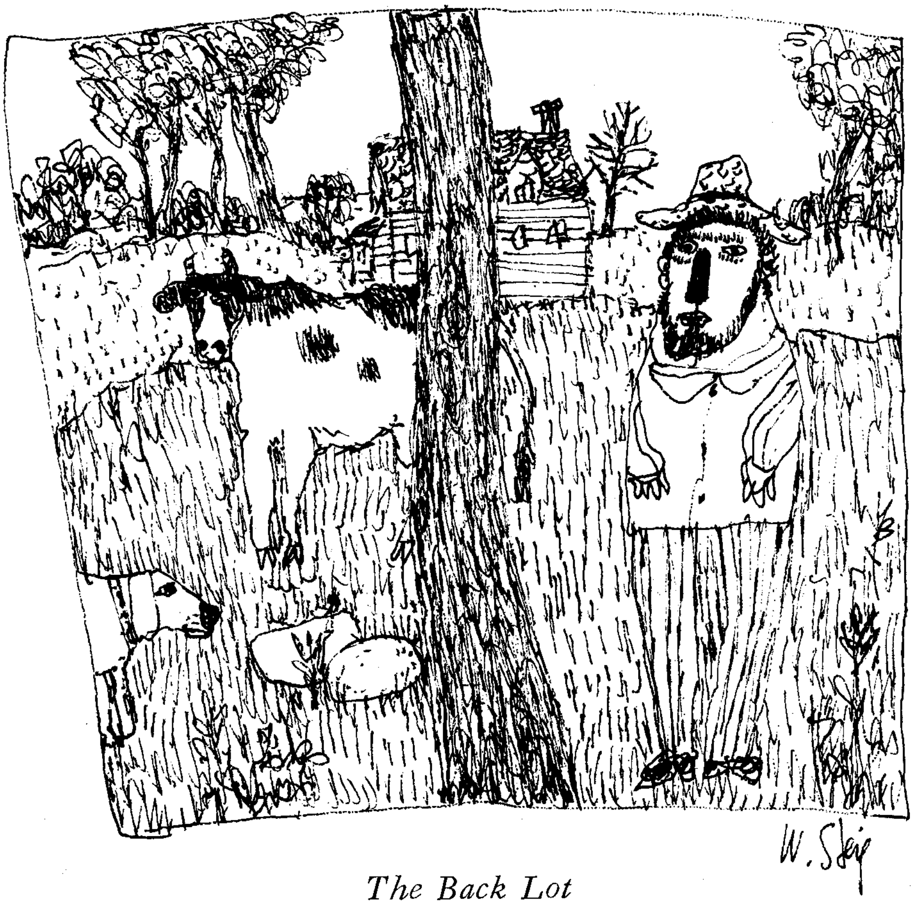
“It’s not done anymore,” Alexander Ross says. He speaks quietly, leaning with me on the stairway inside the empty chapel. “Not for years now. A boy fell one night after ringing the bell.” We climb the staircase, winding up from the chapel floor, and go through the door at the top into the bell chamber in the cathedral tower. An iron ladder with hoops to climb through to keep you from falling ascends the wall on one side of the bell chamber, and a string of bare light bulbs hangs down against the wall across from the ladder. The chamber is bright, cold, and round—like a tunnel of stone. The bells are high above, directly overhead. “He was found in the morning, hanging, caught there in the ladder hoops,” Alexander Ross says, pointing up.

My brother climbs first up the iron ladder, banging the piece of iron pipe against it as he goes, singing and shouting, “There’s none so *fair* as can com*pare* with the figh-ting in-fan-*tree!*” I pull on his ankle as we climb, and yell for him to stop banging the pipe, and our voices clang inside the chamber like the iron on iron.

From the top of the ladder, I follow Alexander Ross through a hole in a wooden platform around the bells. Above the bells the tower is dark and narrow. It is in this topmost part that the pigeons live. A wooden stairway climbs back and forth from wall to wall above us, and the pigeons nest inside the forest of wooden scaffolding that supports the stairs. What light there is comes through rows of small openings in the stone walls. We cannot see to the very top, but we can hear the pigeons. We hear them cooing, perched on the ledges where the light comes through, and on the scaffolding, and we can hear the flapping of their wings outside the tower.

On our hands and knees—the wooden stairs are old, and they sway, and they are steep, like old cellar stairs—we crawl in our shorts and blazers through dirt and pigeon droppings, climbing in the dim light past the pigeons. At the top, under a padlocked trapdoor that leads to the spire, we rest together on the stairs, by one of the ledges. My brother lays the pipe on the ledge. We lean forward with our faces to the opening and he spits, and his spit is lost to us in falling. When we look down to the street, the tower seems to sway in the wind. At our backs, below in the dark, there is a loud beating of wings all at once, and the flock of pigeons drops down into the air below us.

“When you are brought here the first time, you are supposed to get down alone,” Alexander Ross says. He shakes my hand. “I will tell Ga to meet you in the chapel,” he says, and, taking the bludgeon from the ledge, he leaves, crawling back down the stairs, disappearing slowly into the dark scaffolding. —PETER MARSH



The Back Lot

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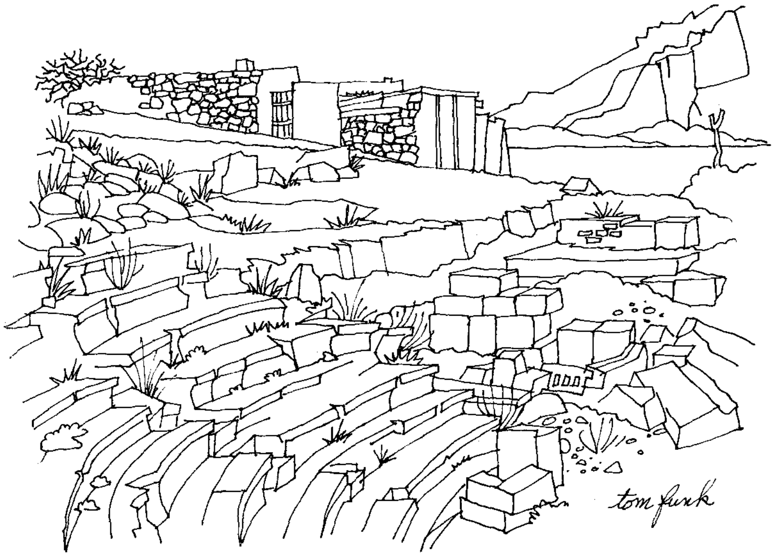
With the grace of a dancer and the sorcery of a Circe, Miss Lindfors is the doomed Anne Frank reliving her first kiss; she is aged Sido, the unforgettable mother of novelist Colette. Puffing on a cheroot, she is the magnificent Madwoman of Chaillot, Shakespeare’s Porsche and a young revolutionary with a mouthful of four-letter words.—*Waterbury (Conn.) Sunday Republican.*

And no place to park.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE DIG AT CNIDUS



AT the tip of a peninsula in the far southwest of Turkey, not far north of the line that divides the Mediterranean and the Aegean Seas, lie the ruins of a city called Cnidus. In ancient times, it was at the center of the world. Merchant ships following the busy trade routes between Egypt and Athens found it a convenient harbor after the long voyage across the Mediterranean, and boats from the southern coastal cities rounding the peninsula's treacherous headland took shelter there from the prevailing northwest Aegean wind before continuing north to Phocaea and Ephesus, Halicarnassus and Miletus. It was one of the major commercial ports of Asia Minor, exporting wine and vinegar all over the Mediterranean world. It was also the home of the most celebrated statue in antiquity: Praxiteles' "Aphrodite." Pilgrims and art lovers and curious tourists flocked to the city for the unprecedented sight of a full-size female divinity depicted in the nude, and Cnidus grew prosperous on the proceeds. Its civilization flourished under the Greeks and then under the Romans, beginning to decline only when trade routes moved inland. Though much weakened, it continued to exist for another couple of hundred years as a Byzantine city. Finally, in the seventh century, some calamity—possibly an earthquake or a severe climatic change—wiped out its water supply. Cnidus's population—ninety thousand in its heyday—vanished. The city lay uninhabited and nearly forgotten for thirteen hundred years. Then, in 1966, the American archeologist Iris Cornelia Love arrived with a crew of friends and colleagues, determined to have a closer look at what she considered the last of the great Greek cities remaining unexcavated. In 1967, she began digging.

Other archeologists had visited Cnidus—most notably a group calling itself the Society of Dilettanti, in 1812, and the British archeologist Sir Charles Newton, who excavated in Cnidus in the eighteen-fifties as part of his archeological sweep through the Levant. The Dilettanti were a group of Englishmen, many of them titled, who travelled to various ancient sites and meticulously recorded what they saw there. Today, a hundred and sixty-six years later, their observations are invaluable, because much of what they saw has since been covered up by nature or carted off by man. Newton, who described himself as "the mad English consul who was digging holes in the ground at Cape Crio"—the Greek name for the headland—was not content to look. He shipped three hundred and eighty-four crates of antiquities home to England, including a famous over-life-size "Demeter," which is now on display in the British Museum, and a colossal ten-foot-long crouching marble lion that took a hundred men a month to lower down a cliff and load onto a boat provided by the British Navy. Later archeologists were discouraged from investigating further by the difficulty of importing equipment to Cnidus, which is not connected to the rest of the world by a paved road, and by the seemingly thorough job Newton had done. Miss Love didn't have much competition for the Cnidus site.

At thirty-four, Iris Love had already had nine years' experience digging in the Aegean area. But this was her first solo expedition. Within five years, she had found more than anyone had dreamed could still be there. She discovered numerous buildings not seen since ancient times, including two important Greek temples (one to Apollo and one to Aphrodite). She began work on an immense Doric stoa overlooking the harbor, and she demonstrated that, as the Dilettanti and Newton had suspected, it had been designed by the Cnidian architect Sostratus, who was also the architect of the lighthouse at Alexandria—one of the Seven Wonders of the World. She began excavations on a theatre and on a bouleuterion, or council chamber, which Newton had thought was an odeum. (The theatre, the smaller of two large theatres at Cnidus, is partly Hellenistic and partly Roman. It seated forty-five hundred people and is one of the best-preserved in the Mediterranean.) She discovered and excavated seven Byzantine churches. She discovered and opened up a number of tombs in Cnidus's necropolis, which is more than six miles long and as much as a mile and a half wide—one of the largest burial sites in classical antiquity. She unearthed remains of what she thinks was a large medical center known to have attracted patients from great distances, and whose presence in Cnidus may partly account for the unusually extensive cemetery. And she found Hellenistic, Roman, and Byzantine houses decorated with beautiful stucco wall paintings of mythological scenes, flowers, and birds. Last summer was Miss Love's tenth season at Cnidus. She expects to be digging there for the rest of her life.

Miss Love, now in her mid-forties, is a handsome woman, who looks her best—and most at home—in the field. At five feet seven, she stands eight inches shorter than the "Aphrodite" did. Her skin is tanned a deep bronze by more than twenty summers in the Aegean sun, and her hair is bleached almost white. Her eyes are dark brown and very large, and make her look ingenuous, which is probably an asset to a woman who must persuade governments to give her permits and rich people to give her money. At Cnidus, she usually dresses in very short shorts and a T-shirt, white sneakers, and tennis socks with pom-poms at the back, and she is almost always trailed by two dachshunds—Phryne (after Praxiteles' mistress, who was the model for his "Aphrodite") and Carl Philipp Emanuel Eudoxus von Cnidus, or

Carlino, for short. She presents a colorful contrast to the drab background of the site. Her energy, when it comes to talking about Cnidus, seems limitless, and she'll give an extensive tour of the ruins to almost anyone who comes to the area. Though she claims to find the tours a burden at times and says she does them partly to woo potential patrons, it's clear that she enjoys showing off not only her beloved Cnidus but herself as well: her tours, in any one of six languages, are highly theatrical, accompanied by dramatic anecdotes and elaborate gestures. She often leaps onto the three-foot-high base where the "Aphrodite" stood and illustrates the goddess's pose.

Miss Love's Cnidus lecture—like her conversation and, for that matter, her life—is full of digressions, but even the lengthiest sidetracks eventually lead her back to the main path. In a house Miss Love owns in Vermont, according to one Cnidus story, someone has tacked up a copy of a letter she sent to the Internal Revenue Service several years ago explaining why she was late paying her taxes. It began, "Once again, due to circumstances beyond my control . . ." A friend says that these words should be her epitaph.

Diversions are few at Cnidus, but Miss Love does her best to keep spirits up by arranging outings and celebrations—as I found when I went there last summer as an amateur member of the archeological expedition. Carlino's birthday occasioned the breaking out of a great many bottles of Turkish wine and beer. On Sunday, our day off, she often took us in the S.S. Aphrodite, a small inflatable rubber motorboat she kept in the harbor, to a nearby beach for a picnic. We ate tuna out of cans, and roasted hot dogs and sweet Turkish onions over a driftwood fire, and drank lots of wine. We swam and snorkelled and napped on the rocks, and Miss Love water-skied. She water-skied almost every lunchtime, too, around and around the harbor. Sometimes, when favored visitors were departing, she would escort their boats out to the open sea on water skis as a farewell salute.

Miss Love is frankly superstitious, and she has been known to consult an astrologer with more than a casual interest. (She's a Leo, born August 1, 1933.) She always wears something blue, because it's good luck. And she is conscious of omens: when she tells the story of her first visit to Cnidus, in 1966, she never fails to mention the school of dolphins that crossed the prow of her boat as it neared Cnidus. "They're good luck, you know, and were sacred to Aphrodite," she explains. She seems to feel an affinity with Aphrodite and with her city which goes beyond a simple academic interest. Her name is Love, after all.

THE SHEPHERD

The grasses begin where he begins
The descent home,
A harp swung over his left shoulder,
The wind over the other.
At his waist, a small satchel
Of jicama and a long nostril of turnip.

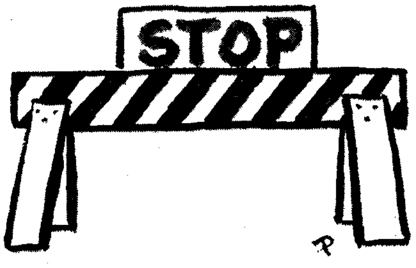
Kin to the felled tree,
The collapsed stone,
The three-legged chicken pickled and showing
In a cellar of the poor,
He is returning at
The pace at which the sun untangles itself

From the moon's laughter,
The willow's desire to touch its feet.
There is no hurry, toss the trees.
Good Wood, *Good Fire*, fall the chinked coins of leaves.
Where he steps, the grasses rub
Their notched faces, whispering his name.

—GARY SOTO

• •

THE easiest way to get to Cnidus is from Athens via Rhodes and then by ferry to the Turkish port of Marmaris. From Marmaris, one takes a public minibus to Datça, three-quarters of the way down the peninsula, and in Datça one hires a taxi for the last hour and a half of the trip to Cnidus, or Knidos, as it is called in Turkey and by Miss Love. (The correct English pronunciation is with a silent "c" and a long "i.") Marmaris was once a fishing village and is now a resort town, and when I arrived, at the beginning of August, it was packed with Turkish tourists—fifty thousand of them, a local restaurateur told me. The narrow beach, strewn with tar and corncobs—corn on the cob is the local equivalent of the Coney Island hot dog—and sweaty bodies, was impassable, and shade on the streets was scarce. The oases under the occasional palm trees were crowded with people selling produce and live chickens and tourist trinkets, and with their mules and camels. Large numbers of people spent the day in open-air cafés, drinking Cokes or tiny glasses of tea and shooing flies.



It was a relief to get to Cnidus. Although there aren't many trees in Cnidus, either, there also aren't many people. And although it's as hot as it is in Marmaris, the heat doesn't seem so noticeable—perhaps because there are no thermometers. When the temperature reaches the mid-hundreds—150 degrees Fahrenheit was recorded southeast of Cnidus in late July—it seems better not to know it. In addition, a cooling wind greeted me as I emerged from the stifling taxi. As I soon found out, this wind can be far worse than the heat. Called the *meltem*, it blows in late July and throughout August, usually for three or four days at a time—a steady forty-to-fifty-mile-an-hour blast that drives brown dust into every crevice, into every fold of clothing, between eyelashes. When the dust gets into your mouth, it turns your teeth brown, as if you'd taken to chewing tobacco.

The original city of Cnidus was situated on an island just a few hundred yards southwest of the mainland and connected to it by a man-made isthmus, and it eventually spilled over onto the mainland as well. Seen from above, the island and the mainland together are shaped something like a droopy, spreading oak tree as a child might draw it. The island is the leafy top, the isthmus is the trunk, and the mainland is the ground on which it stands. This formation gave the city two natural harbors, under the branches of the tree. Both the island and the mainland rise steeply into rocky ridges, making the isthmus, now the only settled part

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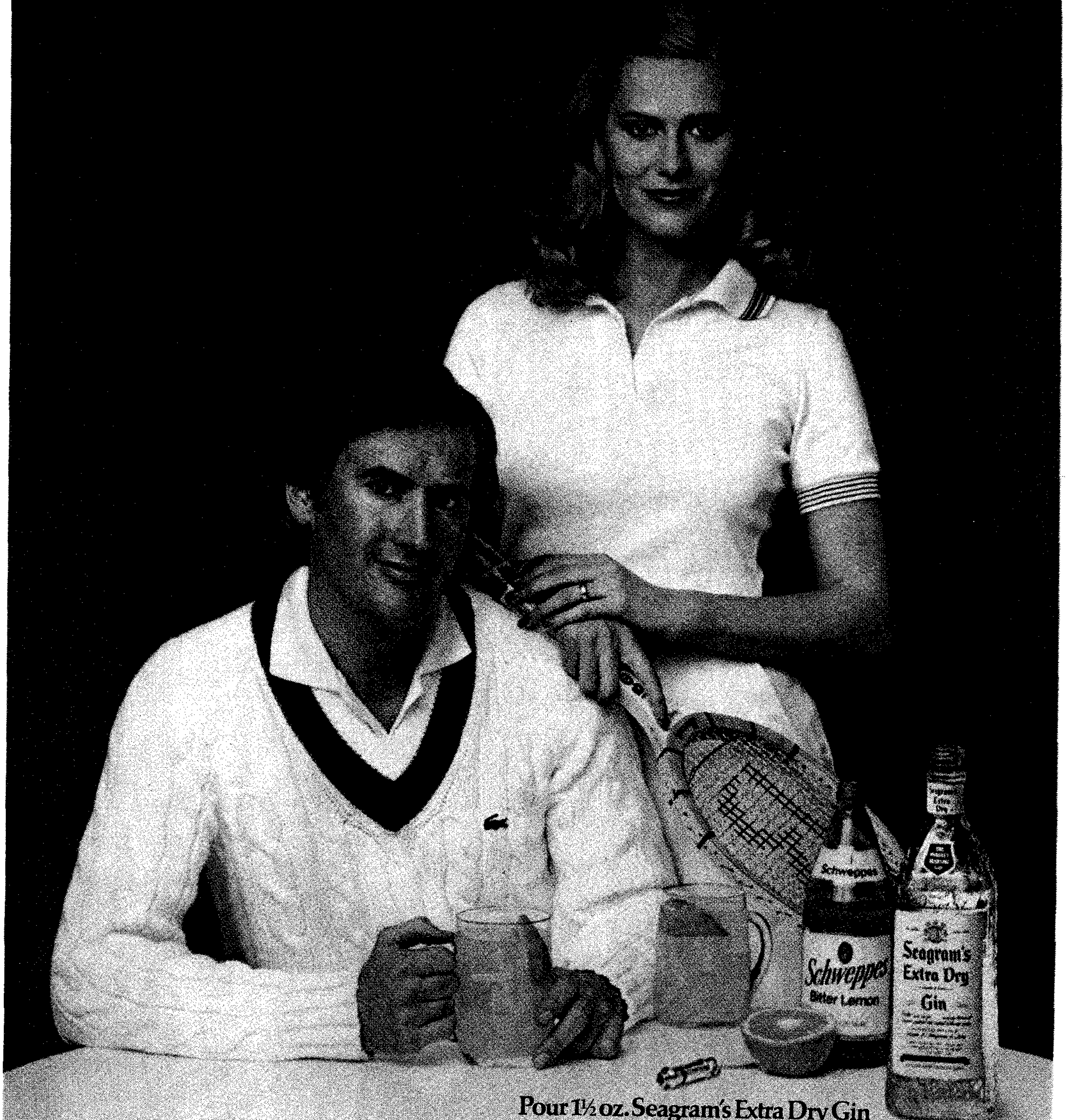

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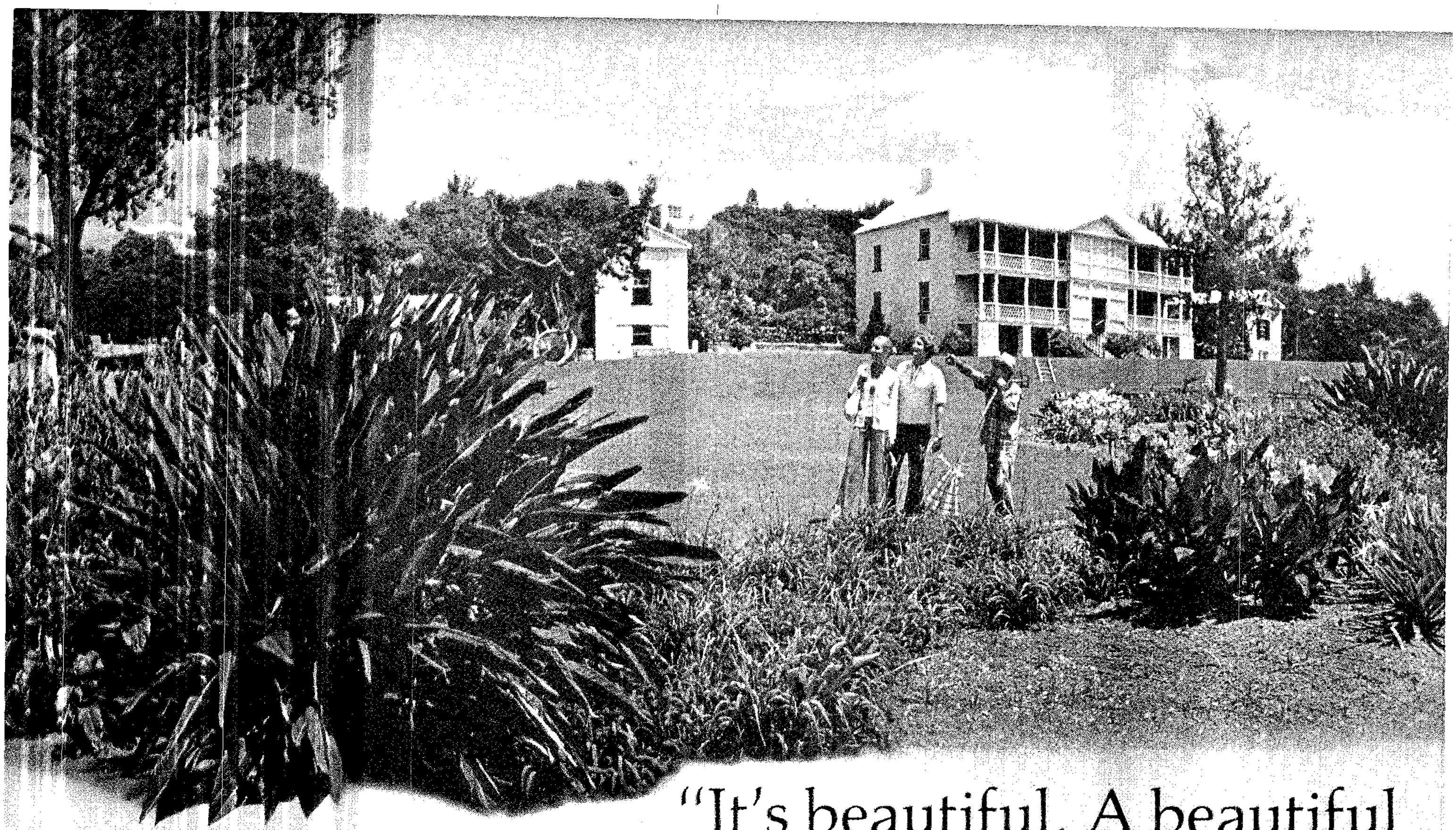
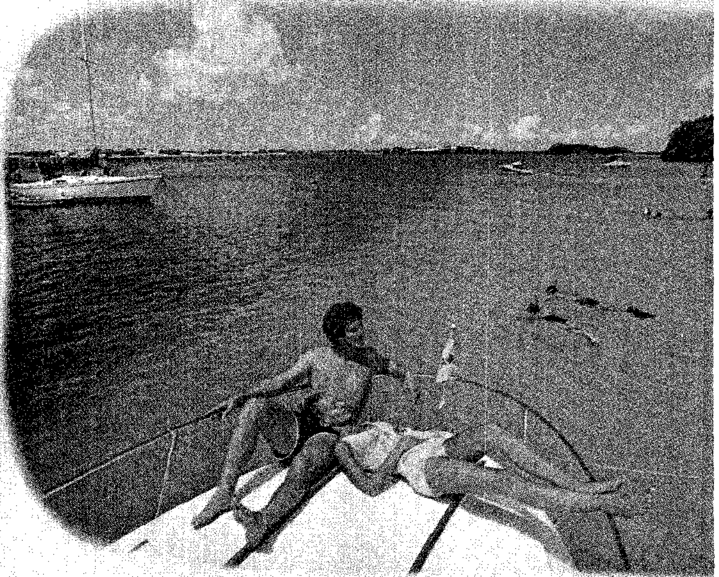


"It's beautiful. A beautiful island. But I think it's the people in Bermuda that make your honeymoon. The hospitality is unbelievable."

Dennis and Barbara Graham
talk about their honeymoon in Bermuda.



"Frith's Point was spectacular. We just can't get over how blue the water is. How it changes colors as the clouds come through."

"When we visited Parliament House, one of the officials told us about the white wigs and the sword and what they mean. It was very interesting."

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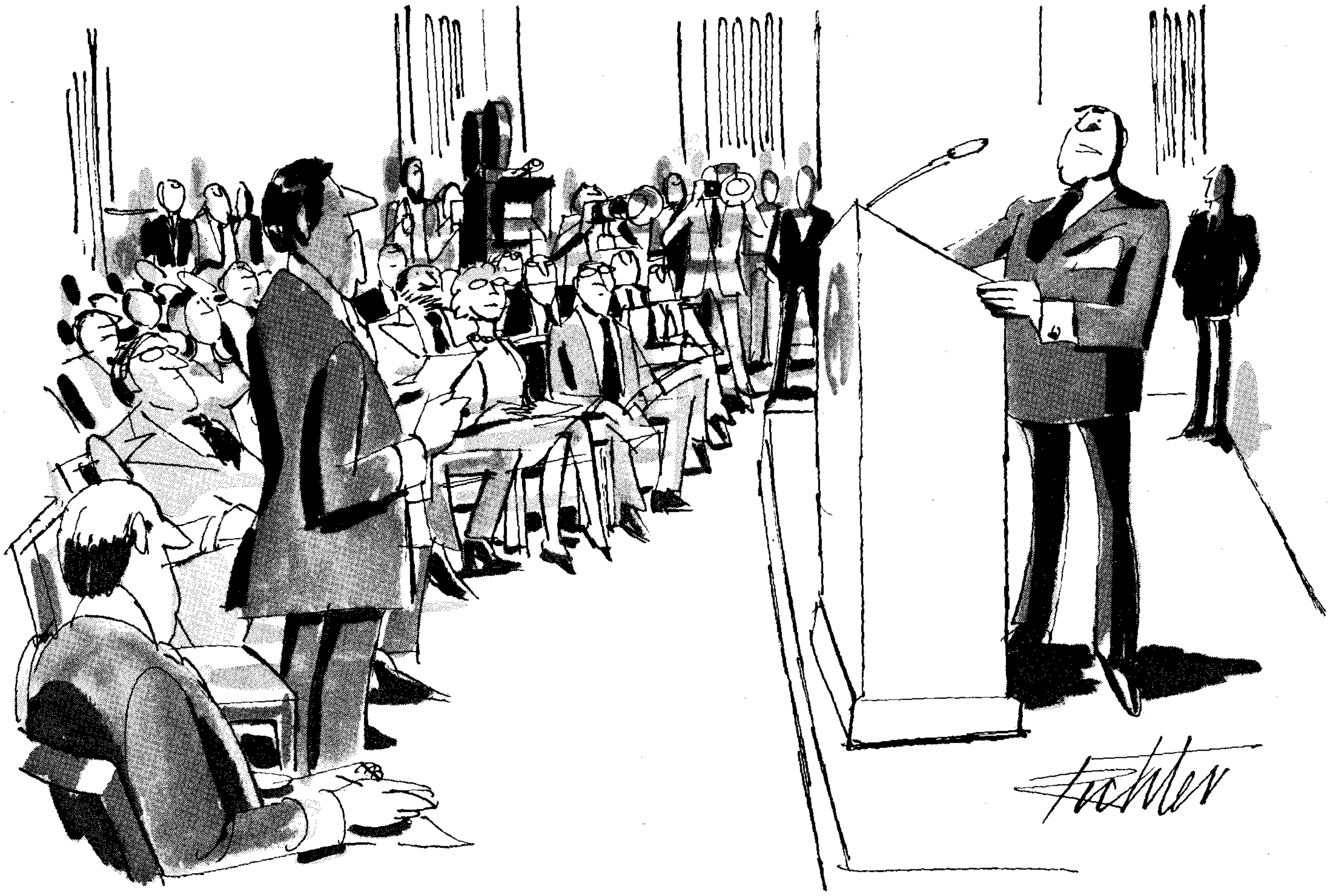


"As I stated in my toasts in Peking, Moscow, Paris, and London . . ."

• •

of Cnidus, seem snug and protected. Today, the mainland is covered with ruins—"two-footers," an archeologist friend of mine calls this kind of knee-high vestige. The dominant color is blue: the blue of the cloudless sky and of the sea, which is so clear and cerulean that it looks like the water in a painted swimming pool. Everything else is a dazzling no-color, bleached by the sun.

The excavations have brought a thriving seasonal settlement to the isthmus; as many as two hundred people connected with the dig live there each summer and into the fall. A detachment of a dozen or so crewcut Turkish soldiers lives there year round, keeping an eye on the Greek islands just offshore, and so do the site guards and their families. In addition to two small fieldstone houses for the guards, the settlement consists of six buildings variously constructed of cinder block, cement, or fieldstone and painted white—three open-air restaurants, the soldiers' barracks, the archeologists' museum depot, and their work pavilion, called the pot shed—and a tent colony set up along the sandy beach of the southeast harbor, where the archeologists sleep.

When Miss Love and her group go home in the fall, so do the other part-time Cnidians. Many of the Turkish workmen come from the village of Yazıköy, six miles up the road toward Datça. During the week, most of them sleep in makeshift shelters nestled into the hills and covered with holly-oak boughs. A few commute by donkey or minibus, but most go home only on Sundays. Some, like the owners of the restaurants, bring their wives and children and stay not just for the two or three months of the dig but for the entire sailing season; sailing is the main source of Cnidus's second most important industry, tourism, and the season lasts from May till October.

Almost everything that happens in Cnidus happens at one or another of the restaurants. The workmen gather there for roll call (daily) and for payday (weekly). The restaurants are the only places where one can buy food and liquor and cigarettes, and almost the only shady spots in town. One of the restaurants is owned by the family of a man named Rüşen, who also manages the second, which is owned by the village of Yazıköy and is called the Aphrodite. Both are known loosely, and collectively, as Rüşen's. The third is known as Günay's, also eponymously, and it, too, sports a fancy, never used English name—the Fishman Place. As one might easily guess, Günay and Rüşen are enemies. They don't speak to each other, and they take elaborate detours in order to avoid setting foot on each other's property. The origin of their dispute is no longer clear, but at least one of the continuing irritants is plain: when Günay opened his restaurant a few years ago, not more than fifty feet from Rüşen's, Rüşen immediately lost a good proportion of his business. For years, Rüşen and his family had served the archeologists and tourists at Cnidus. The people of Yazıköy opened their restaurant in the late sixties, when Cnidus became a popular stopping-off point for yachts cruising in the area. It was managed for some time by a local entrepreneur named Çengiz, known as the Honey King because of his vast honeybee holdings. When Günay took charge of what had been a "teahouse" and made it into a third restaurant, Rüşen took over the management of the Aphrodite. The rift predates Günay's intrusion, however, and is more serious than simple economic rivalry. Like the majority of the workmen at the dig, Günay and

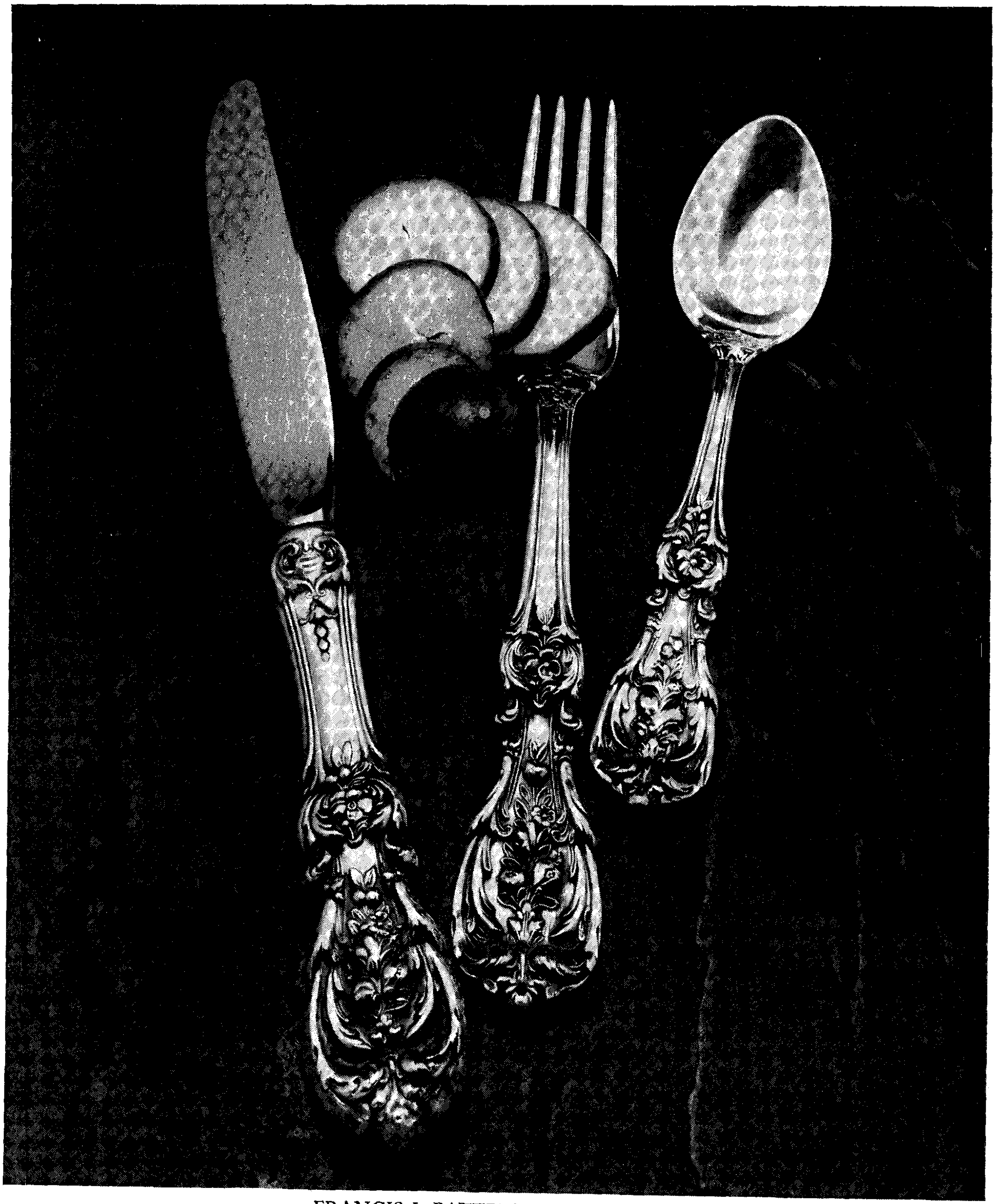
"Esther's joking, of course, when she says this is the eight-hundred-and-thirty-seventh summer we've spent on Martha's Vineyard."

• •

Rüşen both come from Yazıköy, and the villagers are for the most part unflagging partisans of one restaurateur or the other. It wasn't until mid-September of 1977, on the religious holiday Şeker Bayramı (the Sugar Festival, which celebrates the end of Ramadan, the month-long Muslim period of fasting), that any of Rüşen's adherents went to Günay's, or vice versa. And then they lurked in the shadowy outskirts, refusing to join in the dancing and drinking and other festivities.

Last summer, the archeologists ate their meals at Rüşen's village-owned restaurant, though Miss Love, as the origin of most of the town's economy, tried to divide her patronage evenly. Rüşen, a handsome, rumpled-looking man in his late forties, thought nothing of serving breakfast in his pajamas. He and his young wife, Nejleye, have two children, a girl and a boy, whose names in Turkish mean east and south. No west or north is planned. Rüşen had arranged for Nejleye to be the cook for the archeologists. This meant she had to fix three meals a day for sixteen people in a place where conveniences are minimal. There is no electricity and no running water. This is not in itself much of a deprivation by rural Turkish standards, but last summer there was also only a trickle of water from the pump, and when it ran dry there was no water at all. Cnidus has no stores. One can't buy a newspaper or gasoline. One can't send a telegram, make a telephone call, get money, or send or receive mail regularly. (Mail is delivered as far as Datça, and sometimes to Yazıköy, where it is picked up by anyone headed toward Cnidus. In the same way, anyone leaving for Datça is given letters to drop off.) The soil around Cnidus seems to be made up of one part dirt, one part rock, and one part potsherds, and very little grows in it but figs, olives, and tobacco. Vegetables and fruits have to be brought in from Yazıköy or other, smaller villages, as does bread. Beer, wine, soft drinks, and fruit juices have to be brought from Bodrum, the modern avatar of Halicarnassus, which is three or four hours away by boat, ten hours by road. There are some chickens, but not enough to supply eggs for the restaurants. The only meat I saw served was a goat that had accidentally fallen into a trench and been killed. (The archeologists rely for protein on eggs from Bodrum, tuna fish—which Miss Love buys in ten-pound cans—long, thin Danish hot dogs, sardines, and Montana-brand luncheon meat, an Italian version of Spam, which Miss Love sometimes whipped up into sweet-and-sour Montana. All these approximations of meat are imports from Milan, where Miss Love does much of her grocery shopping each summer before going on to Cnidus.) Fish is rare and expensive, as it is in many places in western Turkey. Rüşen usually would cook a fish if the diner brought his own. At Günay's, it was served on the infrequent occasions when Günay, who uses a spear gun for fishing, had killed one. This spear gun was Günay's advantage over Rüşen, and he flaunted it. He is the fishman of the restaurant's name, and he has the wiry, almost grotesquely muscular body of a diver. His small, dark wife was a barely visible presence at the back of the restaurant.

All three restaurants are roofed against the sun with rushes and matting, which must be replaced every summer. Each has three or four wooden tables with straight-backed wooden chairs painted the light blue that is considered good luck in Mediterranean countries. Günay's has bamboo walls extending from the lean-to in the rear, where the cooking is done, out toward the water, and if you sit back against the wall it falls down. Both of Rüşen's restaurants are open on three sides and protected against the wind by the whitewashed cinder-block building that houses the kitchen. The main restaurant, which is the one nearer Günay's, has a large interior room, and we ate there on cool September evenings, but in August only the lizards found the stuffy heat inside inviting. They clung to the walls and ceiling, as motionless as if they were made of china. (The lizards, too, are considered good luck.) Sometimes Rüşen and Nejleye would have patrons in both restaurants, in addition to the sixteen of us, and then they would run back and forth between the buildings, cooking and serving. They had a part-time helper, an ambitious young bachelor named Osman Muslu, who worked the rest of the day wielding a pickaxe at the excavations. A few years ago, he was picking unripe olives and some of the juice got



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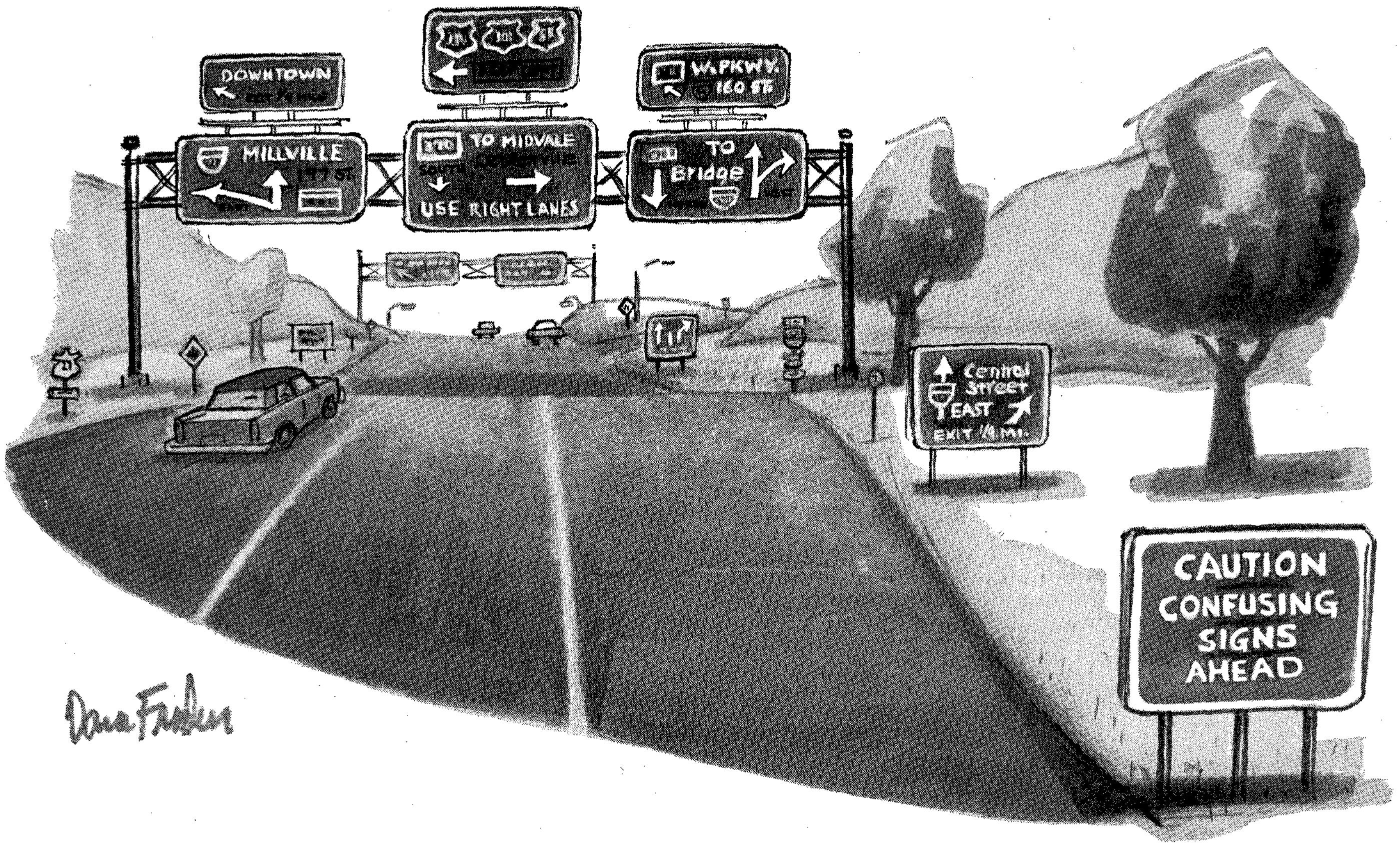

in his eyes and he developed an infection. As a consequence, he is now blind in one eye and has seriously impaired vision in the other, but his ability to spot antiquities as they were uncovered was as acute as anyone else's.

SIX mornings a week, precisely at seven, Miss Love—who as director of the dig attends to all procedural as well as all scientific and artistic matters—would emerge from her tent and stride to Günay's or Rüşen's, as if she had been up for hours, to call the roll. The workmen, also adept at timing their arrival, would appear one by one, usually running, in time to answer as she reached their names. Then, shouldering picks and shovels and wooden crates for storing the day's finds, they would file up the narrow path to the sites, on the mainland, accompanied by the four of us who were "site supervisors." We had wolfed down our breakfast of bread and processed-cheese spread, a hard-boiled egg, and sardines while the roll was being called, and now picked our way along the rocky path, not quite awake, balancing cups of sloshing hot black Turkish tea or powdered coffee that we hadn't had time for at the table. We all carried canvas knapsacks containing the tools of *our* trade: site notebook for recording information, two tape measures (twenty and three metres long), triangular rulers for drawing things to scale, pencils and pencil sharpeners, manila envelopes for small finds, hundreds of little fluttering tags in various colors for marking things, dust goggles for the workmen, Band-Aids (for minor scrapes; for a serious injury the Turks preferred tobacco from a cigarette packed into the wound), and aspirins (dispensed mainly for hangovers).

Everyone was cheerful in the morning. The sun wouldn't rise over the mountains for more than an hour, and the day was, briefly, cool. The conversation—in what the Turks call Tarzanca, or Tarzan language, which is a simplified form of Turkish—was usually banter about the previous night's festivities, about the dancing and singing and drinking that are a staple of Cnidus life. The second most frequent subject, usually taken up in the late afternoon, was *siyaset*, or politics. About half the workers supported Suleyman Demirel, then the Prime Minister, and half—a more vocal half—were partisans of the moderate opposition leader, Bulent Ecevit. Although by Western political standards Ecevit is a middle-of-the-roader, his critics denounced him as a *Sosyalist*, and some went as far as to mutter that he was a *Komünist*, but only if they thought those within hearing were sympathetic to their views.

Each trench at Cnidus was manned by three workers: one to break up the earth with a pickaxe, one to shovel the dirt into a wheelbarrow, and one to cart it off to the dump, a giant anthill of dirt as much as thirty or forty yards away. The pick men, who usually make the finds, are old-timers, some with ten years' experience on the dig, and they wield their picks as delicately as a Darien gardener uses a trowel. Most of the men have acute, well-trained vision: distinguishing a two-thousand-year-old dirt-encrusted potsherd from an equally ancient clod of earth is an acquired skill. Many of them have also developed a considerable archeological expertise and a remarkable knowledge of classical iconography, despite few years of formal schooling. They can discern what the often fragmentary designs on tiny objects represent: what god or goddess is portrayed, what kind of animal a haunch and a back foot in a design belong to, how what seem to be abstract lines are actually the waves of a woman's hair—all matters of perception and experience rather than of simple vision.

What the official archeologists do is basically an outdoor desk job. When something of interest is found, it is brought to the attention of the site supervisor, who records in the site notebook what the object looks like and when and where it was found. She tags it with a number (at Cnidus, all the site supervisors were women) and attempts to say what it is and what period it dates from, although the art historians and pottery specialists who

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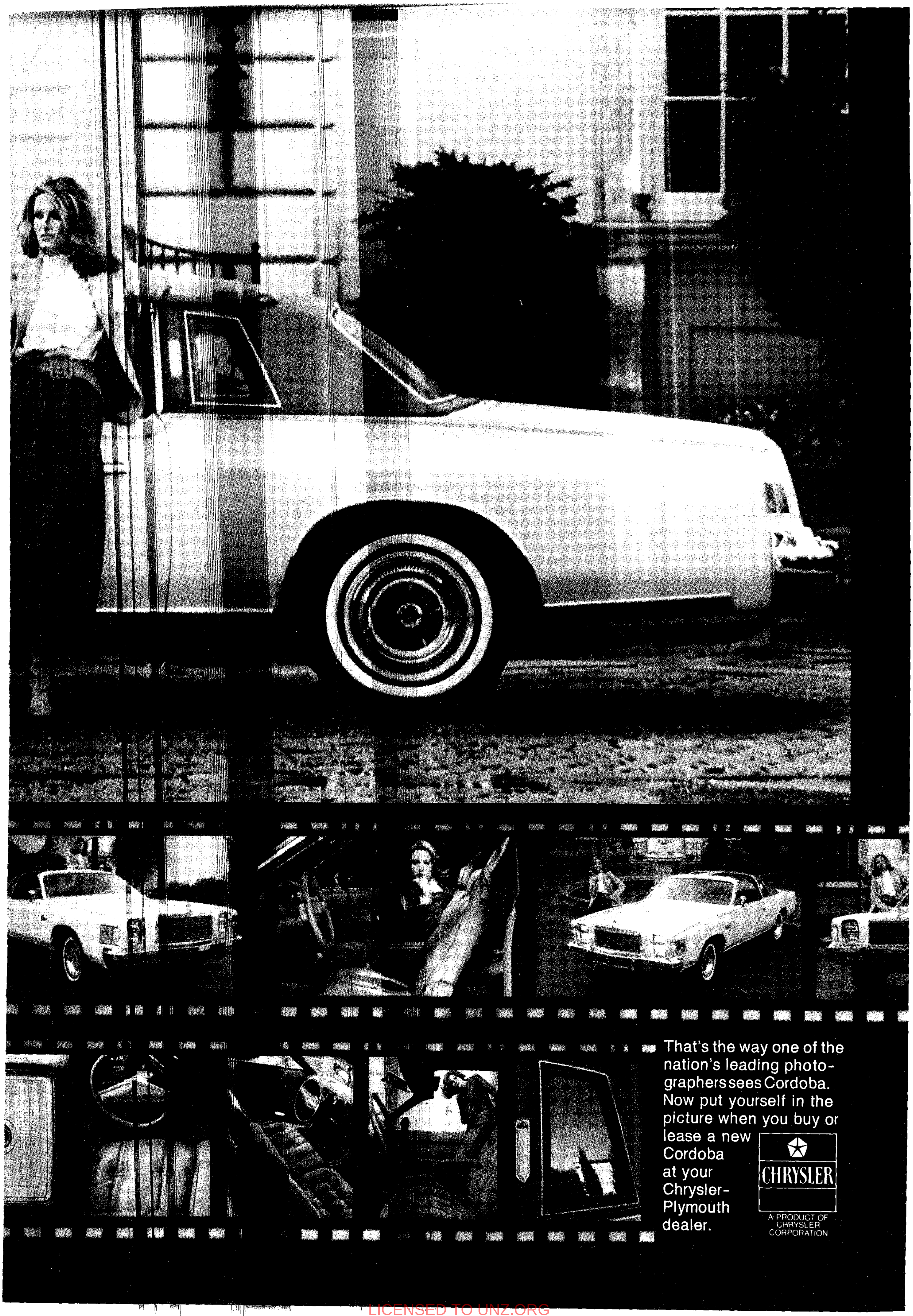

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work in camp will do this more specifically later on. The site supervisor also keeps running notes on the progress of each trench (last summer, a supervisor was in charge of from one to six or seven trenches); these include schematic drawings of the various stratigraphic levels as they are revealed during the digging, and of the walls of the finished trench. It's a little like drawing the elevations and plan of a house as you tear it down instead of before you start building.

The digging is not all done with pick and shovel. Last summer, for instance, when what looked like a sacred offering built into the foundations of a building began to be uncovered, we sifted the dirt and broke up the remaining clumps with our fingers. It took most of an afternoon and the following morning to go through an inch or so of dirt covering a three-foot-square area, but the results were worth the time and care, for we found a tiny gold thread and a gold fibula, coins, terra-cotta and glass beads and other jewelry, finely modelled marble fingers, and a beautiful thumbnail-size terra-cotta female head. At other times, in rocky areas, the digging was done with a crowbar and a twenty-pound sledgehammer. When excavations were going on near the harbor, water was pumped out of the trenches, and the mud was brought up in buckets and then sifted.

Miss Love is infamous for having once excavated with dynamite. In 1970, four large boulders hampered progress in a crucial area. After the workers had attacked the rocks unsuccessfully with sledgehammers, Miss Love consulted a dynamite expert. She halved the charge he recommended and, with the permission of the Turkish government, proceeded to blow the boulders up one at a time. They "fell apart in place like cracked eggs," she said in a report of the incident in the *American Journal of Archaeology*, but, despite the care she took and the success of the venture, her colleagues in this conservative profession will probably never forgive her unorthodox move. After I left Cnidus, in late September, I visited some other digs in Turkey and Greece, and when I mentioned that I had been in Cnidus, the response was almost invariably "Oh, Iris Love. She excavates with dynamite."

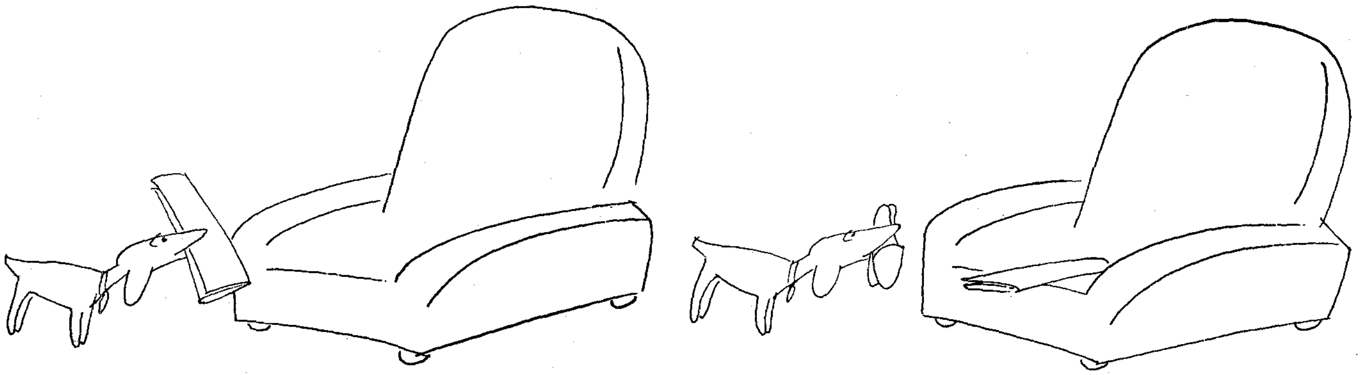
Ordinarily, the only thing that mars the serenity of a dig is an occasional explosion of temper. Like all "romantic" professions, archeology is ninety-nine per cent drudgery, and the pace is languorous. Something as important as a royal Macedonian tomb filled with gold relics or the head of a statue by Praxiteles turns up once in a decade, at best. In the meantime, millions of square feet of dusty, choking earth have been removed by the shovelful, and each shovelful has been scrupulously examined with a trowel or bare fingers, or has been sifted. At any one time, only about a third of the workers at Cnidus were actually working, and this seemed typical of other excavations, too. The pick man had to wait for the shovel man to put the dirt in the wheelbarrow, and the shovel man had to wait for the wheelbarrow man to make his run to the dump. Days seemed like weeks, and the change in the level of the dirt in the trenches was barely perceptible. We seemed to turn up nothing but dirt and clumps of material that looked like dirt. I marvelled that over a period of ten summers half a mountain had been removed at this pace and in this manner.

Twice a day, though, things would pick up as Miss Love made the rounds of the three areas being dug, to look over what had been done and make suggestions about what to do next. There was usually some amorphous chunk in the box of dusty shards that she would seize with delight and exclaim over: "Why, that's the handle of an Attic *kantharos!* You realize, of course, that you've just established . . ." Sometimes her enthusiasm seemed tinged by wishful thinking: a great many nude female torsos seemed to evoke the observation "You know what *that* is, of course! It's a copy of the 'Aphrodite.' " In her written reports, she is more circumspect.

Miss Love has the flamboyance and eloquence of a gifted promoter. Cnidus today is really just dusty stones heaped one on top of another and surrounded by dry, scrubby brush. No magnificent remnants of temples are outlined against the sky to remind one of the city's past glories. But when Miss Love takes people around the site, wildly gesturing and talking so earnestly that one can't interrupt even if the wind has carried her words off to Rhodes, the city seems to rise around them in all its glory. She fills her listeners with details of what the buildings looked like, how they were used, who saw them, and what they said about them. Pliny, Pseudo-Lucian, Strabo, Herodotus seem like visitors who were there just yesterday. In Cnidus's ancient theatre, one can almost see the patrons sitting under bright canopies against the midday sun, watching the plays of Sophocles and Euripides performed as they were meant to be—in trilogies, accompanied by the traditional satyr play, part of an all-day festival honoring Dionysus. In the sacred precinct of Demeter, at the far eastern end of the city, the famous statue of the goddess now in the British Museum seems still to be seated at the base of the sheer cliff wall. Miss Love describes how the ancients believed that the wall had cracked and the rough outer part had slid into the recesses of the earth, leaving an inner wall as smooth as a blackboard. One understands why they picked this spot as a sanctuary to a goddess associated with the underworld. A grove of olive trees creates a hush unusual in treeless Cnidus. (In most of the city, on still days, voices can be heard hundreds of yards away.) Miss Love likes to take people there in the evening, when the sun, already low in the west, is cut off by the surrounding hills. In the gloom and the sudden chill, one shivers at the spookiness of the place.

R. MacMillan

MISS LOVE's twice-daily rounds began in the area known as Harbor East, the flat ground on the mainland side of the northwest harbor. Apparently, Cnidus was extensively rebuilt in the fourth and third centuries B.C., especially on the mainland, which had by then become the religious and civic center of the city. The new layout followed a "Hippodamian" plan, similar to Priene and Miletus, to the north, with three main east-west streets and at least seven north-south stepped streets laid out on a grid. Much of the residential area was on the island, which for the most part has not yet been excavated. The whole city was enclosed by walls, remnants of which are from five to thirty-three feet high and up to seven feet thick. It was from the commercial harbor—the larger,



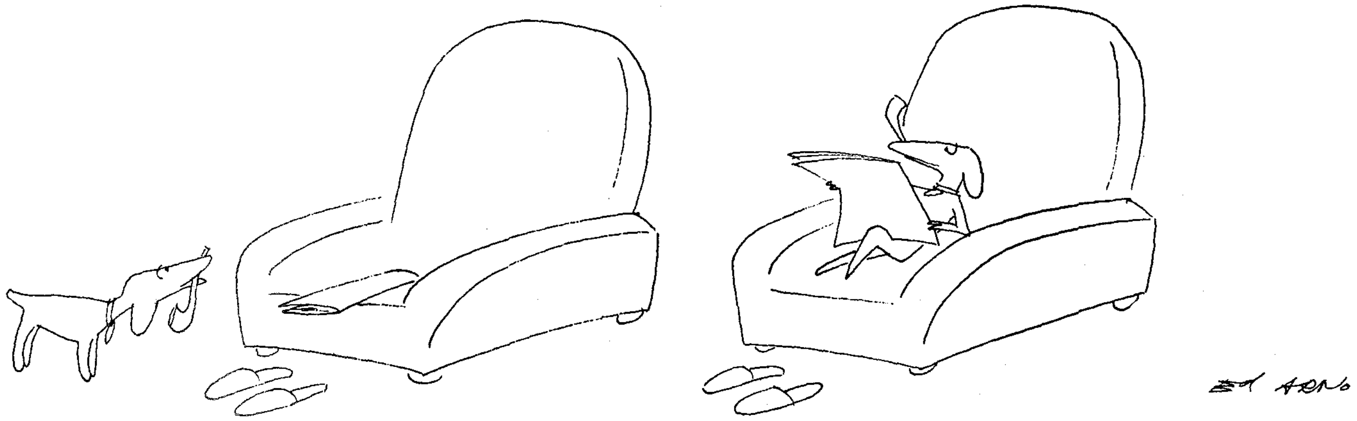
south harbor—that the famous Cnidian wine (claimed by ancient promoters to be "nourishing, enriching the blood and prompting easy movement of the bowels, but relaxing the stomach if drunk in excess") and vinegar (rivalling Egypt's as the best in the world) were exported. According to the geographer Strabo, who was born farther north in Asia Minor around 63 B.C., the small northwest harbor housed a permanent naval fleet of twenty triremes, which protected Cnidus not only from pirates (who were still plaguing the coast when Newton was there, in the nineteenth century) but also from the Athenians during the Peloponnesian Wars. Xenophon wrote that during one of these battles, in 394 B.C., a number of Spartan ships were sunk in or near Cnidus—possibly in the trireme harbor. One of Miss Love's proposals for Cnidus is the excavation of the harbor, which, because of silting, is now only four feet deep at its deepest part. (She made preliminary studies from 1971 to 1974 and again in 1976.) Representations of triremes exist, but no one has ever seen an actual trireme. Miss Love hopes that parts of one either from the permanent fleet or from the sunken Spartan fleet may be preserved here. Last summer, she found a tiny, three-quarter-inch bronze model of a boat that she thinks may be a votive trireme, but it is badly oxidized, and she will not be sure what it is until it is cleaned.

Digging at Harbor East last summer was initially done in two trenches not far from the water. This area is too low to catch the sea breezes, and it attracted a tremendous number of flies. The trenches, despite constant pumping, had about three feet of water in them most of the time, and the workers spent the day half immersed, swatting flies, sweating and miserable. Most of the senior diggers had already been assigned to other areas by the time digging began here, and consequently these trenches were worked partly by eighteen-year-old boys employed at the dig for the first time.

For the first few weeks of the digging, not much was uncovered here but sand and silt. Then, on September 2nd, the workers uncovered a number of shards ranging in size from less than an inch long to more than four inches and decorated with narrow stripes in delicate shades of brown, black, and yellow. Sarah Morris, the site supervisor, who is a graduate student in classics at Harvard, showed them to Miss Love, who recognized them as being Proto-Geometric and Geometric pottery, dating from 1000 to 800 B.C. Miss Love was ecstatic about the find. It seemed to clear up one of the long-standing disputes about Cnidus—the date and place of its founding. Legend had it that Cnidus was established by the mythical hero Triopas, of Thessaly, but according to Herodotus it was settled by Dorian colonists from Sparta, probably around 900 B.C. However, George E. Bean, a British classicist who has taught at the University of Istanbul and is the author of several books on the Greeks in Turkey, including one on this area called "Turkey Beyond the Maeander," claimed that the city of Cnidus was originally situated farther up the peninsula, near where Datça is today, and was moved to the tip only around 360 B.C. Since no one had ever turned up anything important on the Triopian headland which could be dated earlier than the fourth century, this theory became the standard one. Miss Love was disinclined to accept it. She knew that the description of Cnidus from the Homeric Hymn to Apollo, sometimes dated as early as the eighth century but never later than the sixth, describes Cnidus as *aipeine* (steep or lofty), and Datça is undeniably flat. Strabo's description of the observatory from which the famous Cnidian astronomer Eudoxus observed the star Canopus also fits this area and not Datça. Aubrey de Sélincourt's translation of Herodotus, in the Penguin edition, offers the most authoritative-sounding evidence that Cnidus was situated on the headland earlier than the fourth century. A hundred years earlier, Herodotus refers to Cnidus as "a district on the coast, called Triopium, adjoining the peninsula of Bybassus." Curiously, Bean cites this same passage, which he translates as "their territory extends toward the open sea—Triopium, it is called—though it begins from the Bybassian peninsula."

In previous years, Miss Love had uncovered scattered shards of Attic pottery dating from the end of the fifth and the first half of the fourth centuries B.C. But this year, shards from the Byzantine, Roman, and Greek periods as far back as Geometric, and even Proto-Geometric, in sequence, began turning up in the muck being pumped out of trench after trench at Harbor East. These shards, she felt, were strong evidence that there had been a continuous settlement at Cnidus beginning at least as early as the tenth century B.C., or far earlier than Professor Bean had supposed.

The discovery of Geometric and Proto-Geometric pottery, however, turned out to be only a prelude to a far more significant discovery. Evidence was found that a Minoan settlement, previously unknown on the coast of Anatolia, had existed in Cnidus. This site, it now turns out, had been occupied as early as the second millenium B.C., and probably even earlier, by emigrants from Crete. In previous summers, Miss Love had excavated no deeper than sea level in these trenches, because she hadn't had an adequate pump. Last year, she had acquired a small gas one, and by the end of October she had gone more than a metre and a half below sea level. There—after nearly all the rest of us had left and she was about to close down camp,



and after her most experienced diggers had been assigned to these trenches—she found, to her astonishment, shards that she thought were Minoan, dating anywhere from 2000 to 1500 B.C. Pottery from the Minoan era had been found before in Turkey, at Miletus, Troy, and Iasus, to the north, but only in relatively scattered shards. Here they appeared in a large concentration. Furthermore, the pottery found at those sites was of an elegant imported type—Miss Love describes it as being as little indicative of the indigenous population as shards of a Ming vase in the ruins of New York City would be. Miss Love, too, was finding fancy imported pottery, but with it was ordinary kitchenware—cooking pots and bowls and spoons—of the sort that only settlers would have brought. She and her assistant, Bice Brichetto, kept digging, and by the end of October they had found hundreds of such shards in a small area. On her return to New York, Miss Love consulted an English archeologist and specialist in Minoan pottery, Vronwy Hankey, who confirmed that this pottery was from Crete.

These ceramics are contemporary with the great palaces at Knossos, Mallia, and Phaestus, in Crete, and they raise new questions about the sort of civilization that existed there. The elaborate Minoan culture that developed around 2200 B.C. seems to have come almost out of nowhere. Who were the new rulers who not only built magnificent labyrinthine palaces but also, it now seems, sent colonists, equipped with everything they needed, to set up housekeeping in a distant, barren country far across the sea? And what was the source of their sudden wealth? Miss Love cautiously offers that further excavations at Cnidus may reveal tombs, the wellspring of some of the most beautiful and best-preserved Minoan ceramics, beneath the silted-up harbor at Cnidus. It may even be that the ruins of a Minoan palace lie hidden there.

At the annual meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America, which was held in Atlanta from December 28th through December 30th last year, Miss Love learned of another, equally significant aspect of her discovery. She showed her slides to a group that included Hikmet Gürçay, who is director general of the Department of Antiquities and Museums of the Turkish government, and Professor Machteld Mellink, of Bryn Mawr College, who has been excavating in Turkey for thirty years and is a prominent scholar of Anatolian archeology. Both thought they recognized Anatolian fragments along with the Minoan shards. If they turn out to be right about this, the discovery of these Minoan and Anatolian shards together may hold the key to a more precise dating of the Middle Bronze Age in Greece. The Bronze Age, of which the Minoan period is part, has traditionally been dated according to Egyptian chronology. Egyptian objects had been found in Crete with Minoan artifacts, and, because it was thought that the dating of the Egyptian material was firm, the Minoan ceramics were dated from it. It now seems, however, that the Egyptian material, which was thought to be contemporary with the Minoan shards, may actually have been unearthed by grave robbers and sold to the Cretans as works of art. Consequently, the Minoan ceramics may be three or four hundred years younger than was previously thought. Anatolian ware, on the other hand, can be dated more closely with relative ease. Each of the Anatolian kings (some of whose reigns are firmly established) had a seal with which he marked anything sent out from his court. The large number of items marked with these seal impressions have enabled scholars to determine the chronological range of many Anatolian designs. If there are Anatolian shards in the same sealed layer as the Minoan shards, the Minoan material—in Crete as well as in Cnidus—should be more accurately datable.

When Miss Love related this news to me, early in January, she could barely contain her excitement. This is the greatest find yet made at Cnidus, she said, and she emphasized again and again its importance to archeology. It is a new chapter in the history of Greece.

TO get to the second area being dug last summer, one followed a narrow path strewn with large, ankle-endangering rocks and architectural fragments up past a small Corinthian temple (one of those seen by the Dilettanti and then uncovered again by Miss Love). A fork turned off to the left onto a wide terrace bounded on the uphill side by a huge, fifty-foot-high mortarless ashlar-masonry retaining wall that seemed to be supporting the whole top half of the mountain. When Miss Love arrived in 1966, this wall wasn't visible, and the terrace below was filled in with dirt washed down by winter rains over the centuries, making a steep, brushy slope. Her first trench in this area, begun in 1970, was up near the wall. It was fifty-two feet deep. Fortunately, there was something there when she finally reached the bottom: two frieze blocks, which turned out to be part of a monumental fourth-century B.C. altar. Later, at the end of the summer, she found a third, corner frieze block, this one decorated with figures of dancing maidens. This altar is usually referred to as the dancing-girls altar.

Miss Love did not start that 1970 trench at random, of course. She had uncovered rows of seats just below what she had already established as the sanctuary of Aphrodite, up the hill. Miss Love reasoned that those seats, which some of her colleagues took to be steps before the fifty-foot drop was

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Get behind the wheel of a Volvo and you'll immediately begin to understand what makes this car worth the money.

The feeling of solidity. The quality of workmanship. The sense that a Volvo wasn't designe to be here today and gone tomor row. (Volvos are so well made th their average life expectancy in Sweden is now 16.7 years.)

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So if you're the kind of person who wants value for your money, remember one thing.

It's not how much money you pay for a car. It's how much car you get for your money.

rvey conducted among owners of new cars bought in May 1977.
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Playing–
Don't miss it.

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Aspen offers a lot of things that are good about big cars . . . in addition to a lot of things that people like about small cars. By every measurement, Aspen is sized right . . . engineered right . . . priced right.

Aspen's small-car gas mileage.

EPA estimates for our new Aspen wagon are 25 MPG highway and 18 MPG city when it's equipped with a 225 one-barrel six-cylinder engine and manual transmission. Our new Aspen sedan does even better with the same engine and transmission: 28 MPG highway and 20 MPG city. Of course, your mileage may vary according to your driving habits, the condition of your car and its equipment. In California, automatic transmission is required and mileage is lower.

25/18
MPG HWY
MPG CITY

But we think you see what we mean about small-car mileage.

Aspen's small-car price.

It's easy to find some smaller wagons with a larger price than our wagon. The nicely turned out Aspen below, for example, has a price of just $4294, as you see it, excluding taxes and destination charges. So you see, Aspen gives you plenty of opportunity to order your favorite equipment without compromising your budget.

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When you drive our Aspen, you'll notice how confidently and quietly it handles the road. Much of this is due to Aspen's carefully engineered isolated transverse front suspension system. Our wagon's carefully planned sound insulation and luxurious seating contribute even more to its big-car quiet and comfort.

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Once you get inside the Aspen wagon, you'll be impressed by such big-car dimensions as the 43.3 inches between wheelhouses and the over 5100 square inches of glass area. If you prefer sedans, however, be aware that Aspen thinks big, too. It offers true six-people accommodation plus more total passenger room—front and back—than Ford Fairmont or Mercury Zephyr.

Important words about resale value.

All of this big-car/small-car thinking has obviously made its mark on Aspen's value. Because a 1977 Aspen wagon currently retains a greater percent of its original sticker price, model for model, than any other 1977 Chevrolet, Pontiac, Buick or Ford wagon. That's straight from the May 10, 1978, issue of the authoritative *Automotive Market Report.*

And that makes Aspen a very enticing proposition whether you plan to buy or lease your next new car. Surely enticing enough for you to come into your Dodge Dealer's and find out the secret of making a small car behave like a big car.

NEW DODGE ASPEN

$4294.

Sticker price, as shown. Excluding taxes and destination charges.

Dodge
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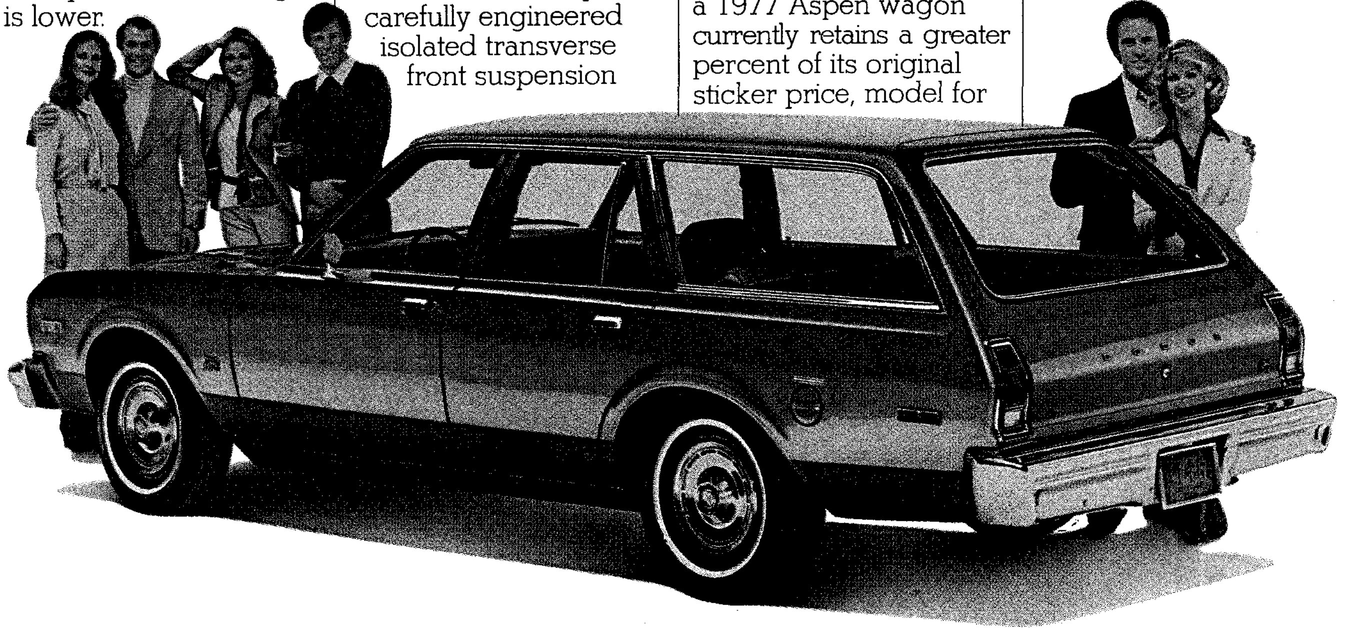


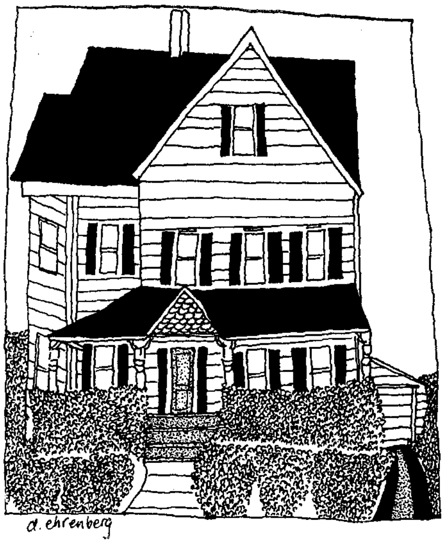
SMALLER FEELS BIGGER IN AN ASPEN.

revealed by that first trench, were places from which spectators might have watched something—a ceremony, rites, or a sacred performance—taking place on the altar below. Mystery rites are known to have existed in many places in ancient Greece, but no one knows exactly what went on, because contemporary historians turned unwontedly closemouthed whenever the subject came up. Miss Love speculates that Aphrodite may have been worshipped here as a chthonic goddess, perhaps in conjunction with Persephone and Demeter. Although this function seems far from Aphrodite's duties as the goddess of love, if one connects the idea of love to fertility and procreation, and these to the idea of regeneration, then death and the underworld—prerequisites to regeneration—are the logical extension. The work being done last summer indicated that some sort of unusual rites had indeed been performed in this area for hundreds of years. Plates and small, flat oil lamps from the third and fourth centuries, some intact and others in nearly mint condition except that they were broken, were found there in such abundance that Miss Love thought they must have been used only once, perhaps for a sacred nighttime meal, and then ritually shattered.

The trenches in this area were enormous—five feet wide, twenty-five feet long, and thirty feet deep, like graves awaiting giant corpses. The workers would climb down a series of ladders and then send the dirt and the shards up by the bucketful—a slow process. There were almost as many buckets of shards as of dirt. Three workers at a single trench would fill four or five wooden boxes (twelve inches by twenty by six) with classifiable pottery shards in a morning, while three workers at the sanctuary of Aphrodite, just up the hill, might uncover only five or six such items in the same amount of time. The supervisor at this site, Jane Carter (who, along with Sarah Morris, is in the classics department at Harvard) was, fortunately, the most experienced of the site supervisors. This was her sixth summer at Cnidus. Anyone else would have had difficulty keeping up with the finds.

PRAXITELES' statue of Aphrodite dominated the city for some seven hundred years—from the time it was bought by the Cnidians, in the middle of the fourth century B.C., until it disappeared from Cnidus, probably in the fourth century A.D. The statue had been one of two made by Praxiteles and offered to the people of Cos. The first was clothed, and the Coans chose this modest version. Cnidus's nude statue soon made it a "famous city," according to Pliny. It stood at the highest point in the city, and the area all around it was sacred ground, dedicated to the goddess. This was the third site being dug last summer.

Miss Love and an Italian historian, Giovanni Pugliese Carratelli, have recently speculated that the cult of Aphrodite may have originated in Crete, and that certain traces of this origin may be discernible in Cnidus. Sappho, who probably lived around 600 B.C., in one of her poems summons Aphrodite from Crete, though, as Miss Love says, Sappho must have known perfectly well that Aphrodite was traditionally associated with Cyprus. Miss Love thinks this is a vestige of some older belief. Some of the characteristics of the Cnidian Aphrodite reinforce her theory about Crete. The Cnidian Aphrodite was not only the goddess of love and the protector of ships and sailors but may also have been the goddess of fertility and procreation in nature, and even of the underworld. Similarly, the early Cretans are known to have worshipped a single nature divinity who seems to have watched over the air, the sea, the earth, and possibly the underworld—as opposed to the later twelve Olympians and their lesser associates, who divided up the protective tasks. Certain symbols sacred to the Minoans show up in connection with Aphrodite at Cnidus—doves ("noted for their lechery," says Robert Graves in his retelling of the Greek myths) and bulls among them. There is a mythological basis for Miss Love's theory. Though Homer says that Aphrodite was born of Zeus and Dione, in later poems she is said to have sprung naked from the foam (*aphros*, in Greek) of the sea and, riding on a scallop shell, to have come first to the island of Cythera. Finding it too small, she went on to Cyprus. Cythera was an important center of Cretan trade. Miss Love's discovery of Minoan ceramics in Aphrodite's city is consistent with her theory that an older form of the Aphrodite myth connects the goddess with Crete.



Aphrodite was not the only prominent Cnidian deity even for most of Cnidus's recorded history. She became the paramount figure in the fourth century B.C., when Praxiteles' statue focussed the world's attention on her. In pre-Praxitelean Cnidus, she shared the position of patron deity with Apollo Carneios, the ram god of the Dorians, in whose honor games were held at Cnidus and were participated in by the cities of the Dorian hexapolis. (Apollo, according to Graves, was a mythological ancestor of the Dorians.) This political confederation consisted of Cnidus, Cos, the three cities of Rhodes (Lindus, Camirus, and Ialysus), and Halicarnassus. Some time before the Persian war, Halicarnassus was expelled for the misbehavior of one of its citizens during the games—he greedily took home a prize he had won instead of dedicating it to Apollo—and the Dorian hexapolis was reduced to the Dorian pentapolis. One of Miss Love's early discoveries was the ruins of the temple of Apollo Carneios, which was constructed of pink limestone; it was identifiable from a dedication to Apollo found on a tablet among the blocks of the temple. The temple did not yield the trophies and statues of athletes known to have been dedicated to the god. Since there is not enough space on the flat terraced area where the temple is situated, however, Miss Love assumes that the games took place in a stadium she has found but not yet excavated outside the city walls, and that the trophies and statues may eventually turn up.

The sanctuary is a large open area, about a hundred and forty yards from east to west and forty-eight yards from north to south. In the center, straight ahead as one approaches from below, is an altar fifteen feet square and three feet high and now consisting of from one to three flat courses of marble, the lowest and most complete layer cut so that the stones curve elegantly inward.

The round temple of Aphrodite, built to house the statue, is Miss Love's most spectacular find at Cnidus. It stands just to the west of the altar, and its entrance is at the top of a short flight of steps leading from the base of the altar; the idea, possibly, was to remind those who visited the statue that a sacrifice was in order. The Greeks offered their gods food and wine. Aphrodite was given fruit, nuts, flowers, and wine, and after a few drops of the wine had been poured on the altar they drank the rest. Miss Love followed this tradition, in part, in modern-day Cnidus—she never began a festive meal without first pouring out a libation to Aphrodite.

Miss Love discovered the round temple on July 20, 1969—the day that Neil Armstrong first walked on the moon. The rest of her group were all in camp listening to a portable radio, and she was wandering over the hills thinking about the elusive temple, which had also preoccupied the Dilettanti and Newton. Suddenly, at the highest, westernmost point of Cnidus, she noticed something odd about the way the earth fell, as if it had spilled over a curved structure, and she *knew*, she says, that that had to be the spot. She was right. Digging was begun the following day. What remains of the temple is now fully uncovered. It measures seventeen and a third metres, or fifty-seven feet, in diameter, and two stylobate blocks are still there, to show where two of what were probably eighteen Doric columns stood. According to Pliny, the shrine was "entirely open," though it may have been closed by partitions at night and in bad weather. It commanded a panoramic view of Cos and the Aegean to the west, the island town of Cnidus to the south, and the Mediterranean to the east. The temple, which housed the statue of Aphrodite Euploia, the patroness of sailors, must have been visible from the water as well: a welcome beacon for homecoming seafarers.

Because round buildings and temples with podiums are exceedingly rare in classical Greek architecture, the temple was at first thought by some scholars to be Roman or later. But in 1970 an inscription was found near the ruins of the temple which included the words "ΠΡΑΞ"("PRAX"),"ΚΑΙΑΓΥΜ"("ΓΥΜ" may refer to "ΓΥΜΝΟΣ," or "NUDE"), and "ΥΠΕΡΤΑ" (which may mean "STANDING ABOVE," or "SURPASSING ALL OTHERS"). Miss Love feels certain that the inscription refers to Praxiteles' statue and thinks that it probably served as homage to the artist or as a guidepost for tourists. In addition, ancient writers described the temple in a way that suggests it must have been round. Last summer, the case for the temple's being Greek seemed clinched when shards of Attic black-glaze pottery and of West Slope ware (the name refers to the West Slope of the Athenian Acropolis), both dating from the fourth century B.C., were found in a sealed layer of the foundations of the terrace on which the temple stood.

In Roman times, the sanctuary was a garden. Pseudo-Lucian, writing in the early fourth century A.D., described "fertile trees, extending their luxuriant foliage to the sky, and canopying the air all around." But the trees must have been small ones—perhaps even planted in boxes, the way they were around the Theseion in Athens—because there would have been little room for roots among the tightly packed stones just under the dirt floor of the terrace. Today, far from being a garden, the sanctuary is barren except for a few twisted olive trees, their roots exposed by the encroaching trenches, and soon they, too, may be sacrificed in the name of archeology.

Many of the Cnidus workmen are convinced that the statue of Aphrodite is there somewhere, and they dig expectantly. Last year, the statue was once again not uncovered, but many beautiful things were. In the sanctuary of Aphrodite, where, in the absence of anyone more experienced, I was acting as a site supervisor, we found a number of terra-cotta statuettes, mostly female heads and draped female bodies and mostly from the fourth to the second centuries, some of them as beautiful as any I saw in the museums in Turkey. We also found pottery and lamp fragments with elegant molded-relief designs—of Hercules grasping a bull by the horns, a Roman gladiator, centaurs and satyrs, grotesque faces and theatre masks, rams' heads and lions and snakes—some of which may have been votive objects. And we found more coins than had ever been found at Cnidus before—close to a hundred, dating from the classical period through the Byzantine.

The first coins were found almost by chance. One afternoon, two of the workers were sitting in the shade of a wall where a trench had been dug a few years before, drinking water from a clay amphora that the workers brought up from the camp twice a day, when one noticed a coin—a green, oxidized sliver of metal—wedged in what had been thought to be rock. Then the other worker found one, and within a couple of minutes they had found four more. Soon all the workers at the site knew about this treasure, and during the fifteen-minute cigarette break they looked, a coin being worth a five-lire baksheesh, or thirty cents. (Their day's salary, before these extras, was seventy-five lire. Another seventy-five lire a day was paid by Miss Love to the government for each worker's social security.) By the end of the afternoon, two hours later, scraping up the hardened earth that looked like rock, they had found twenty-nine coins. Since coins are important primarily for dating strata, these were not particularly valuable except as examples of old coins, but more and more continued to appear, and some of these later ones were useful for dating.

The first coins were found within the walls of one of six small, rectangular buildings, precisely lined up and spaced, to the east of the altar, which Miss Love thinks may have been treasuries for the cities of the Dorian hexapolis. When, late last summer, a corner of a seventh building was found, the treasury theory began to look shaky, but as the south wall of the new building was further unearthed it became clear that this building was different. The initial trench had exposed only about a metre of the wall, so a second trench was dug, extending the first by five metres; then a third was dug, extending it three more metres, and still the end of the wall wasn't reached. A fourth trench was dug, which extended it three more metres, and a fifth, two metres long, took it to the boundary line of the property belonging to the dig. Miss Love was unable to finish uncovering the wall before the season ended. What was revealed was impressive: the wall so far is fourteen and a half metres long and is constructed of finely carved marble. The blocks are of two different lengths—long, short, short, long—and were fitted together without mortar. A doorway was discovered about ten metres from the southwest corner, and of the final six metres that were uncovered three courses of marble remain in place. This new building is situated at the top of what

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An oversized racquet can be a truly excellent way to give you a lordly control of the ball, an octopus reach—and an acute attack of sweaty-palmed self-consciousness.

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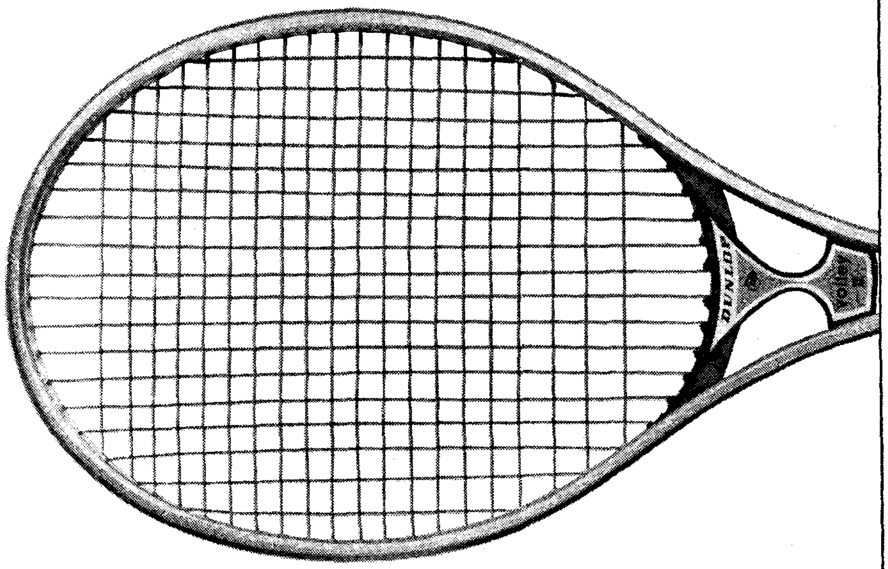
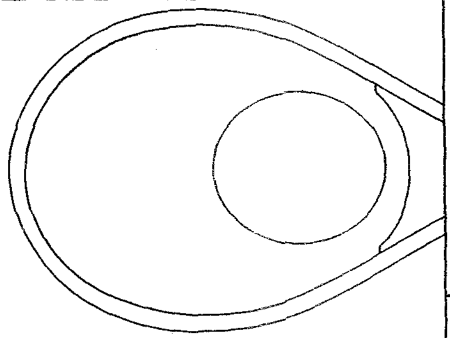
Using all our engineering expertise (and a certain basic craftiness), we have achieved the Dunlop Volley II. The extraordinary racquet which gives you fully 18% more string area, not to mention a monster sweetspot. Yet which nobody notices is oversized. (Its other name is "The Secret Weapon.")



THE DUNLOP VOLLEY II.



The Monster Sweetspot.

There is something, however, people do notice.

Your raw power.

Made of one of the hardest aluminums ever used in a frame, the Volley II supercharges every bit of your power and transmits it right into the ball. This racquet can help make your serve an absolute smash.

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And your ground strokes very, very gutsy, indeed.

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And all the superb quality Dunlop is famous for. (It's no accident that more players at Wimbledon use Dunlop racquets than any other kind.)

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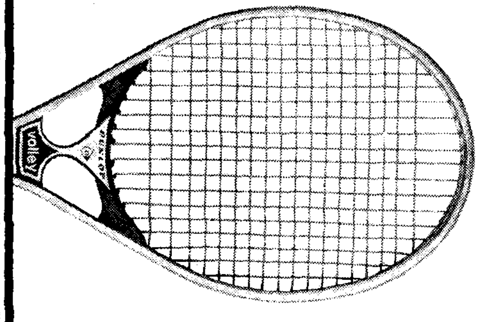
And the work was certainly well worth it.

Because our tennis reputation rests on helping you improve yours.

And every extra point you make because of the Volley II, we'll consider a personal victory for us.

STANDARD SIZE VOLLEY. FOR ABOVE-STANDARD PLAY.



There's another new Dunlop Volley frame. A conventional size one. Like Volley II, it's made of superhard aluminum for incredible serve power. As well as smash power and ground stroke power. And we've engineered the Volley for control you didn't think possible in a hard-hitting racquet. If you don't need big head advantages, you still need the racquet that will make the most of your own advantages—the Volley. (Its other name is "The Weapon.")

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was one of the seven north-south streets, and if this first wall, which is perpendicular to the street, turns out to be the same length as the diameter of the round temple, fifty metres to the west, it will provide a graceful and logical balance to the design of the sanctuary.

THE hard earth at Cnidus—so hard that it is often mistaken for bedrock—almost hid another important discovery. Late one morning at the end of August, Spencer Boyd, a twenty-two-year-old Yale graduate who was the other acting site supervisor at the sanctuary of Aphrodite, and I were lounging around chatting with the workers in our mangled Turkish and waiting for lunchtime. The sky was cloudless, as it had been every day, and the morning was hot. Our Cnidus lives had finally settled into a routine, but the major finds of the summer—the Minoan shards, the new building, the trireme model—were still to come, and there was little to distract us from the deprivations of Cnidus. Spencer and I were having a typical Cnidus conversation. We grumbled about the lack of adequate fresh water to bathe in and to drink. We bemoaned the lack of protein in our diet and thought longingly of peanut butter and nonprocessed cheese and green salad, and of cookies and chocolate cake. We talked about how disheartening it was not to know when the mail would come and not to have light at night to read by. Our bodies were sticky with layers of suntan lotion, insect repellent, sweat, dust, and the salt residue from the seawater we tried to rinse it all off with. We were hot and discouraged.

At around a quarter to twelve, word went round that Miss Love was approaching: *"Iris geliyor!"* What had been desultory shovelling and picking became more energetic as she climbed up the path. *"Gün aydın"*—"Good morning"—she said to the workmen, and then she asked several of them personal questions: how a sick child was, when such-and-such a friend was coming back to work. With most of us, the question "How is your baby?" would come out something like "How are you, baby?" But Miss Love's Turkish is fairly fluent, though her accent is unmistakably American. (Turkish has words in common with Arabic and Persian, and is related to Mongolian; it is very difficult for English-speaking people to speak the language well.) She also stopped to say a few encouraging things to a crew of workmen who were excavating what was essentially a rock pile—the foundations of the terrace on which the temple of Aphrodite had been built.

Then Miss Love went with Spencer to look at one of the so-called treasury buildings, which Spencer's workmen had just finished cleaning in preparation for its being photographed. Every trench is photographed from a number of angles, in black-and-white and in color, and at three different settings of the camera—at the beginning and at the end of the digging and at any point in between when something interesting has been uncovered. These photographs provide an archeologist with visible documentation of his primary sources—of the objects in situ. Once digging is resumed, the physical evidence is gone forever. The importance of the photographs is demonstrated by the fact that a gas-run refrigerator is kept in camp for storing film. (The film sits surrounded by vials of scorpion and snakebite serum, which also need to be kept cool, and as many bottles of fruit juice and beer as can be squeezed in.)

That morning, Spencer had watched carefully as her workmen chiselled out the space between the wall of the treasury building and the rock in which it had been set and swept away the dust in preparation for Miss Love's inspection. It seemed to Spencer that nothing she had done all summer pleased Miss Love. The harder she tried, the more mistakes she made. The more mistakes she made, the more tangled her explanations became. Miss Love was like a teacher who had caught a student daydreaming: she zeroed in. The result, on Spencer's part, was panic mingled with resentment at Miss Love's acuity.

This year was Spencer's third summer working with Miss Love, and she was having doubts about whether she would return to Cnidus for another. She had graduated from Yale with a major in archeology but had decided to go to New York and become an actress. It was possible that Miss Love's sharpness was actually disappointment at Spencer's expected defection. Spencer, a cheerful blonde who swam five or six miles a day last summer, had first come to Cnidus in 1967 with her parents, who were on a cruise of the Aegean. She was eleven at the time, and the romance of the exotic setting and the idea of living in tents thrilled

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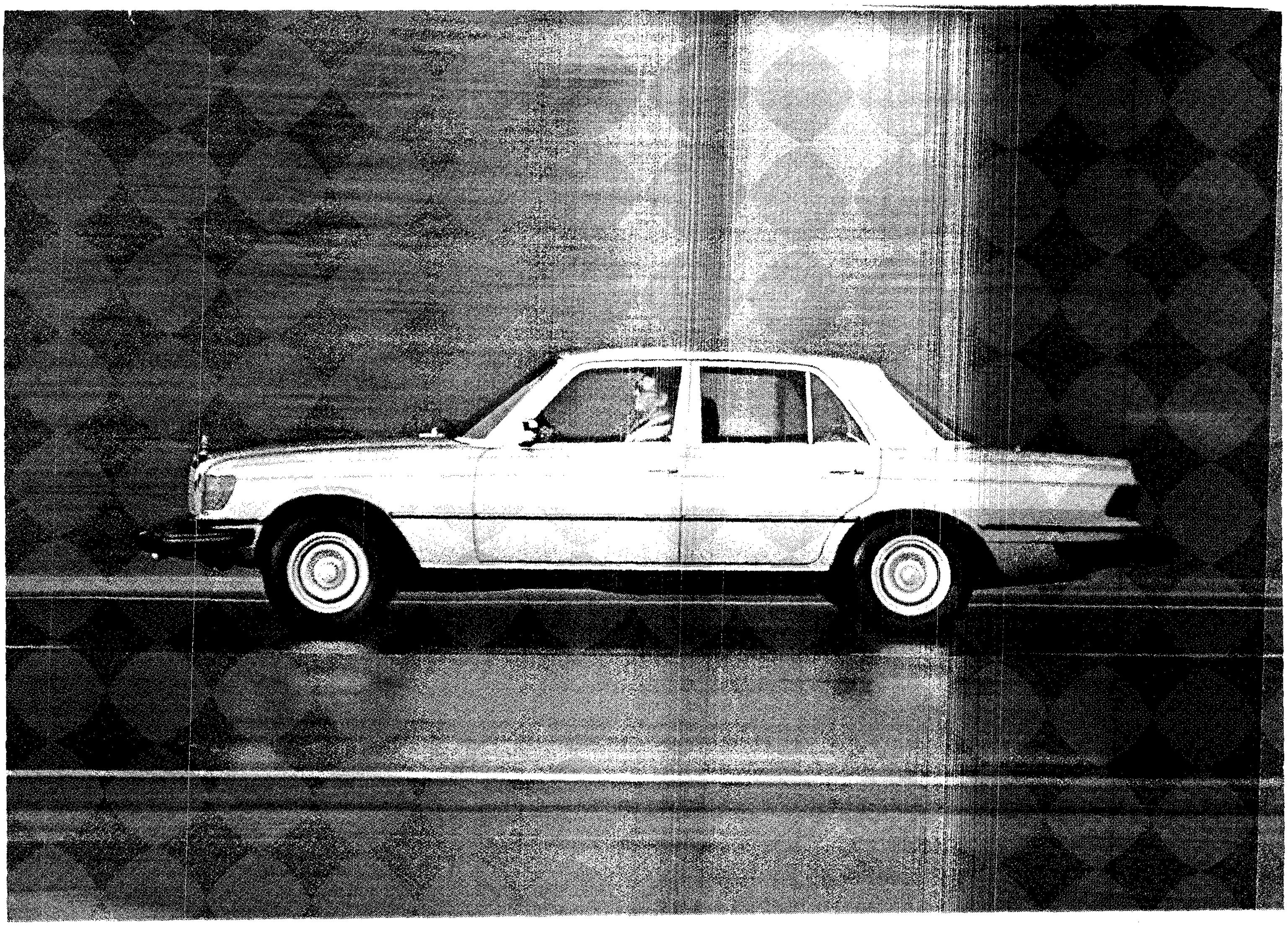

Mercedes-Benz unveils a new kind of performance automobile: the 300 SD Turbodiesel Sedan

Its turbocharged engine boosts power and torque and transforms Diesel performance, yet fuel appetite is actually cut. And this advance is matched by the car itself – the most capable, most sumptuous Diesel in Mercedes-Benz history. The 300 SD Turbodiesel Sedan: the boldest forward stride since Mercedes-Benz built the world's first production Diesel automobile 42 years ago.

Moving with the smooth ease and eager response you might expect only from a gasoline engine, the new Mercedes-Benz 300 SD Turbodiesel Sedan responds vividly to your throttle foot even at low speeds...even in highway passing ...even on long uphill climbs.

Meanwhile, the Turbodiesel retains that workhorse efficiency you can only expect from a Diesel – sipping the cheapest automotive fuel sold in America, devoid of spark plugs and carburetors and points, all but immune to conventional tune-ups.

In a single technical masterstroke, the most desirable traits of a gasoline and a Diesel engine have been blended into one. An advance significant enough to make this not just a new kind of Diesel but a unique new kind of car.

Five supercharged cylinders

That masterstroke is turbocharging of the 300 SD's five-cylinder engine.

Named after the turbine principle it follows, a turbocharger harnesses the engine's own exhaust gases to radically increase the supply of air fed into the cylinders – literally *supercharging* them with air for more volatile combustion.

Turbochargers have appeared on many types of engines, but never until now on the engine of a Diesel automobile. The effect is amazing. Maximum power is boosted by 43 percent, for example, and maximum torque by 46 percent.

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makes even those numbers pale. That old Diesel stigma of feeble torque and leisurely pickup has vanished in a burst of turbocharged energy. This is one Diesel that can break away from stoplights and tollbooths *with* the traffic, not behind it. That extra thrust you need on freeway entrance ramps can be found. You can sustain a normal driving pace on the Interstates, hour after hour.

Mercedes-Benz test data show that although 400 pounds heavier than its lively 300 D Sedan stablemate, the Turbodiesel can zip from zero to 55 mph in 2.6 seconds *less* time – placing it among the quickest Diesel cars in history.

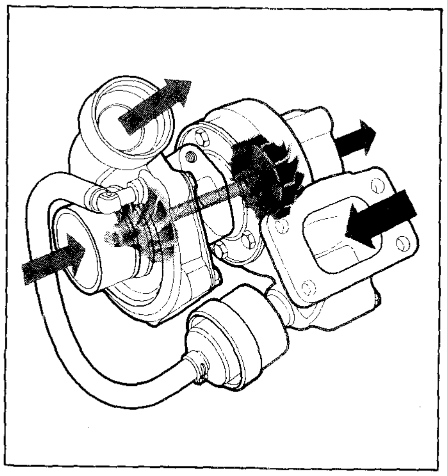
No minor feat for an engine of only three liters or 183.0 cubic inches in capacity; yet no great surprise for an engine so efficient that it produces *.601 horsepower* per cubic inch of displacement – the best ratio of power to engine size of any Diesel passenger car power plant in the world.

Fuel appetite down

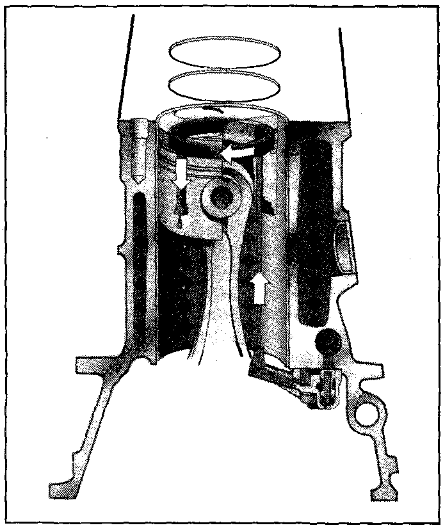
Startling as it may seem, this extra performance helped reduce the Turbodiesel engine's normal appetite for fuel.

Turbocharging so handily solved the Diesel need for power that it freed the engineers to specify a more economical rear-axle ratio – in effect, gearing the car to go further on the power produced by a given gallon of fuel.

Consider the Turbodiesel's performance. Then consider that EPA estimates show 29 mpg in highway driving and 24 mpg in the city. Naturally, your mileage will depend on the condition and equipment of your car and on where and how you drive.



Amazing turbocharger device weighs only 17 pounds but boosts horsepower by 43 percent.



Each piston in the 5-cylinder Turbodiesel engine is cooled by a fine spray of oil injected from below.

Record-breaking reliability

This breakthrough has hardly been rushed to the market. Mercedes-Benz placed the 300 SD Turbodiesel engine in production only after 5 years of testing – and only after placing it in the reliability record books.

Fitted with a modified version of this engine, a C-111-3 research car went out on April 30, 1978 and set nine world records – including one stint of 2,345 miles in twelve hours at an average speed of 195.39 mph. For the entire record run, the engineers report a fuel mileage figure of 14.7 mpg.

A car apart

The Diesel turbocharging trail blazed by Mercedes-Benz with the Turbodiesel may some day be followed by others. But no Diesel engine will ever share the privilege of propelling a comparable car. It is the unique combination of that engine and this automobile that truly sets the Turbodiesel apart.

As befits the most elegant Diesel Mercedes-Benz has ever built, the Turbodiesel sits on the longest wheelbase of any Diesel car produced by the company in modern times. Yet its turning circle is a tight 38 feet and its crisp handling lets you nip through traffic.

Fastidious engineering is everywhere. You glide along on a suspension that is neither spongy nor harsh, but designed to provide both ride comfort *and* roadholding. The key is the independent suspension of all four wheels, allowing each wheel to individually react to the road surface.

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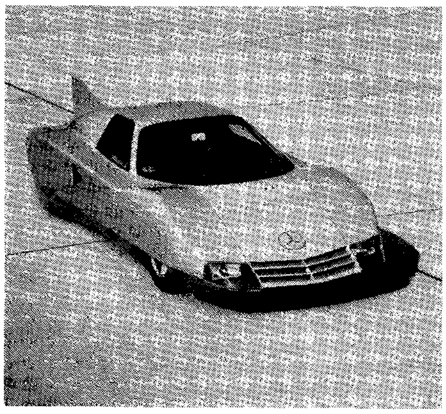

This turbocharged five-cylinder Mercedes-Benz Diesel research car just shattered nine world speed records – including one lap at an average speed of 203.37 mph.

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Summing it up

In 1886, the gasoline-powered automobile was pioneered by the two men who founded Mercedes-Benz. In 1936 came the world's first production Diesel passenger car, again from Mercedes-Benz. And now in 1978 begins the era of the turbocharged Diesel passenger car.

And once again, the innovator is Mercedes-Benz.

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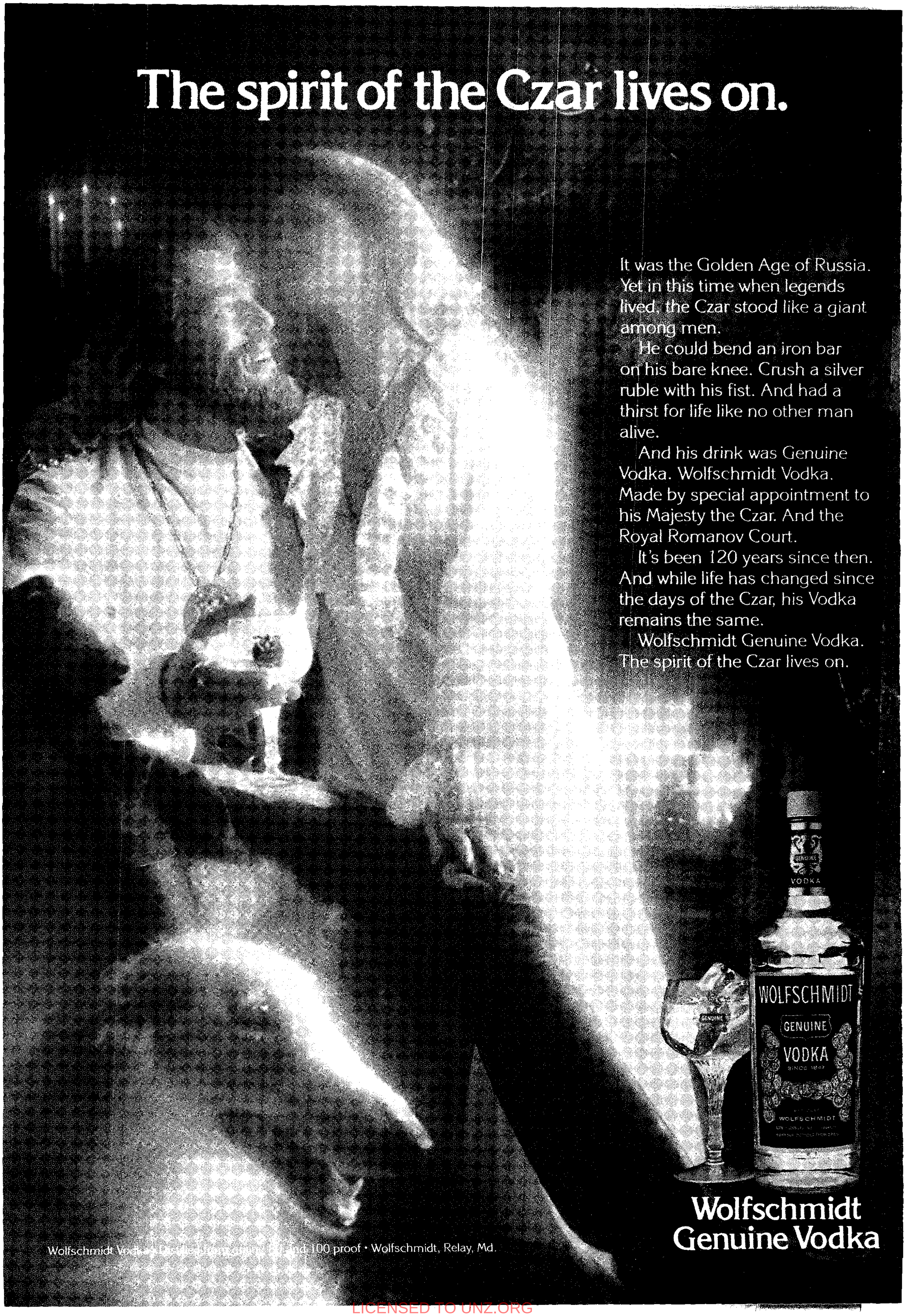

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her. (The archeologists had camped in the theatre that year for protection against the wind—a strategy that backfired, because the theatre acted as a wind funnel.) Miss Love's work impressed Spencer's parents, too, and her father, a bank executive in Pittsburgh, has since helped Miss Love get backing from several Pittsburgh foundations. Spencer returned as a worker in 1974, after her freshman year in college. That was the year of the Cyprus crisis, and the archeologists were removed twice from Cnidus to Bodrum. Very little work got done between evacuations. The following summer, the political situation between Greece and Turkey was still delicate, and, in addition, anti-American feelings over our government's role in the crisis were strong. (We had managed to offend the Greeks as well.) The Turkish government did not grant Miss Love a permit until September, after she had already left the country for the year. Spencer and the others had spent the summer in Bodrum. The next year, 1976, Spencer got as far as Rome, where she was stopped by an attack of appendicitis. Last summer, she arrived in Turkey in mid-July, expecting at last to go right on to Cnidus. A changeover of the government occurred in June, however, and until August 3rd there was no Minister of Education to approve the permit. Everyone went to Cnidus a week later. Spencer had spent much of another summer in Bodrum. It was enough to convince her that archeology was not so romantic after all.

Now, as Miss Love glanced over the low walls of the rectangular building and at the rough brown surface of the rock, she asked Spencer if she was sure she'd got all the dirt out. Spencer said she thought so. "You got all these edges?" Miss Love asked, giving a spot in the rock at the northeast corner of the building a nudge with the toe of her shoe. A small amount of dirt loosened and fell into the space between the supposed rock and the wall. Then she gave the spot a kick, and a whole clod came loose. A babble of apologies and explanations in Turkish and English burst out. Miss Love, unappeased, took the pickaxe and began hacking away at the hardened earth herself.

Miss Love's chance kick, if not pleasant for Spencer, proved lucky for archeology. That afternoon, Spencer's three workmen once again began scraping dirt out of the crevices in the rock. After about an hour, one of them called to her to come over and see something he'd found. He held up a thin gold wire that looked a little like a safety pin. Spencer called me over to see it. She explained that it was a fibula, and that fibulae were used by Greek women to hold the chiton together at the shoulder. They were often dedicated to female divinities, and several had previously been found in the sanctuary of Aphrodite. A gold one, however, was very rare. She put the fibula in one of the small manila envelopes and wrote on it where it had been found and what it was. Then she and the workmen began sifting through the dirt they had already dug up (there was little enough of it so that it was still in the wheelbarrow) to make sure that no tiny items had been thrown away accidentally. The fibula could have been simply an isolated item that some rich citizen had carelessly dropped in ancient times, or it could have been part of something less random.

Soon one of the workmen found a gold thread in the packed earth, which they were prying up with scrupulous care, and then another found some tiny fragments of green oxidized bronze. A coin was uncovered. By this time, Spencer and the three men were sitting on the ground sifting through the dirt with their bare fingers, pulverizing every tiny pellet to make sure there was nothing inside. More coins were found, and numerous terra-cotta and glass beads, with holes through which they had been strung. A terra-cotta female head several inches high, with a typical classical upswept hairdo, was uncovered; another one, no bigger than a thumbnail, was found soon after. The discovery that evoked the most comment, however, was of three finely modelled marble fingers. Long and thin and elegantly crooked, with delicate carved fingernails, they were almost translucent in their whiteness. At about five-thirty, Miss Love came along with a group of people she was showing around the site, but she was too wrapped up in her usual lecture to be interrupted, so she passed by without hearing about the treasure.

At six o'clock, the workmen went home. The Turkish-government official whose job it is to oversee the digging as the representative of the Department of Antiquities had arrived by this time. His name was Bedri Yalman, but he was called, in the formal Turkish manner, Bedri Bey. Now he,

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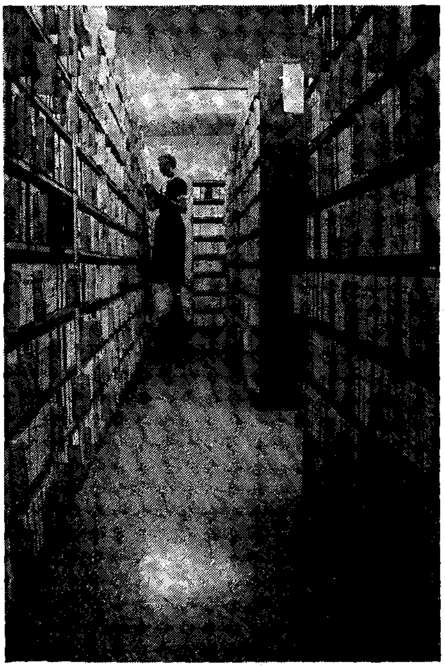

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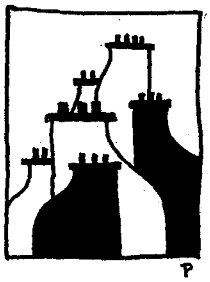
too, crouched down in the dirt and started sifting through it with his fingers. He is assistant curator of the archeological museum in Bursa, a city of two hundred thousand southeast of Istanbul. This was his second year at Cnidus, and he spent most of each day roaming the hills and studying the site. He had an exceptionally good eye for spotting coins, and often found them on paths where people had walked hundreds of times without noticing them. The three of us stayed on, but the light was failing. We found several more coins and fragments of bronze before it grew too dark to continue looking.

When we got down to camp, Spencer laid out the treasure for Miss Love to see by the light of the sputtering gas lamp that was kept in the pot shed. Miss Love was pleased—and, justifiably, triumphant. "I told you to keep on digging there!" she said. Since the building in which the objects were found was one of the presumed six treasuries of the Dorian hexapolis, this may have been an offering made when the building was begun—a sort of dedication to the gods, sprinkled over the foundation. She hopes the objects will be displayed in the museum in Bodrum, where other Cnidian finds are on view. (The Bodrum museum is situated in part of a sprawling fifteenth-century Crusaders' castle that juts out into the picturesque harbor, which, like harbors in many other now chic Turkish fishing villages, is jammed with yachts and trawlers, side by side. All important Cnidian discoveries are stored in the museum, but very few are exhibited, because of space limitations.) Even if they are not displayed in Bodrum, they will be given a prominent spot in the museum Miss Love hopes to erect someday in Cnidus. Spencer's aunt, Jasmin Trembley, has made Miss Love's plans for the museum possible. She has offered to donate half the money for the project if the Turkish government will provide the other half.



The next day dawned spectacularly clear. There were clouds in the sky for the first time since I'd arrived in Turkey, a month before—white mounds of cumulus against the flat blue sky. The island of Cos, normally shrouded in haze, loomed up, filling the horizon, seemingly close enough to swim to. It was a hint of fall. Up at the site that morning, we sifted through the rest of the dirt, making little piles of the rejected dust. We discovered a few more coins and a few more bronze fragments, but most of the offering had already been found. The following day, Spencer went home; her acting classes in New York were about to begin. Whenever Miss Love talks about that find, she refers to it as "Spencer's treasure."

ALL this digging requires a great deal of money, and Miss Love's most time-consuming responsibility as director of the excavation is drumming up financial support so that it can continue. She spends two or three months of each year at Cnidus, and one or two months arranging for work permits and buying supplies before the dig begins, and after it ends transporting the summer's finds to the museum in Bodrum and preparing a report for the Turkish government. Applications for permission to dig must be made to the Turkish government each year. There is no guarantee that permission will be granted—in fact, the number of permits issued to foreigners dropped from forty in 1976 to eighteen last year. During the rest of the year, she raises funds for the following year. Raising funds consists of writing reports and applications for grants, and giving lectures and eating lunches and dinners. Although she claims to find socializing for the purpose of fund-raising, like her tours of the site, an irksome job, one suspects that she thrives on the attention. She is a great-granddaughter of Isaac Guggenheim, and she contributes money of her own to the dig, but most of the backing comes from small private foundations. Work that was recently begun on the trireme harbor has been sponsored by the W. P. Snyder Charitable Fund, in Pittsburgh, and work at the sanctuary of Aphrodite has been supported by the Rachelwood Foundation, also in Pittsburgh. The Turkish government has given Miss Love permission to reconstruct Sostratus's Doric stoa and has promised financial backing for the project, which she hopes to begin this summer. Preliminary work was done last summer. More than a hundred and ten metres long, with columns six metres high, it will be a dramatic sight against the backdrop of the mountain ridge.

Miss Love's vivid personality is a help to her as a fund-raiser. It seems to provoke a great deal of criticism from her peers, however—some of it *ad feminam*. I heard an American archeologist in Athens refer to her predominantly female group as "Amazons," and I heard a German at Ephesus laugh it off as "beautiful girls in bikinis." Although there have been a number of distinguished women archeologists over the years, the scholarly household names—Heinrich Schliemann, Arthur Evans, Abbé Henri Breuil, Cnidus's own Charles Newton—have belonged to men. Miss Love herself worked under a woman before she came to Cnidus, and she favors the applications she gets from women. Last year, her group consisted of eleven women and four men. In view of the sexism of Turkish society, one would think that Miss Love and her site supervisors might have problems exercising their authority, but they don't. The Turkish men seem not to regard the women on the dig as women. The first few years, they used to refer to Miss Love as "*Müdür Bey*"—"Mr. Director"—but now, like everybody else, most just call her Iris. When she is invited to some local ceremony, such as a circumcision or a wedding, she is always given a seat in the front row with the men (a dubious honor in the case of a circumcision, for the boy is usually anesthetized only by excitement and fear). The Turkish women sit in a separate room.

Academicians and museum directors also criticize Miss Love because she does not have a Ph.D. She graduated from Smith College in 1955 and, in the next four years, completed her course work for a doctorate in art history at N.Y.U.'s Institute of Fine Arts. She spent the next few years excavating in Greece and Italy, teaching at Smith and Cooper Union, and writing. In 1965, she took and passed her doctoral exams, but circumstances forced her to change the subject of her dissertation three times. By the time she got to the third subject, she was working at Cnidus and couldn't find the time to write a thesis. Now she regrets not having finished. "It's my Achilles' heel," she says. "For the sake of Cnidus, I should probably take six months off and write the goddam thing." She is a research assistant professor at C. W. Post, the Brookville branch of Long Island University. This means that she gives a couple of lectures there each year. L.I.U. lends its name to the dig but does not support it financially and does not ordinarily send students to work there. (Miss Love wants Cnidus to be an international expedition, and tries to get students from European and Turkish universities as well as from American ones.) In exchange for the privilege of being connected with the dig, L.I.U. allows Miss Love to use its Xerox machines and also its name (helpful when she is applying for grants and other aid). She is also associated with the Carnegie Institute's Museum of Natural History, in Pittsburgh.

Miss Love's training is as a field archeologist, however, and she seems to have as little need for the approval of multi-degreed museum curators as they have for hers. Before starting her own dig at Cnidus, she worked for nine summers on the Greek island of Samothrace with Dr. Phyllis Lehmann, who was assistant director of an expedition directed by her husband, Dr. Karl Lehmann, one of Miss Love's professors at the Institute. After Karl Lehmann died, in 1960, Mrs. Lehmann continued alone, as acting director. Miss Love has taped her photograph to the refrigerator door in camp at Cnidus, for inspiration. Mrs. Lehmann's standards were high and her concerns single-minded. "Don't bleed on the marble!" she used to chide injured workers.

Miss Love has also been criticized for jumping to archeological conclusions. The jump most often cited is her announcement in the New York *Times*, in November of 1970, that a battered but indisputably beautiful head she had seen in the basement of the British Museum belonged to Praxiteles' "Aphrodite." She was forced into a premature revelation of this discovery by what she considered the near-treachery of the British Museum. The British Museum tells the story differently.

In May of 1970, Miss Love and Margot Marshall, her cousin and assistant, and Sheila Gibson, an Irish architect who had worked at Cnidus with Miss Love, asked permission to study some of the items brought back more than a hundred years before by Newton, which were stored in the basement of the British Museum. Most museums will comply with a request to view something not on exhibition as long as an appointment is made in writing. A day or two later, when Miss Love and her colleagues returned, almost all of the items they had asked to see were set out on a table. One that had not been, presumably inadvertently, was a head with the catalogue number 1314, whose provenance interested Miss Love. Though it had been much disputed, everyone—including Profes-

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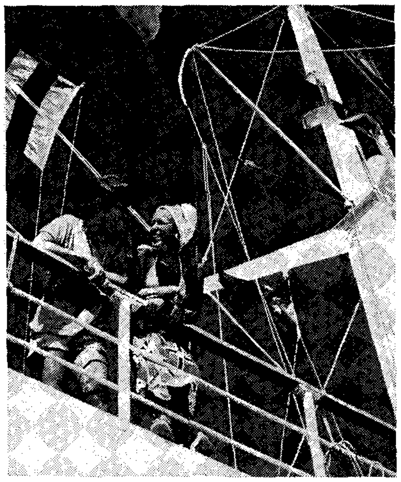

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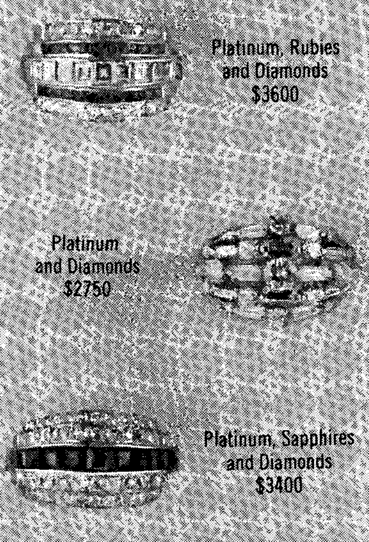
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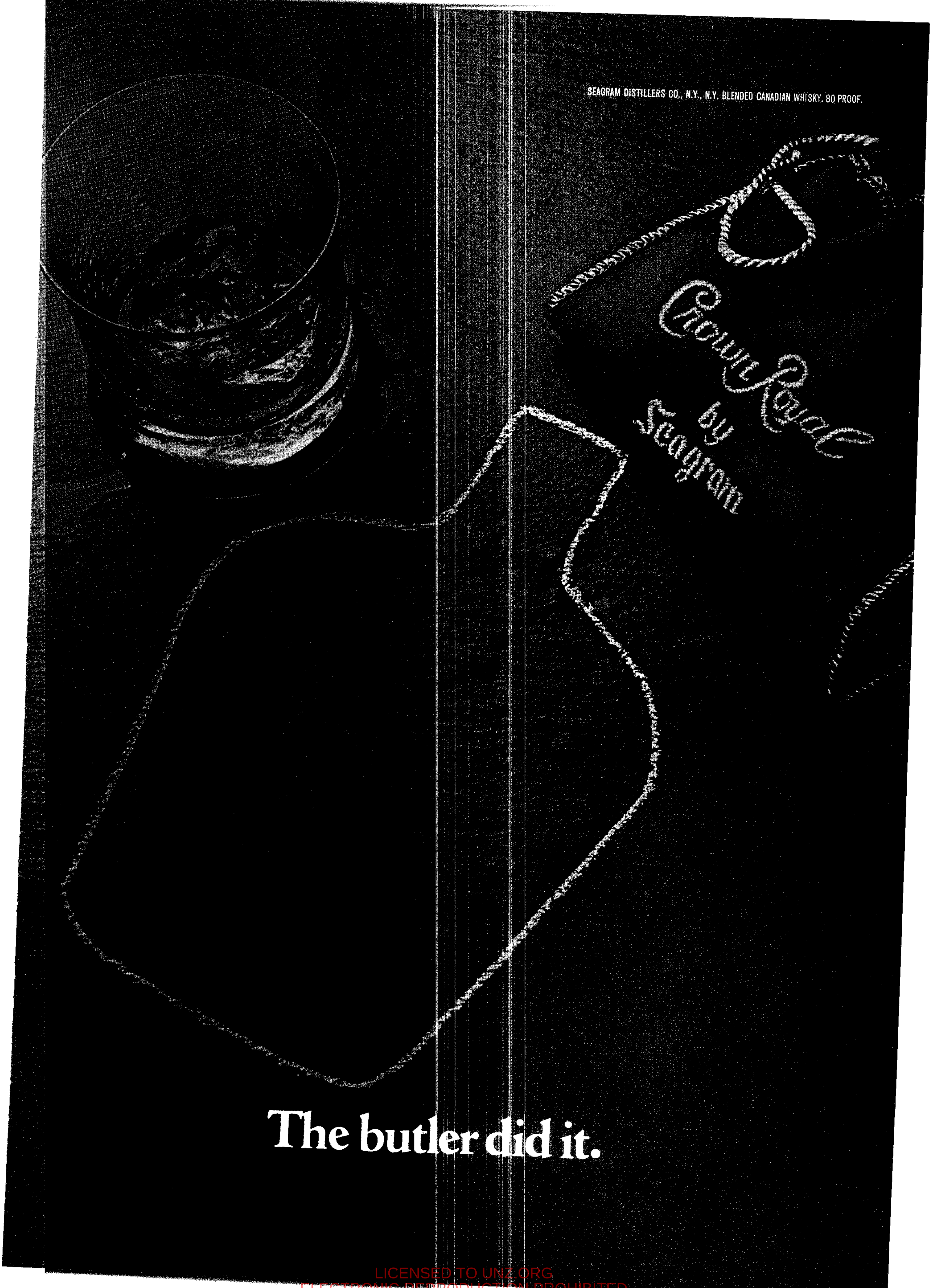
sor Bernard Ashmole, former keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the museum—had agreed that it was from the fourth century B.C., and was probably contemporary with Praxiteles' statue. Spotting the label 1314 on a shelf, Miss Love removed the dust cover protecting it. "As soon as I saw it," she recalls, "I thought, Was it, could it be . . . *the* head? Her eyes had that limpid gaze that has been described so often. They were so *Praxitelean!* So I screamed to Margot, 'I think this might be the "Aphrodite." ' "

Careful study was necessary before a public announcement of this significance could be made, however, so the head was put back on the shelf, and Miss Love went off to Cnidus. That summer, the workers in the sanctuary of Aphrodite uncovered the inscription referring to PRAX and his nude statue surpassing all others. They also found a hand and a fragment of drapery made of the Parian marble that Praxiteles preferred. The hand had dimensions that were right for the "Aphrodite." Furthermore, the fingers had been dowelled in—a technique also used in the statue of Hermes at Olympia, which many scholars believe is the only original statue by Praxiteles extant. If the fragments found at Cnidus were part of the statue, it increased the chances that the head in the British Museum was, too.

On September 30th, Miss Love met with Denys Haynes, the keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the museum, and told him about the inscription and the other finds, and about Head 1314. She asked permission to publish her findings and her ideas about the head—a request that she says was a formality—and permission was granted. Then, in November, things went awry. Some CBS News people went to the British Museum one Thursday to photograph some of the Newton items stored there, as part of a documentary they were doing on Miss Love and Cnidus. They were allowed to film everything but Head 1314, which they were told by museum technicians was being cleaned and would be put on exhibition the following week. This was reported to Miss Love, who was in New York. She tried over the next few days to call Denys Haynes and other London scholars to find out what was going on, but each time she was told they were unavailable. Finally, Sheila Gibson, who was then in England, got through to Haynes' assistant; according to Miss Love, he denied that the piece was being cleaned or prepared for exhibition. By this time, it was Saturday. The CBS newsmen returned to the museum and were told once again by someone on the staff that the piece was unavailable but would be on exhibition the following week. At this point, Miss Love began to suspect that the museum was going to take credit for her discovery. (It would not have been the first time she had been the victim of such a preëmption. In 1960, the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, had announced in the *Times* that three great terra-cotta statues of Etruscan warriors in their collection were fakes—just one day before an article by Miss Love putting forward the same contention was published in a scholarly journal. Three months earlier, Miss Love had told James Rorimer, then director of the Met, of her discoveries and had offered her paper to the museum for publication, but the Met had turned it down. Rorimer later apologized to Miss Love for the incident.) Miss Love made the decision to announce her find in the *Times* that Saturday—a decision which some of her peers considered a breach of archeological etiquette. It has, however, brought her closer to being the first female household name in archeology, and, in a way, it puts her right in the tradition of Schliemann, Evans, et al., none of whom shunned publicity, either.

The article appeared on the front page of the *Times* the following morning, Sunday, November 8th. The headline was decisive: "HEAD OF APHRODITE BY PRAXITELES FOUND." Miss Love and Miss Marshall were interviewed. (Miss Love says they sounded like "The Bobbsey Twins at the British Museum." On the museum's basement: " 'It was dark and dank with electric light bulbs breaking into the gloom at long intervals,' [Miss Love] said. 'Spooky, too, with all those white faces in tiers of shelves, looming,' put in Miss Marshall.") The next day, Monday, Head 1314, cleaned and mounted, was put on exhibition. Haynes told reporters that the piece had been brought upstairs only in response to Miss Love's announcement: "We thought that since this whole business burst upon an astonished world, we had better get the object out."

In the transatlantic archeological flap that ensued, the question of whether Head 1314 really belonged to Praxiteles' statue was dealt with at length in the press. The London *Times*, observing that the British Mu-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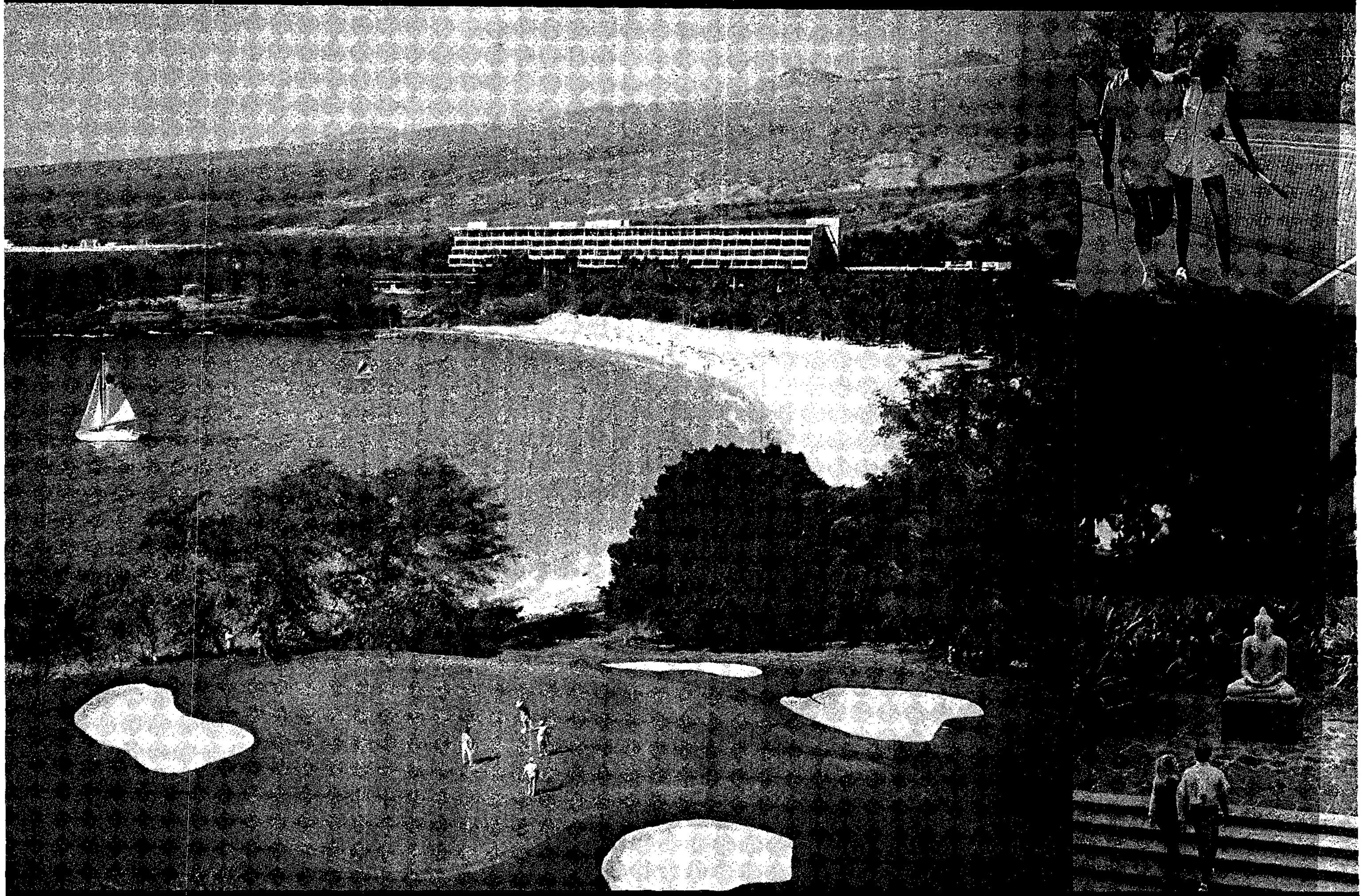

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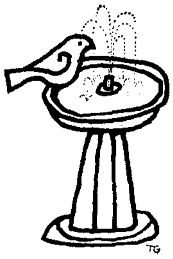
seum was "apparently a little shaken by Miss Love's claim that they have been sitting on a masterpiece all these years," noted that the museum had taken the "unprecedented step . . . of issuing an abstract of previous scholarly views of the head." It was quoted extensively in the newspapers.

Most art historians had considered Praxiteles' statue irretrievably lost. An eleventh-century Byzantine historian named Georgius Cedrenus reported that it had been taken to Constantinople and had been burned in a fire there in 476 A.D. It seemed logical to Miss Love that Cedrenus could have been mistaken. He had written more than five hundred years after the alleged fact, and the burned statue might well have been one of the ubiquitous life-size copies that were made. (Over fifty still exist.) Her discovery of the hand and the fragment of drapery at Cnidus seemed to confirm the fact that the statue had not been taken away.

As intrinsic evidence that the head once graced Praxitelean shoulders, Miss Love mentioned certain bunchy muscles along the neck, which indicate that the head was held at the angle shown by copies of the statue. She also pointed out a small patch of the surface of the marble, on the neck, that has the same burnished finish as the Hermes at Olympia. And the dimensions are correct: we know from Pseudo-Lucian, who described the "Aphrodite" in rapturous detail after visiting Cnidus, that the statue stood more than six feet tall.



Miss Love claimed that the most conclusive evidence that Head 1314 was the head of "Aphrodite" is the hairdo. In almost all known instances, classical female statues are topped off by hair drawn back above the ears and ending in a bun on the back of the head. But the "Aphrodite" was different. She wore her hair half covering her ears and ending in a bun low on the nape. We know this because numerous terra-cotta and marble copies of the statue—of all sizes, found at Cnidus and elsewhere—show this hairstyle. It can also be seen on Cnidian coins from the third and second centuries B.C., which have a bust of Aphrodite on one side and the god Dionysus or a bull or the prow of a ship (reflecting her attributes as the goddess of fertility and the protector of ships) on the other. One problem with this argument is that Head 1314 has been broken off at the back and chiselled down, perhaps in preparation for some ancient repair. The museum curators think that the statue was made this way on purpose—that perhaps it had a headdress—and therefore cannot be the "Aphrodite," but Miss Love says that she has seen this repair technique used many times. Although all that is visible of the crucial coiffure is the hair over the ears, Miss Love feels that this is sufficient. The British Museum remains unconvinced. In any case, the head, which they acknowledge is a masterpiece, is no longer on display.

Some scholars, including Professor Ashmole, claimed that the piece was a Persephone—a companion piece to the museum's "Demeter" from Cnidus. In Miss Love's opinion, the two are stylistically unrelated, and are neither by the same artist nor from the same period. Haynes cautiously offered the notion that, "without judging the issue," he "would say that the head reminds me more of the Demeter than of copies of the Cnidian Aphrodite." (His full views on the head, published in 1972, are more or less inaccessible to the British and American public, for they are in German—the lingua franca of archeology.) Haynes' main argument against Miss Love's assertion, as it was quoted by the *Times*, seemed feeble: "We know that this head was found in the temple of Demeter [more than a half mile from the sanctuary of Aphrodite]. If it is the head of the Aphrodite, it must have walked [from] the Temple of Aphrodite. How else did it get there? Ask Iris Love." Miss Love's answer, also quoted in the *Times*, was that it was taken there: "From Newton's description, Demeter's sanctuary appears to have been used as a repository for broken gods and goddesses, perhaps for sacred burial after a calamity." She noted that parts of statues of other divinities were found in the same place. She speculated that after the Emperor Theodosius ordered the closing of pagan sanctuaries and encouraged the destruction of pagan statues, in the fourth century A.D., a loyal worshipper of Aphrodite might have carried the head to the sanctuary of Demeter and buried it there. (Or perhaps it was broken during an earthquake that left a large crack through the temple where the statue stood.) She added that a precedent for this kind of interment exists at Delphi, where the famous "Charioteer" had been given a similar sacred burial.

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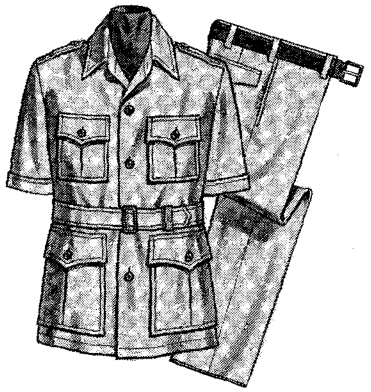

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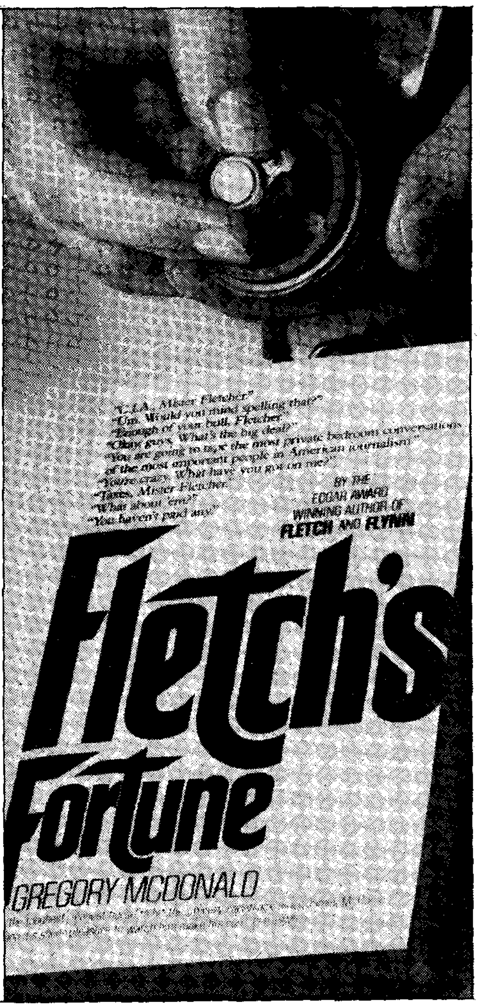

ment, missing its mouth and jaw and the back of its head, as the crown of the most beautiful statue in antiquity. One almost hopes that Miss Love is wrong—she herself hopes she is wrong—that, miraculously, the whole "Aphrodite," with her "clear and winsome gaze," as Pseudo-Lucian described her, "arrogantly smiling . . . all her beauty uncovered and revealed," may one day be discovered, perhaps at Cnidus, where she belongs.

PRECISELY at noon every workday (and again at six), the word "*Paydos!*"—"Quitting time!"—would ring out over the hills, as loud and clear as any factory whistle. The self-appointed time clock was a worker named Doğan, whose girth seemed to be the source of his bellow and also of his preëminence as a labor leader. Like many men in this part of Turkey, he was only a little over five feet tall, but he had a belly worthy of an Olympic weight lifter and the strength to match. Three men would hoist a boulder too heavy for the wheelbarrow onto his back, and he would lumber off to the dump with it. At the sound of "*Paydos!*" men disappeared over the sides of the hills, taking the most direct routes, however precarious, to the blue, sparkling water that had tantalized them all morning long. Less surefooted but just as eager, the site supervisors took the path.

A swim was Cnidus's thoroughly unsatisfying substitute for a shower—the water is so salty that you can float on your stomach with your head up and need barely wiggle a hand or a foot to stay afloat. Then came lunch, which we polished off with alacrity. After lunch, we lounged in the shade of Rüşen's until work began again, at three, dozing, playing backgammon, writing letters that wouldn't be mailed until someone left for some place with a post office, watching the motor tourists come and go. A cloud of dust far down the coast road would gradually materialize into a taxi as it passed the ruins of elaborate tombs in the ancient necropolis, the old city wall, the handsome theatre. Finally, it rounded Rüşen's and pulled in behind Günay's, and then usually at least five people plus a driver, all sweaty and coated with dust, piled out of one of the tiny Fiats that made up the Datça fleet. For some reason known only to Datça drivers, the motor tourists always arrived around midday, when even the twenty-foot walk from the car to the shade of the restaurant was too much exposure to the sun.

On summer afternoons in Cnidus, as in all parts of the Mediterranean, most people slept. In the fall, when it got cooler, they danced. One of the workmen who spoke a little English always confused the words "playing" and "dancing," and the functions, too, were interchangeable. The musicians took turns dancing and the dancers played, and everyone clapped and sang. No one seemed self-conscious, and they probably weren't, since the dancing didn't start until a considerable amount of liquor had been drunk. Then the dancing was as inevitable as the hangover that came the next morning. The main instrument, which was sometimes played alone, was the *saz*. It is a long-necked stringed instrument with a deep, gourdlike body that produces resonant chords, a little like chords played on an old piano with a lot of pedal. The *saz* was usually accompanied by a single tight drum, like a bongo drum, and often by finger cymbals, played by one of the dancers. Sometimes a fiddle would join in, and sometimes an atonal horn that sounded disturbingly like a donkey bray. The dancing, like Greek dancing, was done by groups of either men or women, sometimes with arms linked but more often with arms out to the side and fingers snapping. It was faster and more spontaneous than Greek dancing, without set steps, and each dancer had a unique style. Some people danced on their toes with little quick movements; some did a stately dip on one leg while bending the other at the knee and raising the foot in time to the music.

In hot weather, the dancing started after dark, at ten or later, and it went on until two or three in the morning. In cooler weather, the men danced any time spirits were high—during the lunch break, or even during work, to a-cappella accompaniment. Tourists loved it, needless to say, and it encouraged them to stay up late and spend their money. But it was also done just for the joy of it. It went on whether they were there or not.

—KATHERINE BOUTON

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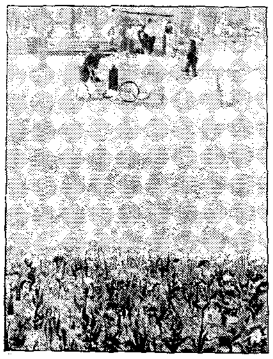

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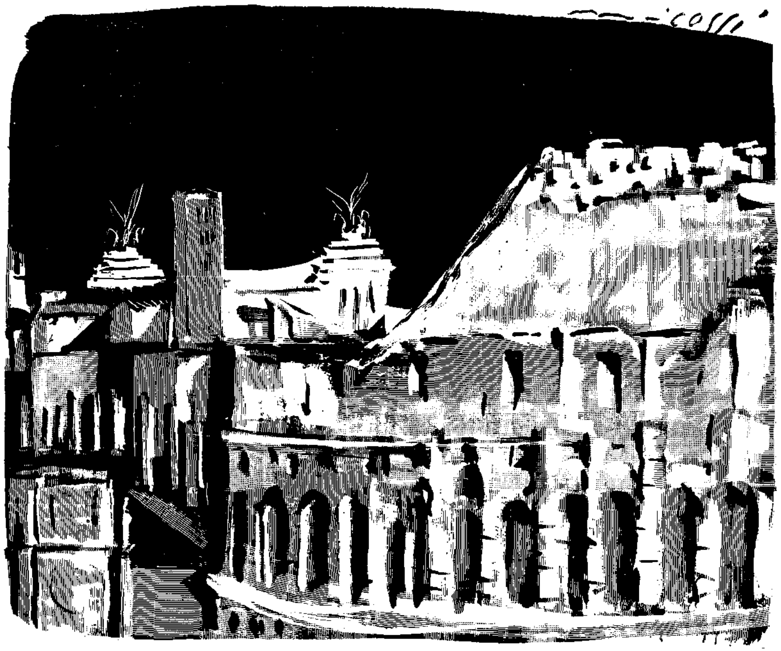


IF the main purpose of the Red Brigades and Italy's other terrorist groups is to bring the country to a standstill, then it can be argued that by the kidnapping and murder of Aldo Moro, the leader of the Christian Democratic Party, this purpose was at least temporarily accomplished. Between March 16th, the day Signor Moro was seized in Rome, and May 9th, when his lifeless body was found abandoned in the rear compartment of a Renault sedan, the political life of the nation ceased. With the sole exception of a long-awaited abortion law being debated in the Senate, the upper house of the parliament, no major piece of legislation was under consideration—or was even submitted for consideration—in either the Senate or the Chamber of Deputies during that anxious period of fifty-four days. The attention of the nation was focussed exclusively on the personal drama and tragedy of Aldo Moro and his family.

The crime astonished most Italians, not so much for its violence as for the extraordinary efficiency with which it was carried out. Shortly after nine o'clock on the morning of March 16th, a blue Fiat sedan in which Moro was riding with a driver and a bodyguard and a white Alfa Romeo carrying three more armed bodyguards were stopped by a group of perhaps as many as a dozen terrorists armed with automatic pistols and submachine guns. Not one of the bodyguards even had time to draw his own weapon. Within a minute, some eighty shots were fired, wiping out Moro's escort, and Moro himself was quickly loaded into a waiting car and spirited away. The bodies of the guards—three policemen and two carabinieri—were abandoned where they died, in their cars and on the pavement.

Newspaper and magazine photographs of these corpses, together with extensive news coverage of the event on television, shocked the public. During the past few years, Italy had become used to acts of political violence. Last year, there were two thousand one hundred and twenty-eight reported cases of one sort or another, and by mid-May of this year fourteen persons had died and twenty-three had been wounded. But nothing quite like the Moro kidnapping had ever before occurred. Moro himself was by far the most eminent personage to have been attacked, and to many citizens it was almost inconceivable that such an act could have been so easily and successfully carried out in the very heart of an elegant residential section of Rome. Via Mario Fani, where the event took place, is one of a network of new streets flanked by expensive, terraced apartment houses that have been built since the war on the low-lying hills to the north of the hub, in an area inhabited mainly by well-to-do middle-class families fleeing the noisy confusion of the *centro storico* and its proliferation of petty crime. "I left the Campo dei Fiori to get away from the thieves," a woman who lives in the area told me, "and now look—I'm in with the terrorists."

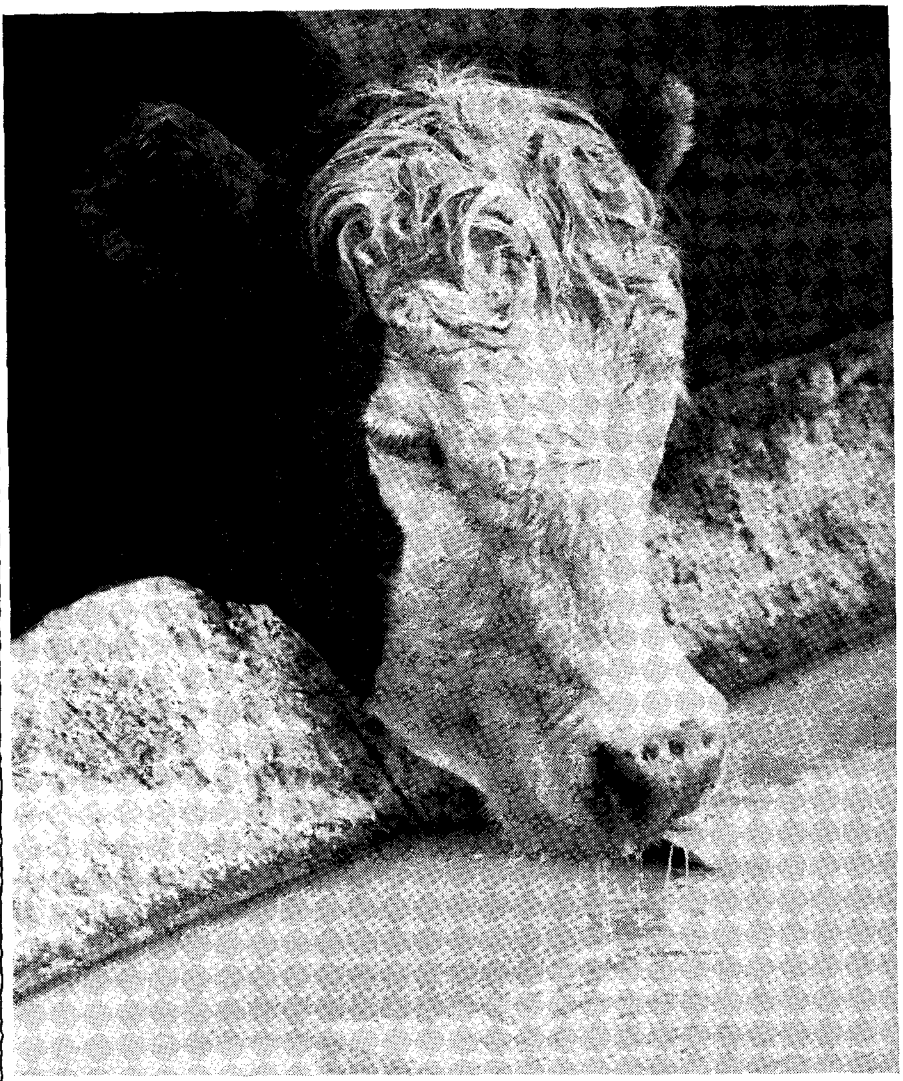
The Moro kidnapping convinced most Italians that no one could any longer consider himself safe from the guerrilla warfare being waged by the Red Brigades and other organized armed bands in the streets of nearly all the nation's major cities. Until then, it had been possible to go on living from day to day with little fear of being caught up in any sort of political violence. Large demonstrations and protest rallies of one kind or another could be safely avoided, and it was well known that only politicians, prominent businessmen, magistrates, high-ranking police officers, and conservative journalists risked being shot in attacks of the sort that have come to be known as "kneecappings." It was also well known that the intent of such attacks was always to maim, never to kill. If people died, it was usually by accident or in confrontations between groups of armed demonstrators of the right and the left. The horrifying bloody photographs of Moro's slaughtered young guards changed all that. These men, although they were on active police duty and were assigned as armed escorts to a political figure, were nevertheless regarded as innocent victims, and this opinion was confirmed by the sight of their grieving relatives and friends strewing flowers on the spot where they died and by a joint public funeral that for several days monopolized the attention of the whole country.

The most immediate effect of the Moro kidnapping was, inevitably, a display of unity by all the major political parties in confronting what was at once defined as an act of blackmail. The Red Brigades quickly put Moro on trial before a so-called people's tribunal and, predictably, condemned him to death as an enemy of the proletariat, then demanded the release of thirteen jailed terrorists as the price of his life. It was generally agreed that the government could neither legally nor morally accede to any such demand—a response that was widely praised abroad and was understood by most local commentators and editorial writers, regardless of their political affiliation.

Since July, 1976, the country has been governed by the Christian Democratic Party, which controls only a third of the seats in the parliament, and which has of necessity made an arrangement with the Communists, the second-largest entity, that enables them to wield enormous power and influence in the nation's affairs without their having had to assume office directly or be named to any Cabinet posts. The Communists are consulted on all pending legislation of any importance, and no measure is submitted to the Chamber of Deputies or the Senate unless an assurance has been given that the Communists will support it, although until March of this year they showed their support by simply abstaining from the final vote. This tactic enables the minority government to remain in power, but only by advocating policies that the Communists approve. Enrico Berlinguer, the Communist leader, is an advocate of Eurocommunism, and he has apparently committed his followers, who make up Western Europe's largest Communist Party, to achieving power legitimately and democratically, and has also apparently committed them to respecting the permanent maintenance of democratic institutions and procedures. The result has been the creation of two successive governments led by the Christian Democrat Giulio Andreotti which have been designed to enact the emergency measures and reforms that are necessary for coping with Italy's enduring economic crisis, vast unemployment, and consequent social unrest.

Under the country's system of proportional representation, with a dozen or more political parties and splinter groups competing for the attention of the often bewildered voter, no government in recent years has been strong enough to govern without at least the tacit support of the Communists or to provide the atmosphere of stability and accord necessary to rescue the nation from impending chaos. The escalating violence in the streets, culminating in the Moro affair, is a direct outcome of this collaboration with the Communists, because left-wing extremists regard the collaboration as a betrayal of revolutionary doctrine. In mid-April, when a terrorist hideout was raided and some incriminating documents were seized, no one was surprised to discover that Berlinguer himself was apparently the first choice of the kidnappers. He turned out to be too well protected to attack, though, and Aldo Moro, the most respected of the Christian Democrats and the man regarded as the most responsible for working out the current governing formula (which he liked to define, with exquisite pedantic subtlety, as the outcome of his political doctrine of "converging parallels"), was the logical second choice. When he was taken, the kidnapping was correctly regarded by the nation's rulers as an act aimed at compelling the state to negotiate with and ultimately give in to a group whose political legitimacy it could not recognize without hopelessly compromising itself.

The official stand was generally approved. The Christian Democrats were lauded even by left-wing writers like



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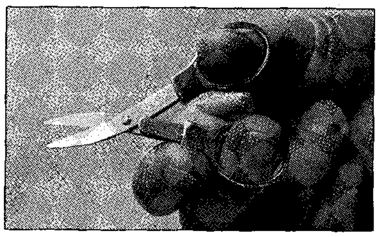
Cesare Merzagora, who commented in Rome's daily *La Repubblica* that the Party “knew how to react to the blow without ever deviating from the constitutional line assumed in the immediacy of the tragedy.” Merzagora, like many other intellectuals, also praised the Communists. “If the biggest party of the left were not today unequivocally committed to the defense of democracy and the independence of the judiciary,” he observed, “and if the labor unions did not fully share the same courageous attitude in defense of the constitution, we could find ourselves in conditions far worse, and perhaps catastrophic for the future of the Republic.” He added that the only ray of light in the surrounding darkness was “this climate of national unity which has been formed.”

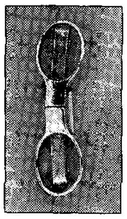
It soon became evident, however, that the climate was an unstable one, not because of any weakness on the government's part but simply because of the nature of the developing tragedy and the enormous toll it had begun to take of Moro and his family. Two weeks after the kidnapping, the Red Brigades began to supplement their own communiqués with open letters written by Moro himself to various public figures—mostly members of the government or other Christian Democrats—and with more private ones to his wife and children. Between March 29th, when the first of these letters surfaced—it was addressed to Francesco Cossiga, then the Minister of the Interior—and the day Moro's body was found, a total of sixteen became matters of public knowledge. Subsequently, it was learned that there were others, perhaps as many as forty or fifty in all, but an exact count will probably never be possible, because not all of the letters received by his wife and children were made public. What is certain is that Moro's letters made a very strong impression on all who read them, primarily because they tapped into Italian social attitudes that are centuries old and are deeply ingrained in the national character.

Moro's letters, most analysts agreed, were neither those of a man broken in body and spirit by incarceration and, possibly, torture nor those of a heroic public figure preparing himself for martyrdom. They were the frightened, realistic, loving outcries of an ordinary human being fully aware of his impending fate and more than ready to plead, bargain, even demand political compromises, in order to obtain his release. In that first message to Cossiga, Moro hinted that an exchange of prisoners might possibly be worked out to gain him his freedom. He wrote lucidly, intelligently, in a style that was regarded as a model one for exactly the sort of political rationalizations that have characterized his entire career. The tone of the letters varied, depending upon whether a letter was written to a purely professional colleague, an admirer or disciple, a religious figure, an old friend, or a member of Moro's family. He even proposed the convocation of an emergency session of the parliament and the passing of a special law that would enable the government to negotiate on his behalf without compromising its principles. “These letters that are raining down,” commented an unsigned editorial in the *Corriere della Sera*, “are morally unreliable and not ascribable, either intellectually or spiritually, to a statesman who for thirty years has been at the top of our national and political life.” It was thought that Moro's pleas did not represent the real man but were merely the only way he felt he could beg for his life which would prove acceptable to his captors.

Considerably more sympathy was expressed for Moro the man—as distinguished from the politician—in casual street interviews with ordinary citizens which most Roman newspapers began to publish daily as a sort of running commentary on official developments. “Well, I hope they send him home soon,” was a recurrent theme. “They should have thought about Moro *earlier*,” a homeward-bound municipal employee observed on the eve of a long holiday weekend in late April. “We wouldn't have reached such a point if we'd had a good police force and a well-equipped secret service. Now what can we do? At three o'clock, I'll go say a prayer for that poor man.”

“There are two ways of looking at the world, a political one and a nonpolitical one,” Natalia Ginzburg, a novelist and playwright, declared in Turin's daily *La Stampa* in early May. “I don't think one is better than the other; I think that they are both legitimate, assuming they are honest. The politicals see in every public event the origins, the reasons, and the ends; the non-politicals see nothing—they simply have feelings and follow them.” Moro's letters inspired only a great pity, Signorina Ginzburg wrote, a sentiment aroused by the sense of loss most citizens profess to feel when they contemplate what has happened to the quality of life in our time. “Although





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he asks us not to weep for him, we cannot read his words without tears and without feeling that the entire scenario of our present has been suddenly swept away."

On the morning of May 7th, after the Red Brigades announced that they were about to carry out the sentence of execution, the arrival of a last letter from Moro to his wife was reported in a Roman daily, *Il Tempo*. "Dear Norina," it began. "They have told me that in a little while they will kill me. I kiss you for the last time." His only political reference was to the effect that the government and members of his own party "could have done something, if they had wanted to" to save his life.

The actual discovery, two days later, of Moro's body, riddled with bullets, in a car abandoned in the middle of the city, at a point almost equidistant from the party headquarters of the Communists and the Christian Democrats, was an event that horrified the nation. Despite all the public declarations to the effect that Moro's death had made him a martyr to the cause of democracy and the survival of its institutions, most Italians were appalled and angered not by the political implications of the act but by the merely human tragedy. Signora Moro and her children remained silent and did not attend any of the official ceremonies: not even the state memorial service held in the Basilica of St. John Lateran on Saturday, May 13th, where Pope Paul put in an appearance—the only time since the unification of Italy that any Pope has taken part in such an event.

Much was made of the family's dignified comportment and its insistence that Moro's last wishes be respected. In one of his letters, Moro had asked to be buried in the cemetery of Torrita Tiberina, a tiny medieval town about twenty miles north of Rome, where he had a villa, and which he regarded as home. He had also specified that he wanted no state funeral and wanted no one connected with the government or his party to be present. He was buried under a cold, rainy sky three days before the official state ceremony and in the presence only of his wife, his children, some other relatives, and a handful of local friends.

Although no one admitted it openly, this event struck many observers as a typical expression of where the nation's real sympathies lay. It was clear to many that Moro had believed himself betrayed by his Party colleagues, and had felt that his life was being sacrificed to a public principle which—to him, his family, and most citizens—did not seem worth dying for. The loyalties of most Italians are not to the state or to abstract principles but to far more mundane realities. "No Italian who has a family is ever alone," wrote Luigi Barzini in "The Italians." "He finds in it a refuge in which to lick his wounds after a defeat, or an arsenal and a staff for his victorious drives. Scholars have always recognized the Italian family as the only fundamental institution in the country, a spontaneous creation of the national genius, adapted through the centuries to changing conditions, the real foundation of whichever social order prevails. In fact, the law, the State, and society function only if they do not directly interfere with the family's supreme interests." In this sense, Aldo Moro and his family believed his death to have been unnecessary. They were not alone. The outrage expressed by many citizens arose out of a conviction that the tragedy was an offense against the traditional loyalties of most Italians as well as against common humanity.

The coldhearted killers of the Red Brigades have thus forfeited whatever shred of public sympathy they formerly laid claim to, and, in so doing, have permanently sealed themselves off from any possible connection with even the most embittered, disenfranchised social elements, on whose continued tacit support their very survival undoubtedly depended. The day after Moro's body was found, a Roman friend of mine remarked, "What could these animals do now that would be any worse? Kidnap and murder the Pope?"

THE most immediate political effect of the Moro tragedy was the outcome of administrative elections that were held the following week in eight hundred and sixteen cities and towns, where almost four million voters turned out over two days to elect provincial and municipal councils. The Christian Democrats and the Socialists gained votes, while the Communists lost substantially. The next day, a bill containing stiff measures and penalties against terrorism swept through the Chamber of Deputies by a huge majority of more than nineteen to one. Clearly, the temper of the country is such that any appeal now to law and order and any measures aimed at assuring safety in the streets are certain to win approval.

Many people feel, however, that such measures will do nothing to improve the social situation that spawned the Red Brigades and other terrorist

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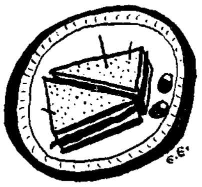
groups, which still carry out, with varying frequency, acts of violence of one kind or another. Even if these groups were to disappear overnight—and that doesn't seem likely—what sort of measures, some observers ask, could any government adopt to alleviate at least the worst abuses of the present system? The columnist Luciano Pellicani wrote in the weekly *L'Europeo* before Moro's death, "Conservatives would do well to remember what the most reliable sociological analyses have put in evidence—that the structural womb of these 'revolutionary desperadoes' is to be found in the painful material and moral split in Italian society during the past ten years." Pellicani went on to point out that for some time the nation has harbored two separate and unequal societies. One consists of the "ins"—all the people with jobs, money, property, and a secure future. The other is that of the "outs"—all the people who are excluded from participation, are unable to find work, and have come to feel themselves permanently outcast, whether they are condemned to live on part-time work on the land or in the miserable obscurity of the big-city slums, known as *borgate*. "Now, there is no doubt that the Red Brigades find in this 'nation of outcasts' the social basis for recruitment, that is, the socio-cultural ambience ready to receive their revolutionary message," Pellicani wrote. For this situation, Pellicani found the Christian Democrats and Communists both to blame. He pointed out that the terrorists have done nothing more than to take literally and put into action what the dogmatists of the class struggle have been preaching for thirty years. He also flayed the Christian Democrats for their shortsighted persistence in having pursued, ever since the end of the Second World War, social and economic policies at odds with the country's real needs, and also for their failure to punish the literally dozens of officials and Party functionaries involved in such scandals as the Lockheed payoffs and the huge real-estate swindles that surface in the press every few months. "It is not pleasant," he observed, "to have to admit that the two [sides] are in some way both responsible, even if involuntarily, for the tragic facts that are tormenting the country."



During the weeks of uncertainty concerning the fate of Signor Moro, the best-selling book in Italy was "Giovanni Leone: The Career of a President," which is a biographical examination by Camilla Cederna, a left-wing journalist who contributes frequently to the weekly *L'Espresso*. The book was published, in an initial printing of forty thousand copies, the day before the Moro kidnapping and consequently suffered what amounted to a publicity blackout. Had it appeared in a quieter period, it might have made the front pages, since in tone and content the work is an almost total indictment of Leone, as a lawyer, a professor, a politician, and, above all, a financial opportunist. Nevertheless, within two weeks of publication the book had sold so well that copies were difficult to find. Additional printings became available in mid-April, and in the first two months after its publication, "Giovanni Leone" sold about a hundred and thirty thousand copies—a staggering number for Italy. The book's contents contributed heavily to Leone's resignation from office on June 15th, only seven months before the expiration of his term. Leone has continued to maintain his innocence, and some of his relatives and friends, who claim they have been libelled, are suing. More serious is an official indictment, emanating from the Ministry of Justice, for the crime of "an offense against the honor or the prestige of the President of the Republic."

The latter charge could be a problem for Cederna. While the office is a largely honorary one, the President of the Republic, who is elected by the parliament to a single seven-year term, represents in his persona the nation as both a spiritual and a corporal entity. Once elected, usually after several weeks of complicated backstage politicking and maneuvering, he is supposed to be above all partisan squabbling and sectional political rivalries, and so to embody the deeper, more permanent aspirations of an entire people. An attack on a President in office is an attack not only on an individual but on the very system of government that brought him to power.

If Cederna's allegations are true, her volume will stand as a devastating indictment of an entire governing class over the past three decades. Though it is shrill and sarcastic in tone and makes no attempt at objectivity, the text, in chapter after chapter, cites specific, highly damaging instances of corruption and venality involving Leone himself, together with most of his friends, relatives, and business acquaintances. What emerges from these pages is the unflattering portrait of a hack politician who parlayed his early career in Naples as a professor of jurisprudence at the university and his local political activities on behalf of the Christian Democrats into a vast, highly profitable superstructure of political and business alliances, which enriched him and his cronies at the expense of the state. Among the scandals in which Leone was allegedly enmeshed are several of the more flagrant real-estate speculations, involving violations of zoning and building laws; various political and legal services performed for underworld figures; and possible participation in the affair of the Lockheed payoffs in Italy, for which several of Leone's cronies are currently on trial.

Whether or not Leone himself is actually guilty of all, or any, of the charges and implications in Cederna's book, the fact is that a good many people choose to believe he is. "In any case, it isn't Leone the man who matters," a young Socialist organizer in Rome explained to me. "It's that he sums up everything that is wrong with the country today. It is Leone and his generation, these people who have perpetuated a system based on patronage and the acceptance of *la bustarella*, the envelope full of money, under the table—it's all these people who are responsible for the terrorism in the streets today. The tragic irony is that Moro was one of the few with clean hands. That alone makes him a martyr of sorts."

In a newspaper interview, Camilla Cederna was asked whether she had been shaken by the lawsuits pending against her. "Not at all," she answered. "What does shake me is a letter I received from a Milanese woman who, writing in pencil, confesses that she's been shocked to read about so many people with billions, a profusion of villas, dizzying business deals concluded in the shadows of power, while she herself is waiting for a home of her own, hoping for a more decent life, and that she now believes she'll never have it. For thirty years, she's voted for the Christian Democrats, and, looking back on it, she is filled with despair." —WILLIAM MURRAY

•

Ted Turner of Atlanta in Tenacious, Burt Keenan of New Orleans in Acadia and Seymour Sinett of Plainview, N.J., in Williwaw are among the 164 entries from nine countries in the Newark-Bermuda race, which begins Friday. The event includes 21 foreign yachts.—*The Times.*

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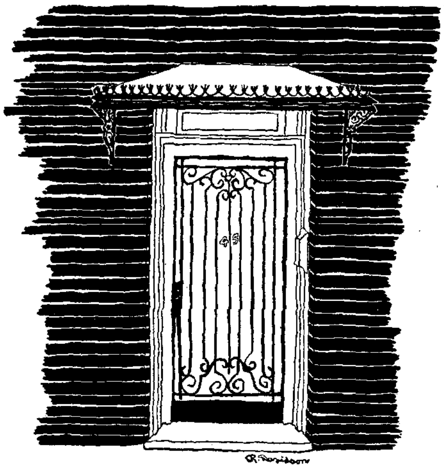
THE SPORTING SCENE

BACK TO CHERRY HILLS

ON a gray Saturday in mid-September of 1913, when a continuous drizzle fell on the already rain-soaked course of The Country Club, in Brookline, Massachusetts, what was perhaps the most momentous round in the history of American golf took place: in a three-man playoff for the United States Open championship, Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, the celebrated English professionals who had come to this country for an exhibition tour, were defeated by Francis Ouimet, a twenty-year-old amateur who had grown up across the street from The Country Club and had caddied there for several years. Outside the Boston area, few people had ever heard of Ouimet, and even those who had were stunned to learn that this young fellow, the son of a gardener, had defeated the famous Englishmen and, furthermore, had come within a stroke of tying their best ball. The significant thing was that the news of his victory was read not only by the small number of well-to-do Americans who then played golf but also by millions of other Americans, of all strata, who weren't the least bit interested in golf. They read about Ouimet's victory because newspaper editors throughout the country thought that the story deserved to be run on the front page and put it there. The repercussions were enormous. A young man like Ouimet was someone whom the average American could empathize with, and thousands upon thousands proceeded to look into golf, many took it up avidly, and a large percentage of them converted their friends to their new passion. In 1913, fewer than three hundred and fifty thousand Americans played golf. Ten years later, two million did.

Ouimet's epic triumph, besides igniting the biggest boom a new game had ever enjoyed in this country, set the people who followed sports to following tournament golf. It made them particularly conscious of the United States Open, our national championship, which had been inaugurated in 1895, thirty-five years after the first British Open was played. The Open remains our most important tournament, and it is generally regarded as the most important tournament in the world—an eminence it gained toward the end of the nineteen-twenties, when it became apparent that Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen, and the other top American golfers were clearly superior to the best players produced in Britain, the land that, ever since golf was invented, in Scotland in around the twelfth century, had been unrivalled in all aspects of the game.

While it is unarguable that no other tournament can compare with the Masters in the abundance of stirring finishes it has been blessed with, our Open has certainly not lacked for drama, despite the fact that prior to 1965 it was customary for the last two rounds of the championship to be played on the same day. (This meant that the men who were in the lead or close to it after the third, or morning, round were not necessarily grouped together in the last pairs to go out, after lunch, in the fourth round; they are so grouped now, of course, in the final round of a four-day, seventy-two-hole tournament, the standard format for a dozen years.) In any event, ever since the landmark championship of 1913 a third of our Opens have resulted in playoffs, and a good many others have come down to the last green before the outcome was decided. Fred Corcoran, the veteran golf entrepreneur who died last year, was fond of pointing out that no one had ever won the Open by sinking a long putt on the last green, but that is the only form of excitement the Open has failed to provide. For example, Tommy Armour in 1927, and Bobby Jones in 1929—to name two memorable golfers and Opens—had to hole a sizable putt on the seventy-second green to tie the leader and force a playoff (which both won, by the way). Down through the years, the championship has treated us to an endless variety of glittering stretch drives that have changed what had appeared to be an inevitable outcome. There was Billy Casper's great rush in 1966 at the Olympic Club, in San Francisco, in which he caught Arnold Palmer by making up seven shots on the last nine holes. The next day, Casper went on to win the playoff after again trailing Palmer at the end of the first nine, though this time by only two strokes. More recently, on the gnarled old course of the Oakmont Country Club, near Pittsburgh, Johnny Miller, who few savants felt had a chance to win when he started the fourth round six strokes behind the leaders, turned the 1973 championship inside out and won it with a closing 63—a score that seems a form of sacrilege at Oakmont, even taking into consideration that a heavy rain had made it possible for the players to shoot right for the flagstick. The course has long been notorious for its frighteningly hard-surfaced greens, which, when dry and cut short, are as slippery as glass to put on.



In addition, a large number of Opens have been won by extraordinary clutch shots. One has to go back no further than 1976, when the championship was held at the Atlanta Athletic Club, for a perfect example. Jerry Pate, having overhauled and passed the front-runner, John Mahaffey, on the last nine, carried a one-stroke lead when the two young men, paired together, came to the seventy-second hole, a 460-yard par 4 on which the green is situated on the far side of a rather large pond. The pressure on Pate was considerably reduced when Mahaffey's drive ended up in a deep, barely visible lie in the puffy, uneven Bermuda-grass rough and when Pate found his ball sitting up handsomely only a few yards away from Mahaffey's in that same stretch of rough. Pate still deserves tremendous credit for the audacious and superbly judged approach shot he hit—a 5-iron that cleared the pond by only a few yards, rolled dead three feet from the pin (which was positioned near the front of the green), and so set up a concluding birdie.

The Open has also produced some unforgettable instances of sustained heroics, such as Ken Venturi's performance at the Congressional Country Club, outside Washington, in winning the championship in 1964—the last Open in which the field played two rounds on the final day. That day turned out to be a scorcher, the temperature climbing high into the nineties. At the end of the morning round, on which Venturi had shot a 66—four under par—despite missing tap-in putts on the seventeenth and eighteenth greens, he was only two strokes off the pace, but he had been close to collapse from the heat on the last four holes, and it was questionable whether he would be able to play the fourth round. A doctor examined him. He was allowed to continue, but the doctor walked the final eighteen holes with him, just to make sure. Venturi, who had played a succession of well-thought-out and sharply struck shots in the morning, continued his beautiful golf in the afternoon, matching par for the round and winning by the comfortable margin of four strokes. Many Open aficionados consider Venturi's Open the most thrilling since Ouimet's, and I must say that I thoroughly agree with them.

"Love your jargon."

• •

WHAT, you ask, has brought on this nostalgic walk down the old Open fairways? Very simply, the fact that the venue of the 1978 championship, which Andy North won last month, was the Cherry Hills Country Club, on the outskirts of Denver. Cherry Hills has now been the scene of three Opens. The first of these, in 1938, was the first Open held in the Western part of the country. Ralph Guldahl ran away from the field that year, finishing six strokes ahead of the second man, Dick Metz. I missed that Open, but I was on hand in 1960, the second time Cherry Hills put on the championship—surely one of the great Opens of all time. Denver was a much smaller city then than it is now. Today, it has a National Football League team called the Broncos, which went to the last Super Bowl, and an excellent National Basketball Association team called the Nuggets, which went to the semifinals of the championship playoffs this year, and if Bowie Kuhn and Charlie Finley ever finish their squabbling, it may get a major-league baseball team, the financially beleaguered Oakland A's. But in 1960 one thought of Denver principally as the Mile High City—an old Western town slowly growing up, a town that was the home of the Brown Palace, and that offered a visitor intoxicatingly clean air, bright sunshine, and a view of the easternmost range of the Rockies. (In mid-June, Open time, the tallest peaks are still covered with snow.) In short, it retained the ambience of an earlier and vastly appealing America. Fresh in my memory are the young boys operating their lemonade stands beneath the cottonwoods and Chinese elms bordering the perimeter of the golf course. A large drink cost a dime, a small one a nickel. *O tempora! O mores! O denarii!*

Few clubs were as well organized to put on the U.S. Open as Cherry Hills was in 1960. There was, however, one unfortunate difficulty: the course was not long enough to be a bona-fide championship test. Designed by Bill Flynn, the able golf-course architect from Philadelphia, it measured 7,004 yards, but in the thin air a mile above sea level the flight of a golf ball was increased seven per cent. For example, on the seventeenth hole, a 548-yard par 5 on which the green was on an island in a large pond, Jack Nicklaus—he was still in college—flabbergasted everyone by reaching the green in a practice round with a drive and a 7-iron. It was the first nine, though, that caused most of the concern. At 3,316 yards, it was much shorter than the second nine and no match for the power-hitting pros. After walloping a big drive on most of the par-4 holes on this nine, they had just a short pitch left to the green. As it turned out, the vulnerability of this first nine accounted for the *Sturm und Drang* that took place on the final afternoon.

Up to that final round, Mike Souchak, a burly young man who had played end for Duke, had dominated the championship. On the opening day, he moved into the lead with a 68, three under par. He had used only twenty-six putts, which was remarkable, inasmuch as the greens were so dried out by the sun and afternoon winds that they had to be watered at night. On the second day, Souchak added a 67, and his 135 broke the record low total for the first thirty-six holes of the Open by three strokes. After the morning round on Saturday, the third and last day, Souchak was still out in front, but his lead was down to two strokes. It had been four strokes on the tee of the eighteenth, or fifty-fourth, hole, an exacting 468-yard par 4 on which a golfer had to hit a long drive over the lake to reach the left side of the heaving fairway. Souchak, intent on hitting a safe tee shot, shoved it much farther to the right than he had meant to, and the ball bounced out of bounds—a two-stroke penalty.

A two-stroke lead is not a four-stroke lead. Souchak's costly error had brought the field back to him and revived many hopes. One of the men whose eyes took on a new gleam was Palmer. At this stage of his career, Arnie was regarded as a fine golfer, but the admiration he inspired was much more restrained than it would later become. While he had already won three major championships—the 1954 United States Amateur and the 1958 and 1960 Masters—and was enjoying a big season, no one as yet spoke about his charisma or imitated the way he hiked up his trousers or used his method of putting from an exaggerated knock-kneed stance, but golf fans knew how strong he was and loved his aggressive tactics. In any event, at Cherry Hills he had played so-so rounds of 72, 71, and 72, which placed him seven strokes behind Souchak with eighteen holes to go, and so his name never came up at midday on Saturday when one discussed the probable challengers. Shortly before he was due on the first tee at one-forty-five to begin his final round, Palmer said to Bob Drum, an old friend of his, "I may shoot a 65 out there. What'll that do?" Drum

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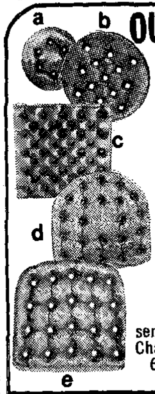

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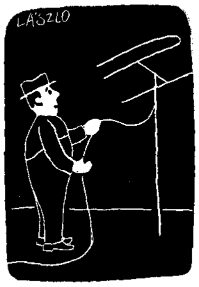
replied, "That'll do nothing. You're too many shots back."

The first hole at Cherry Hills in 1960 was 346 yards long—a straightaway hole with an elevated tee. To make certain that no one drove the green, a stretch of the fairway just before the green had been allowed to grow up into tangled rough. On his final round, Palmer threw every last ounce of power into his opening tee shot and hit a huge drive that hopped out of this barrier of rough and onto the green, twenty feet from the pin. He missed his putt for his eagle, but his birdie did wonders for him. During his top years, Palmer's state of mind under tournament stress was different from that of most great golf champions: he really did depend to quite a large extent on the emotional lift he gained from pulling off a daring shot or holing a monstrous putt in a critical situation. Then, feeling that the ball was running for him, his confidence grew and grew, and frequently there was no stopping him. In that fourth round at Cherry Hills, buoyed up by his opening birdie, he smashed another long drive down the second, a 410-yard par 4, but he misgauged his pitch, and the ball finished on the fringe of the green, thirty-five feet from the pin. He ran his chip into the cup for a second birdie. On the third hole, a 348-yard par 4 that bent to the left, he hit another big drive and put his approach, a wedge flip, a foot from the stick. Three under par for the round so far. On the fourth, 426 yards long, he needed only a wedge for his second. He played a rather ordinary shot, but rapped in a putt of eighteen feet for his fourth consecutive birdie.



If there was any one hole on the front nine you would have picked Palmer to birdie, it was the fifth—the only par 5 on that side. It was moderately long—538 yards—but in the thin mountain air a top professional could get home with two solid shots. Palmer hurried his timing on his drive a fraction, however, and when his ball ended up in a poor lie in the matted rough on the left, he had to be satisfied with a par. The sixth hole was a somewhat tricky par 3 of 174 yards. The green sloped down from back to front, and most players tended to be cautious with their putts. Palmer's 7-iron shot left him with a sidehill putt of twenty-five feet. He hit it with evident assurance and holed it. (In recent years, when Palmer's putting has been the least dependable part of his game, some sports followers have tended to forget that during his best years he possibly made more important long putts than any other tournament golfer in history over a similar span of time.) He had five birdies in six holes now. He picked up another on the seventh, a 411-yard par 4, where he stopped a soft wedge six feet from the pin.

As Palmer stood on the tee of the eighth hole, he was surrounded by an exuberant, swelling gallery for the first time; it had taken a little while for the news of his dash to get around. He deliberated longer than usual before deciding on the club he wanted to use on that hole, a 233-yard par 3, on which the pin was set on the left side of the green, tight behind an intimidating front bunker. Perhaps the wise decision would have been to play conservatively, for the center of the green, but now, attacking with every shot, Palmer went straight for the pin with a 2-iron. He had the ball dead on line, and as he squinted at it in the distance, you could sense that he had hit precisely the shot he meant to, and that he felt it might end up close to the hole. No, the ball caught the far edge of the front bunker; he had underestimated the distance by about three feet. He played a first-rate sand shot a yard from the cup but then failed to sink the putt. Back to five under par for the round. He made the turn in 30 after parring the ninth.

At that point, it was far from a foregone conclusion that Palmer would go on to win. He had an excellent chance, of course, but muffing that short putt on the eighth had changed things. Generally, if a golfer stumbles into a bogey after a hot streak like Palmer's—birdie, birdie, birdie, birdie, par, birdie, birdie—it is not easy for him to regain his momentum, or the conviction that destiny is watching over him and has programmed a historic winning round stroke by stroke. There was another highly relevant matter to consider, too: Palmer's brilliant burst hadn't exactly scattered the field. An hour after he had started his round, no fewer than eleven other players had a reasonable crack at winning the championship. Souchak was still out in front, but Julius Boros, Dow Finsterwald, and Jack Nicklaus were only one stroke behind him, Ben Hogan was only two behind, and Jack Fleck and Jerry Barber (along with Palmer) were only three behind. Don Cherry, an amateur, still had a chance. There was no reliable news about Dutch Harrison, who had gone out early and was somewhere on the second nine, but he was rumored to have a terrific round going. Moreover, it was too early to write off two players who were among the last starters that afternoon—Billy Casper and Ted Kroll. As it turned out, Kroll began his round with a stream of figures almost as incredible as Palmer's: he birdied five, parred one, and bogeyed one of the first seven holes. Fleck had got off just as fast, with five birdies and one bogey on the first six holes.

Halfway through that final afternoon at Cherry Hills, more players were validly in the running than in any other U.S. Open I can think of. (It was impossible to know how all the contenders stood at any given moment, because there were only a few small scoreboards out on the course, and they were operated in such a haphazard manner that several of the men clustered near the lead were not even listed on some boards, and the data on those who were were often late in being posted and frequently varied from board to board. This was the only serious flaw at Cherry Hills in the staging of the Open—one of the most complex events in all of sport.) The only previous U.S. Open that could be compared with this one for sheer congestion was the 1925 Open, at the Worcester Country Club, in Massachusetts, when seven players came to the seventy-second tee with a chance to win or to tie for first. The finishing hole at Worcester, a typical Donald Ross product, was a 335-yard par 4 to a two-level plateau green guarded by an array of bunkers but in the main by a deep, gleaming pit cut directly in front of and below the green. The first of the seven contenders to tackle it was Leo Diegel, one of the most talented golfers of all time and, because of his high-strung temperament, one of the unluckiest. He needed a 4 for a total of 292. He took an 8. He was followed by Johnny Farrell. Farrell's approach ended up a fair distance from the pin, set on the lower level of the green, not far from the commanding front bunker. He two-putted for his 4. This gave Farrell a total of 292 and made him what most sportscasters now call "the leader in the clubhouse." In the good old days of 1925, he was probably referred to more sensibly as the golfer who had so far brought in the lowest seventy-two-hole score. Gene Sarazen came next. He got his par 4, but he had needed a 3 for 292. Then came Bobby Jones. A 4 would give him a total of 291 and the lead. He was on nicely in two and down nicely in two for his par. Shortly afterward, Willie Macfarlane came to the eighteenth. A tall, slim, scholarly-looking Scot from Aberdeen, Macfarlane could tie Jones if he finished with a par. Macfarlane's approach ended on the upper level of the green, but, fortunately for him, his playing partner, Francis Gallett, was a few inches outside him. Macfarlane, with the advantage of being able to watch Gallett putt first, gained a good idea of the speed and break of the green. Gallett had gone yards by, but Macfarlane lagged his approach putt a foot short of the hole and made his par to go into a tie with Jones. Two contenders later came to the eighteenth, each with a chance to join Jones and Macfarlane at the top if he could come up with a birdie 3. The first was Francis Ouimet. He had to be satisfied with a 4. (To protect himself from the wicked sun, Ouimet wore an Indian topee, and, as further protection, had placed a large leaf of lettuce inside it on top of his head—all this on the advice of a friend who had spent a few weeks east of Suez.) The second was Walter Hagen. A great short-iron player, Hagen tried to feather a delicate pitch inches over the front bunker to give himself a reasonable crack at the birdie he had to get. His pitch, which looked as if it might be just what he wanted, caught the high face of the bunker. In their playoff the next day, Jones and Macfarlane were tied after eighteen holes, so another round was ordained for the afternoon. Trailing by four strokes after nine holes, Macfarlane won by coming home in 33. He had two 2s on the two par 3s, and that did it.

BACK to Cherry Hills and the 1960 Open. As was perhaps inevitable with so many players bunched so tightly, when things started to pop it was impossible to keep up with them. At four o'clock, Souchak and two challengers were tied for the lead at five under par for the tournament. Only minutes later, after Souchak had bogeyed the ninth, he lost his share of the lead and was never again in the battle. At about ten minutes after four, Nicklaus, all of twenty years old, was out in front by himself, five under par for the tournament, after going out in 32 and then starting back with three well-played pars. Ten minutes later, after taking three putts from ten feet on the thirteenth, Nicklaus had fallen back to four under and into a triple tie with Boros, playing a hole behind him, and

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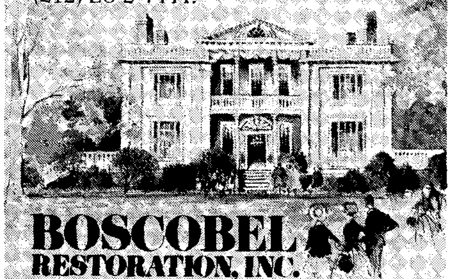

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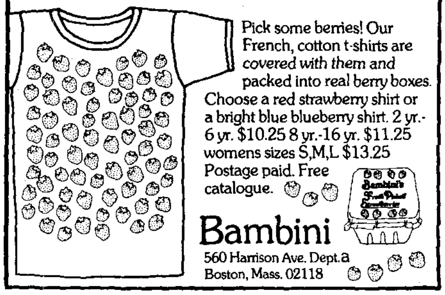

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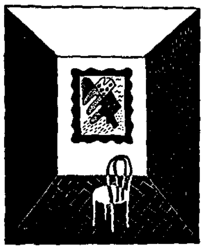
Palmer, two holes behind him. On the fourteenth green, with a difficult hogback to cross, Nicklaus again three-putted, surrendering the lead to Boros and Palmer, and slipping back into a tie for second with his playing partner, Hogan, a slightly older man, two months short of turning forty-eight. There is little question that one of the elements that made the 1960 Open a championship to savor was that Hogan, the finest golfer of his time, and Palmer and Nicklaus, the finest of theirs, all had something to say about the winning and losing of it. They are to be cherished, these occasions when circumstance contrives for the graying heroes of a departing era to be locked in combat with the bright-faced young men who are moving up to take their places. The 1920 Open, at Inverness, in Toledo, had been one of those rare championships. Jones and Sarazen, both eighteen, and Diegel, a little older, had made their débuts in the big event that year, and Vardon, who was fifty—an old fifty—had come over from England for a final shot at our Open, which he had won way back in 1900. Had a severe storm off Lake Erie not swept over the course when Vardon was playing the last seven holes, he might well have won at Inverness, but the storm was too much for him, and he finished in a tie for second, a stroke behind his countryman Ray. Ray was forty-three, incidentally—the oldest player ever to win our Open.

Throughout the long, enervating double round on Saturday at Cherry Hills in 1960, Hogan, enveloped in his customary cocoon of concentration, had produced immaculate golf. When, only one stroke off the lead, he walked onto the tee of the fifteenth (or sixty-ninth) hole, a 196-yard par 3, he had hit the green on each of the thirty-two holes he had played that day in the regulation stroke. On the fifteenth, he made it thirty-three straight holes, whistling a 3-iron twenty feet past the pin. Had he been able to make just a few of the many holeable putts that his fastidious iron play had set up, he would have been out in front by several shots, but his putting stroke was no longer what it once was, and he had got down only one putt of any length all day. Here on the fifteenth, his lips set in that familiar half smile, he rolled in his twenty-footer for a 2. Now, if one could trust the information arriving via the grapevine, Hogan was tied for the lead.



On the sixteenth, a medium-length par 4, he had a twelve-foot putt for his birdie but missed it. Still, he was in splendid shape as he came walking down the seventeenth, the 548-yard par 5 with the green on a small island that is separated from the fairway by about twenty feet of water. Two of the three contenders playing behind him had fallen off the pace: Boros had dropped a couple of strokes by finding bunkers on two holes, and Fleck had dropped a couple because of some errors in the green area. The only player holding up was Palmer; thus far on the in-nine he had collected one more birdie and, for the rest, a string of pars. However, it should be repeated that out on the course at this point in the late afternoon reliable information on the standing of the leaders was not readily available.

On the seventeenth, a light breeze was blowing against the golfers, and both Hogan and Nicklaus laid up short of the water with their second shots. Hogan's ball finished on the left side of the fairway, about fifty-five yards from the pin, which was positioned in the front right-hand corner of the green, some fifteen feet from the bank at the edge of the water. According to the reports that reached Hogan and Nicklaus via the walkie-talkie operator accompanying their group, several players behind them were still in the hunt. Since he felt that one of them would almost certainly birdie the seventeenth, Hogan, who never gambled in a tight situation, decided that this time he had to. The picture is as clear in my mind as if it were yesterday—Hogan getting the feel of his wedge in his hands as he studied the strip of water dividing the fairway and the green, only too well aware that in order to stop the ball close to the pin he would have to try to carry the water hazard by just two or three feet, since the surface of that corner of the green was extremely hard and a player could not count on getting any backspin on his pitch regardless of the precision with which he made contact with the ball. Hogan laid back the face of his wedge and, cutting crisply under the ball, sent up a soft, spinning pitch that had perfect line and looked to have perfect length. It was a foot too short. There was a gasp from the gallery as the ball slapped against the bank before the green and slid back into the water. Hogan subsequently exploded it out of the hazard and two-putted for a

6. Nicklaus, who had played superlatively well and who ultimately finished second, remembers glancing over at Hogan after he had failed by inches to bring off that crucial pitch and being struck by the instant change in Hogan's demeanor: he looked utterly drained. Hogan finished with a 7 on the home hole, hooking his first drive into the lake and finally taking three to get down from the edge of the green. In retrospect, this proved to be Hogan's last serious challenge to win the Open for a fifth time.

Palmer, as you will remember, was playing about two holes behind Hogan and Nicklaus. When he arrived at the seventeenth, he knew exactly what had happened and what he had to do: pars on the last two holes would win for him. On the seventeenth, he laid up short of the water with his second and made sure of his par 5. On the eighteenth, that tough par 4, he pulled his 4-iron approach slightly, a yard or two off the green, but then played a pretty running chip about four feet below the cup. He knocked the putt into the center of the hole and in almost the same motion, unleashing all his feeling, scaled his visor jubilantly across the green. His score for the round—30 out and 35 back, for a total of 65—was the lowest that had ever been shot by an Open winner on the last round. It gave him a total of 280, two strokes lower than Nicklaus's.

LIKE everyone else who was fortunate enough to be on hand for the 1960 Open, I have thought about it often over the years. As I flew out to Denver last month, I cautioned myself not to expect another such exceptional tournament and to be ready to accept just a good, well-played event. Before flying out, I had learned from the United States Golf Association's releases that during the past two years the team of Ed Seay, an accomplished golf-course architect, and Palmer, who works with Seay as a consultant, had revised the course, but I was still worried that the front nine would lack the length and the demanding qualities an Open course should have, particularly when you take into account the indecent distance the top players now hit the ball even without the benefit of thin air. The only hole on the front nine that had been drastically altered was the first. A new tee had been built, some sixty yards to the left of the old one, and for this year's championship the hole would measure 399 yards—fifty-three yards longer than for Palmer's Open. The hole would also play

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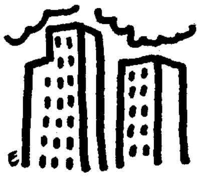
as a slight dogleg to the left, and this made the prospect of anyone's driving it most unlikely. However, no other hole on the front side had been lengthened by more than nine yards—indeed, two of them had been set up to play about twenty-five yards shorter than they had played eighteen years ago—and, all in all, the front nine measured only eight yards longer than in 1960.

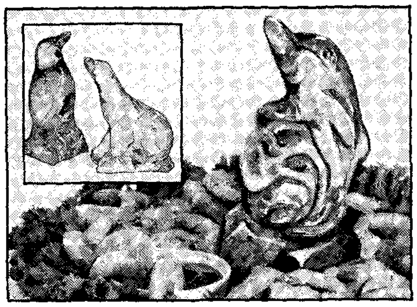
Before taking my first walk around the course, I learned in talking with some Cherry Hills members that the reason for not making a greater number of fairly radical changes was that the club simply doesn't own any contiguous land on which to build new holes or expand old ones. These members were of the opinion that the scores on the front nine might run inappropriately low for the Open unless the greens were both firm and fast. They were not really concerned about the second nine, which for this year's Open was set to play at 3,759 yards—seventy-one yards longer than in 1960. Four new tees had been built on this nine, but only one hole, the par-5 eleventh, had been markedly changed. This year, it had been extended thirty-one yards, and the consensus was that the sluggers who had reached the green area in two in the last Open would now find their second shots thudding into a new bunker that had been cut into the mild hillock before the green, or into the rough just beyond the bunker.



My reconnaissance walk impressed on me that, moderate as the changes in length were, Cherry Hills, which was opened in 1923, now bore a different mien from the one it had in 1960, when it retained the physiognomy of a pleasant post-First World War course on which you could picture a golfer in plaid plus fours and Argyle stockings saying to his youthful caddie, "Everett, what do you think I have left—a mashie or a spade mashie?" Under Seay and Palmer, a dozen new bunkers had been added and many of the old greenside bunkers had been extended and made more abrupt. A few of the greens, most of which are on the small side, had been remodelled. But what most changed the course's look and its playability was the way it had been prepared—the only way, I might add, that a course of such relatively short length can be transformed into a legitimate championship test. The fairways were only thirty-five yards wide at their widest, and they were bordered by bright-green, luxuriant, extremely wiry bluegrass rough. The first six feet of the rough was cut only two inches high, but the rest was about four inches high, and it was so thick and resistant that even a top-notch golfer could not get his club through the ball without the grass swivelling the face of the club open or shut and greatly reducing its speed as well. (I could feel the rough get a grip on my shoes as I walked through it.) The rough and the narrow fairways were the chief reasons Cherry Hills proved to be so difficult, but under the burning sun and the occasional breezes the greens became discernibly faster and firmer, and so it took not only pinpoint driving but careful judgment of distance and exact contact on approach shots for a golfer to get around in par, 71—35 out, 36 back.

In mid-June, the temperature in Denver is usually in the middle seventies. On Thursday, June 15th, the day of the opening round, it soared to ninety-five degrees early in the day and stayed there. Nevertheless, nearly twenty thousand spectators spilled over Cherry Hills. One of the most popular threesomes, of course, was the one in which Palmer was grouped with Lou Graham and Rod Funseth. Now forty-eight, Palmer, whose hair has been bleached the color of straw by all those hours in the sun, is not the golfer he once was, but he remains a tremendous attraction, and his gallery fluctuated between two and three thousand supporters during his round. Over the past decade, his putting has slipped a good deal and his long irons no longer buzz straight for the pin, as they once did, but he remains one of the most accurate drivers in the game. On the first hole—on which he had driven the green to spark his last-round surge in 1960—he was content to use a 3-wood off the tee. He hit a fine shot down the left side of the fairway, and got his par 4 with an adequate wedge pitch and two putts. He continued to keep his tee shots on the slim fairways, going with a driver on some holes and with his 3-wood or 1-iron on others. On the sixth, a 166-yard par 3, he made his first mistake, and it cost him his first bogey. After his iron shot had finished an inch over the green but only sixteen feet past the cup, he left his downhill putt eighteen inches short and then missed that wee one. He also bogeyed the next par 3, the 229-yard eighth, pulling a long iron into the front bunker and fluffing his sand shot only a couple of yards and into the growth of rough separating the bunker from the green. Two over par now. On the ninth, a hard par 4 up a long hill to the clubhouse, Palmer drove the ball off the fairway for the first time, but only by three or four feet. Then he hit a strong 7-iron seven feet to the left of the pin. The putt he faced was a pivotal one, no question about it. On an arduous championship course, a golfer must cash in on his birdie chances, not only because they lower his score but also because they replenish the verve and confidence he needs to keep his swing in the groove and at the right tempo during the long, tiring hours it takes to complete a round. Palmer missed that putt—the ball did not touch the cup—and so he turned in 37. He was back in 39, for a 76. He had played better than his score, but that 76 was bound to put added pressure on him during the second round, after which the Open field is cut to the low sixty players and ties. Incidentally, the scores on the opening day ran rather high. Hale Irwin, the local favorite—he was a football star (defensive secondary) at the University of Colorado before he turned to professional golf in 1968—was out in front with a 69. Only three other players broke par.

The weather on the second day was cooler, peaking at ninety degrees, and a light breeze from out of the east came up early. The most significant round of the day was a 69 by Jack Nicklaus, who had had a 73 on the opening day. Indisputably the best golfer in the world over the last fifteen years, Nicklaus in recent seasons has chosen to devote the bulk of his time to his various business ventures and to enter very few tournaments aside from the major ones. In his infrequent appearances, though, he has almost invariably played wonderful golf, and he has occasionally performed such miracles on the final round—I am thinking particularly of his astonishing eleventh-hour rallies in the Inverrary Classic and the Doral Open this winter—that he inspired Chi Chi Rodriguez, the Puerto Rican veteran, to come up with one of the few authentic epigrams the sports world has engendered over the past dozen years: "Jack Nicklaus has become a legend in his spare time." On the second day at Cherry Hills, Nicklaus was out early, at nine-seventeen. The other members of his threesome were Gene Littler and Graham Marsh, which I mention only because it strikes me that it would be hard to think of a more agreeable pair of playing companions. After botching up the first hole, on which he took a well-earned bogey 5 after pulling his tee shot into the rough and missing the green with his second, Nicklaus, studying each shot patiently and setting up before the ball with his exemplary meticulousness, played the next five holes just about flawlessly. On the second, he failed to make the ten-footer he had for a birdie, but he then ripped off three birdies in a row: on the third, a very short par 4, he put his approach, a sand wedge, three feet from the stick; on the fourth, a 429-yard par 4, he hit the green with a 7-iron and holed from twenty feet; on the fifth, a 543-yard par 5, he was on the back fringe of the mesalike green with a drive and a 3-wood, and down in two putts. On the short sixth, he had a good chance to continue this string of birdies after stopping an 8-iron seven feet from the pin, but he slid his putt by the cup. This marvellous rush placed him two under par for the round. When Nicklaus, who is now thirty-eight, first came to prominence, by winning the 1959 United States Amateur championship, he was the longest hitter in the game. He can still swat the ball a country mile when he wants to, but as he has grown older he has changed his approach to golf. He now considers accuracy far more valuable than distance, and, to this end, he swings well within himself as a rule. Watching him play the last twelve holes on this second round, one got the feeling that he was perfectly content to match par on hole after hole, which he did, as he made his deliberate way home. A 69, he knew, would give him a total of 142, even par, at the halfway mark. He probably would not lead the field, but for the experienced tournament golfer the most important consideration is to be within two, three, or four shots of the pacemaker at this point. From that position, you can win the tournament by playing good, stable golf. The error you must avoid is trying to win the tournament too early. You will then be susceptible to taking unsound gambles. If they come off, you can pick up a birdie now and then, of course, but if they don't, they can cost you a bundle of strokes and ruin your chances of being in a comfortable position close to the leader. Nicklaus provided a classic example of this philosophy on the 550-yard seventeenth—the par 5 to the island green. Here he unloaded a colossal tee shot



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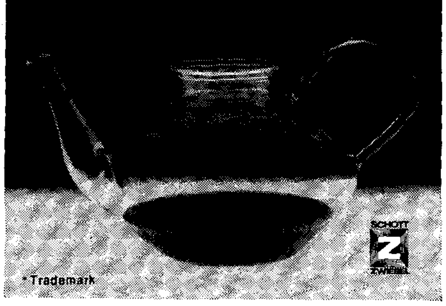

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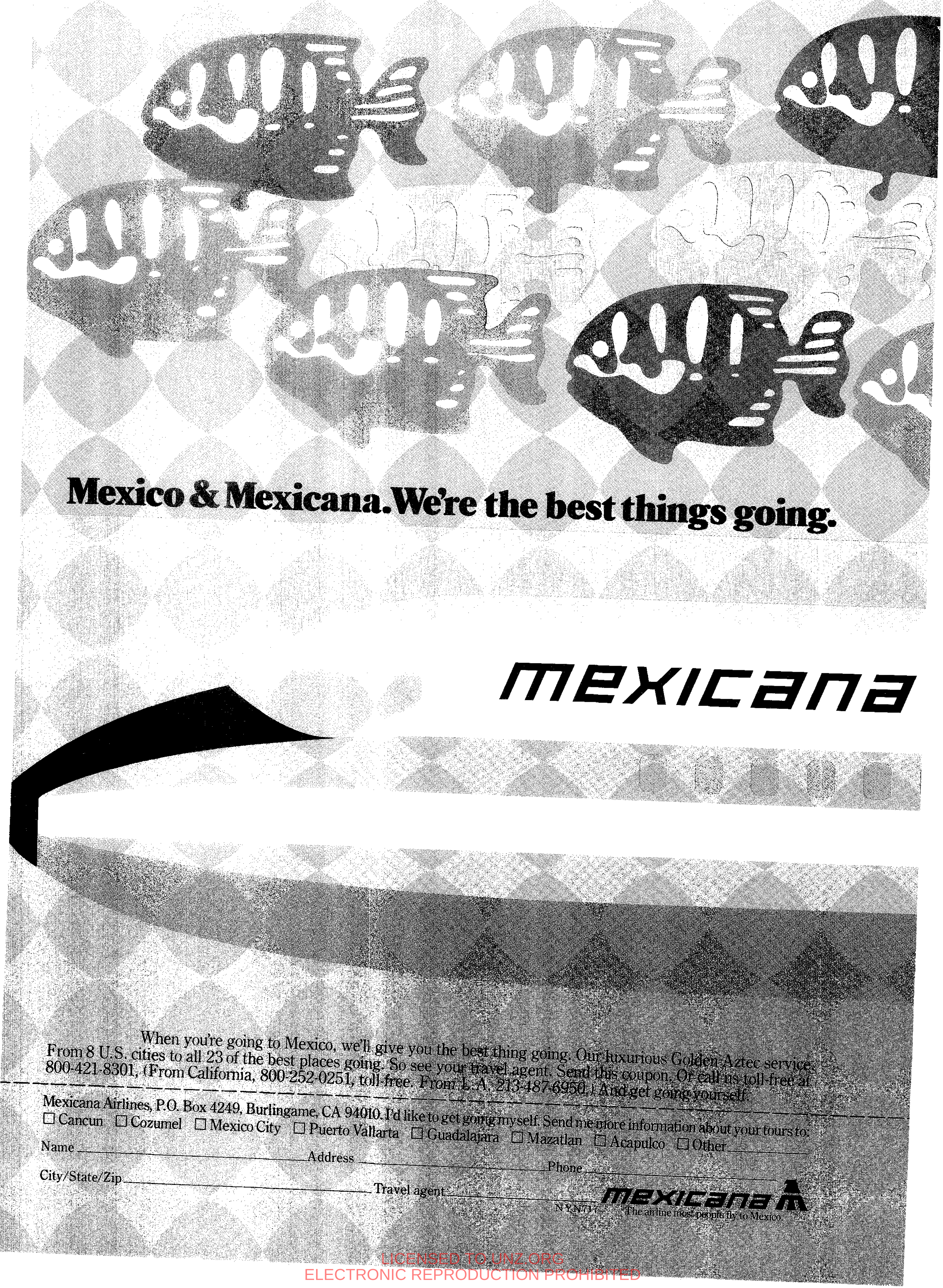
and undoubtedly could have reached the green with nothing more than a 5-iron. He elected to close his ears to that siren song, however, and instead laid up short of the water between the fairway and the green with his second, and settled for a par. His two-round total of 142 placed him in a tie for second with Gary Player and J. C. Snead—two shots behind the leader, Andy North. A huge young man from Wisconsin, North had brought in a pair of 70s. The defending champion, Hubert Green, failed to make the 36-hole cut, which came at 150, and, to everyone's disappointment, so did Arnold Palmer. Palmer missed by only one stroke. What made his failure all the more bitter for him was that he was even par for the first eleven holes on this second round and then bogeyed four of the last seven. He needed nineteen putts on the second nine, and that is a good many more than anyone in the Open field can afford to take.

The day of the third round was the kind of rare June day that James Russell Lowell must have had in mind when he wrote "The Vision of Sir Launfal." The temperature was in the low eighties, but the air was extremely dry, and every so often a refreshing breeze came up and ventilated the course. I had the good luck to see nearly all of Gary Player's round—the most interesting one of the day. Gary, who was paired with J. C. Snead, wasn't hitting his shots quite as precisely as he did back in April, when he seized the imagination of the sports world in general by carrying off the Masters, the Tournament of Champions, and the Houston Open in successive weeks, but he wasn't playing too badly, either. Player's idol, as he has often stated, is Ben Hogan. While the small, tidy South African—who is now forty-two—does not hit the ball as purely as Hogan did, and though his control of the ball has never been anything like as remarkable as Hogan's, for years his technique has perhaps been the nearest thing to Hogan's among the world's golfers. He has worked very hard to strengthen his muscle memory—a Hogan phrase, by the way—and few golfers today have Player's ability to swing the clubhead along the same path on shot after shot and to swing with the same basic tempo. His chief weakness is an occasional tendency to try to compensate for his size (he is slightly under five feet eight) by hitting the ball too hard. This throws off his balance and timing, and causes him to spray his shots—especially his tee shots. On this day, though, he was splitting the fairways and hitting the greens regularly. Down the stretch, he went into the lead at three under par when he rolled a twenty-five-foot putt into the cup to birdie the thirteenth. North, who was paired with Nicklaus in the twosome behind Player and Snead, was a stroke behind.

Throughout this championship, we were all waiting for someone to shoot a very low round—a 65 or a 66, say—and Player now seemed poised to do it. On most of the par 4s and 5s up to this point, he had been using a 1-iron off the tee to increase his chances of staying out of the rough. On the fourteenth, which measures 486 yards and is the longest par 4 on the course, he went with a driver and cut loose with a big, forceful swing. Because of this extra effort, he "came off the ball"—that is, he fell back a shade and his hips began to spin around to the left a split second before he made solid contact with the ball. His drive curved out to the right and into the harsh bluegrass rough. Player could barely extricate the ball and ultimately had to be satisfied with a 5. He also went over par on the next hole, a 208-yard par 3, when he made a hurried swing with his 2-iron and found the front bunker. On the sixteenth, a moderate-length par 4, his timing on his tee shot—he used a 1-iron—was again off a fraction, and after slashing his way out of the rough on the right once more, he made his third straight bogey. Player is one man who never stops working on a round, however, and on the eighteenth he recouped a big stroke with a birdie to finish with a 70.

For this Open, a debatable decision had been made to toughen up the eighteenth hole. In 1960, the field played the hole from a tee situated near the middle of that end of the pond, and it took a full-blooded drive to carry the hazard and reach the distant fairway. Then, as now, the fairway continued up a long, progressively steeper incline until it reached the green, at the crown of the hill. In 1960, the hole measured 468 yards from the championship tee and was rated by many authorities as one of the finest finishing par-4 holes in the world. This year, the eighteenth was lengthened twelve yards, by moving the tee ten yards or so to the right and setting it back from the pond. The new angle made the tee shot much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more difficult, for now the pond ran for about three hundred and fifty yards along the left edge of the fairway, in play all the way. In the opinion of many old Open hands, this made the hole overly severe, because the fairway tilts from right to left toward the pond, and also because the "safe" area to the right of the fairway—rough, of course, and not all that safe—had been narrowed down by the erection of a new fence. In any event, the revised eighteenth required two absolutely first-class shots. Player's were a 1-iron off the tee and another hard-hit 1-iron that finished seven feet from the flag.

Player had hardly walked off the green when North, who had driven with a 1-iron, whacked a 2-iron onto the green and then holed a 45-foot putt for a birdie, a 71, and a three-round total of 211. This kept him out in front—one stroke ahead of Player; three strokes ahead of Snead and Dave Stockton, the two-time P.G.A. champion; and four ahead of Andy Bean, Severiano Ballesteros, the handsome young Spaniard, and Johnny Miller, golf's forgotten man, who had fought back from an opening 78 with a 69 and a 68, the last being the lowest round thus far in the tournament. Then came Nicklaus, five shots off the pace after a 74. The thirteenth hole had proved disastrous for him. After a perfect drive, he had only a sand wedge left, but he hit it fat, and the ball tumbled into the brook before the green. He took a drop (a penalty stroke), after which he buried his pitch in the bunker behind the green and then needed three more shots to get down, for a triple-bogey 7. Sloppy play of this type is most uncharacteristic of Nicklaus, but what was even more puzzling was the lackadaisical, even lighthearted manner in which Jack spoke about the thirteenth and the other lapses in his concentration. I don't think I have ever before seen him in such a mood during the heat of a major championship.

ON the final round, played on a muggy day that was stirred periodically by a gusty wind, the general feeling was that the 1978 Open might turn out to be an exceptional one. To be sure, there was no knowing whether or not Andy North, the winner of only one event (the 1977 Westchester Classic) during his six seasons on the tour, would be able to stand up to the strain he was certain to be under, but on Saturday's round he had shown a good deal of pertinacity: each time he made a bogey—and he made four—he snapped back with a birdie within the next three holes. Certainly a wide variety of attractive possibilities that might combine for a thrilling day's play presented themselves. To start with, Player might muster another fantastic stretch drive, as he had in the Masters, when he closed with that 64. Ballesteros, with his matador's temperament, was overdue to show us some of the daring shotmaking that has made him the No. 1 player in Europe. Then there was Miller. What a story it would be if, after his sudden and mysterious fall from the top, he could complete his comeback at Cherry Hills with a third sub-par round, win the tournament, and regain his former dominance in one majestic thrust! Nicklaus surely could not be written off. Yes, he was five shots behind North, but one remembered all those tournaments when, seemingly too far back to be a threat, he strode onto the course like a lion, all fury and determination, and caught and passed the leaders with the most overwhelming golf imaginable. Add one more player—Tom Watson. He trailed North by a full eight strokes, but you can never really write off a competitor like Watson. Well, we would see what we would see.

For one brief moment that Sunday afternoon, it seemed that some of these abundant expectations might be realized. Watson, who was out eight twosomes ahead of the last one of North and Player, birdied the first three holes, but that was as far as he could go before he started giving strokes back to the course. Indeed, nearly all of North's challengers faded on the first nine holes. Player, for example, ran into some untypical putting trouble—one of his many poor approach putts skittered a full twelve feet past the cup—and by the turn he had lost four shots to par and was mired in listlessness. (This was the fourteenth tournament in fourteen weeks for Player, and perhaps he had simply succumbed to tiredness.) Miller could not get his irons close enough to the pins, and Ballesteros soon became frustrated and careless. Nicklaus, indeed, was the only one of the contenders to get off fast—he had a pair of fine birdies—but then his rally gradually ground to a halt. North, as a matter of fact, was playing better golf than any of the people chasing him. After two splendid birdies on the fourth and fifth, he did run into a bad patch of three consecutive bogeys, beginning with the eighth, but then, as he had been doing throughout the tournament, he turned himself around, birdieing the eleventh from ten feet

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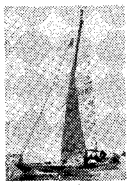

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and the thirteenth from eighteen feet. After the thirteenth, or sixty-seventh hole, the tournament, in truth, seemed as good as over. At that point, North held a four-stroke lead over the closest man, Stockton. Then, when Stockton, who was playing half a hole ahead, paired with J. C. Snead, bogeyed the fourteenth, North led by a full five strokes.

It was at this time in the warm afternoon, when North was moving further and further ahead of his pursuers, that a vague unhappiness came over those of us who were tramping along with him. We felt disappointed and strangely abstracted, for the obvious reasons: everyone wants to see an athletic event that is close and rousing and in which nearly every shot carries some meaning; conversely, no one enjoys a runaway, in which the leader is almost out of sight. I hasten to say that this had nothing to do with Andy North. He had held up valiantly, and we wanted to see him go on to win in style. We also appreciated that a certain percentage of tournaments cannot bristle with drama as they near their conclusion. There will always be some Masters like the one in 1976, when Raymond Floyd had no uneasy moments on his way to winning by eight strokes, and there will always be some Opens like the one in 1921, when Jim Barnes' margin of victory was a full nine strokes. Such one-sided contests tend to be boring, of course. I know that as we trudged along I hardly paid attention to the comments of my companions, such as the observation that North had been exclusively in the rough from tee to green en route to birdieing the long eleventh or the unqualified statement that he had been getting one good break after another—for example, he had been very lucky on the thirteenth, when his approach shot landed between the two bunkers in the rough before the green and got a perfect bounce toward the pin. I should also add that as the final afternoon wore on I felt a curious sympathy for the many people who had worked so hard and effectively to transform the obsolescent, Coolidge-era layout into a formidable championship course; it seemed somewhat unjust that after three rounds of engaging golf the climactic round had turned into a letdown.

However, as they say, you can never tell about the weather, cantaloupe, or golf. With no warning at all, North suddenly started to slip, dissipating on the next two holes almost all of his apparently secure lead. A drive hooked deep into the rough on the par-4 fourteenth cost him a 5. He dropped two more strokes to par on the fifteenth, that stalwart par 3, where the pin was placed in the front right-hand corner of the raised green. For some reason, he elected to go for the pin, and his 5-iron shot, after landing not far from it, trickled over the green and into a fairly deep bunker with a vertical front wall. It took North two shots to get out, and when his 8-foot putt veered to the left of the cup, he stood only one stroke ahead of Stockton, who had birdied the fifteenth from twenty-five feet, and only two strokes ahead of J. C. Snead. Over the last three holes, as we watched the jousting among this trio, we had the tension and excitement we had been waiting for so long.

On the sixteenth, after Stockton had made a routine par 4, it looked as if North might very well lose the last stroke of his lead—he was bunkered before the green, when his approach had curled too far left. He played a courageous explosion shot to within five feet of the cup, however, and then holed a firm putt for his par. On the long seventeenth, Stockton floated his third shot, a lovely little pitch, twelve feet from the cup, but then, gifted putter though he may be, he was unable to sink that all-important birdie putt, the ball slipping off just to the right of the hole. North played the seventeenth exactly the way he should have. He was on in three, with a sensible pitch to the center of the green, then down in two putts for his par. Accordingly, he still led Stockton by one stroke, and Snead by two, as he walked onto the tee of the frightening eighteenth. Up ahead, Snead, after his low drive had skipped over the water like a flat stone and reached the fairway, fired a big 5-iron twenty feet below the pin on the home green, which slopes up from front to back. Stockton had driven into the rough on the right. He hacked the ball out with a 7-iron and then punched a wedge some eighteen feet below the pin.

North now. He took no chances. Driving with a 3-iron, he aimed for the right edge of the fairway, away from the pond, but, partly because of the strong following wind, the ball overflew the fairway and ended up in a snug lie in the heavy rough. North silently watched the action taking place on the plateaued green in the distance. Snead missed his putt for his birdie 3; had he made it and had North failed to par the hole, they would have been tied. Stockton then made a very good bid for his 4, the ball lipping out of the cup; had he holed it and had North subsequently failed to make his par, they, too, would have been tied. Now North could finish with a bogey 5 and still win. On his second shot, using an 8-iron, he chopped the ball out of the right rough and into the left rough near the top of the hillside, some forty yards from the pin. Then, I regret to say, he played one of the poorest pressure shots in the history of the Open. He came up an instant too quickly on his wedge pitch and hit a droopy little shot half the distance he had in mind. The ball flopped into the front bunker that protects the entrance to the green on the left. And then he showed a great deal of heart. He played one of the finest pressure shots in the history of the Open—a magnificent explosion shot that rolled dead three and a half feet below the cup. The wind was gusting hard now, and North twice stepped away from his putt until it had died down. Then he stroked the ball into the middle of the hole.

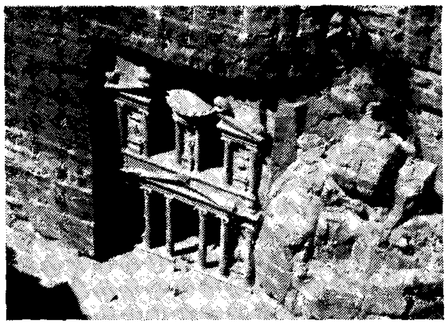
The scores of some of the top finishers:

Andy North	70-70-71-74—285
J. C. Snead	70-72-72-72—286
Dave Stockton	71-73-70-72—286
Johnny Miller	78-69-68-74—289
Jack Nicklaus	73-69-74-73—289
Gary Player	71-71-70-77—289
Tom Watson	74-75-70-70—289

AN Open championship is, necessarily, as good as its final round. Unlike the 1960 Open, which presented superior golf by many players when it counted heavily, and which ended with Arnold Palmer's resolute finish after his mélange of birdies on the front nine, the 1978 Open was not a great championship, and it is not likely to be remembered with especial vividness years from now. Though we can be suitably thankful that the final hour at Denver this year produced a suspenseful contest, there is a lot of difference when the drama is created by the leader's wobbling and not by the skillful shotmaking of the men chasing him. The 1978 Open was nonetheless a good championship. If the lowest scores were three 68s—one by Miller on the third day, the others by Tom Weiskopf and Mike McCullough on the fourth day, which affected only the breakdown of the prize money—it was due to the recalcitrance of the course. I think we should acknowledge that nowadays if a short course, such as Cherry Hills or Merion, is to be transformed into a suitable venue for the Open, it can be achieved only by setting the holes up so that accuracy is rewarded and error is punished most emphatically. Paradoxically, these short layouts are more difficult to attack and to score on than longer layouts that offer more *Lebensraum* and permit more flexible tactics.

What about the new champion? To begin with, I believe we would all agree that North's was the most unexpected victory in the Open since Orville Moody carried the day in 1969. At six feet four and two hundred and ten pounds, North is unquestionably the largest Open champion in history, resembling a tight end in football much more than he does the traditional professional golfer, who, from Vardon's day on, has for the most part been a man of medium size. Golfers, like everyone else, have been gradually growing bigger and bigger, and twenty-eight-year-old Andrew Stewart North, with his broad shoulders, lank light-brown hair, uncomplicated good looks, and conservative attitude toward life in general, in many ways epitomizes the new breed of touring professional. His method of hitting the ball, it might be remarked, is sound, but it does not summon to mind the lyrical grandeur of, say, S. J. (Samuel Jackson) Snead. At address, North extends his extremely long arms rather stiffly as he crouches over the ball with his extremely long legs. Like nearly all tall men, he takes the club back in an upright arc on his relatively short backswing. On the downswing, he pours his right side into the shot with a good deal of velocity, which may be the reason he often seems to be twisting off balance as he hits through the ball. His method of putting has a similar ungolfy stiffness. He bends low over the ball and chokes down on the grip of his putter, with the result that his arms hang so low that his hands are opposite his flexed knees. He putts with little or no wrist break, and he putts exceedingly well.

North's lack of fluidity and rhythm does not stem from his being a comparatively recent convert to golf. He has been playing the game since his boyhood, in Madison, Wisconsin. When North was in junior high school, he was forced to spend eighteen months on crutches because of a bone disease in a knee. During this period,



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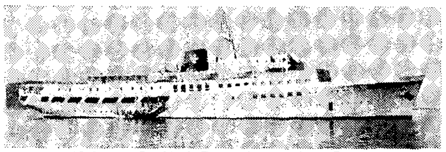

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he had to forgo two sports he was adept at—football and basketball—but he was allowed to play golf, as long as he rode in a cart. After that, golf was his first love, although he made such a thorough recovery from his bone disease that he was selected for the all-state basketball team his senior year in high school. He went on to the University of Florida so that he could play golf throughout the college year. There he was named to the All-America college golf team three years, and one year he won the Western Amateur. Since joining the professional circuit, in 1973, he has increased his annual earnings on the tour from $48,672 his first year to $116,794 last year. In short, he can play golf, and, along with his conspicuous strength, he has a far greater flair for the game than first meets the eye. Perhaps his most impressive credential is that his regular practice-round partner on the tour is Tom Watson. They never play for money but work instead on improving their execution of special shots—like cutting a drive down a certain kind of fairway, drawing a short iron into a certain kind of green, and so on. North has a pretty clear idea where he is going.

Andy North's victory made me think of a prediction that Billy Joe Patton, the amateur star of the nineteen-fifties, made twenty years ago—that with people growing larger and stronger the day was bound to come when golf would be dominated by men who played the game with only three clubs: the driver, the wedge, and the putter. I mention this because at the conclusion of the recent Open a number of people, remembering that Palmer's triumph at Cherry Hills in 1960 had ushered in what proved to be a new era, were speculating whether or not the same might be true of North's triumph. Perhaps the age of the very large, very strong young man who consciously prepares for the tour on a college golf scholarship has arrived—if not with North, then with other representatives of this newest breed. I have given the matter considerable thought, but the best I have been able to come up with as of now is a decisive, unwavering "Possibly." It always takes a little time, you know, before you can spot even an interregnum.

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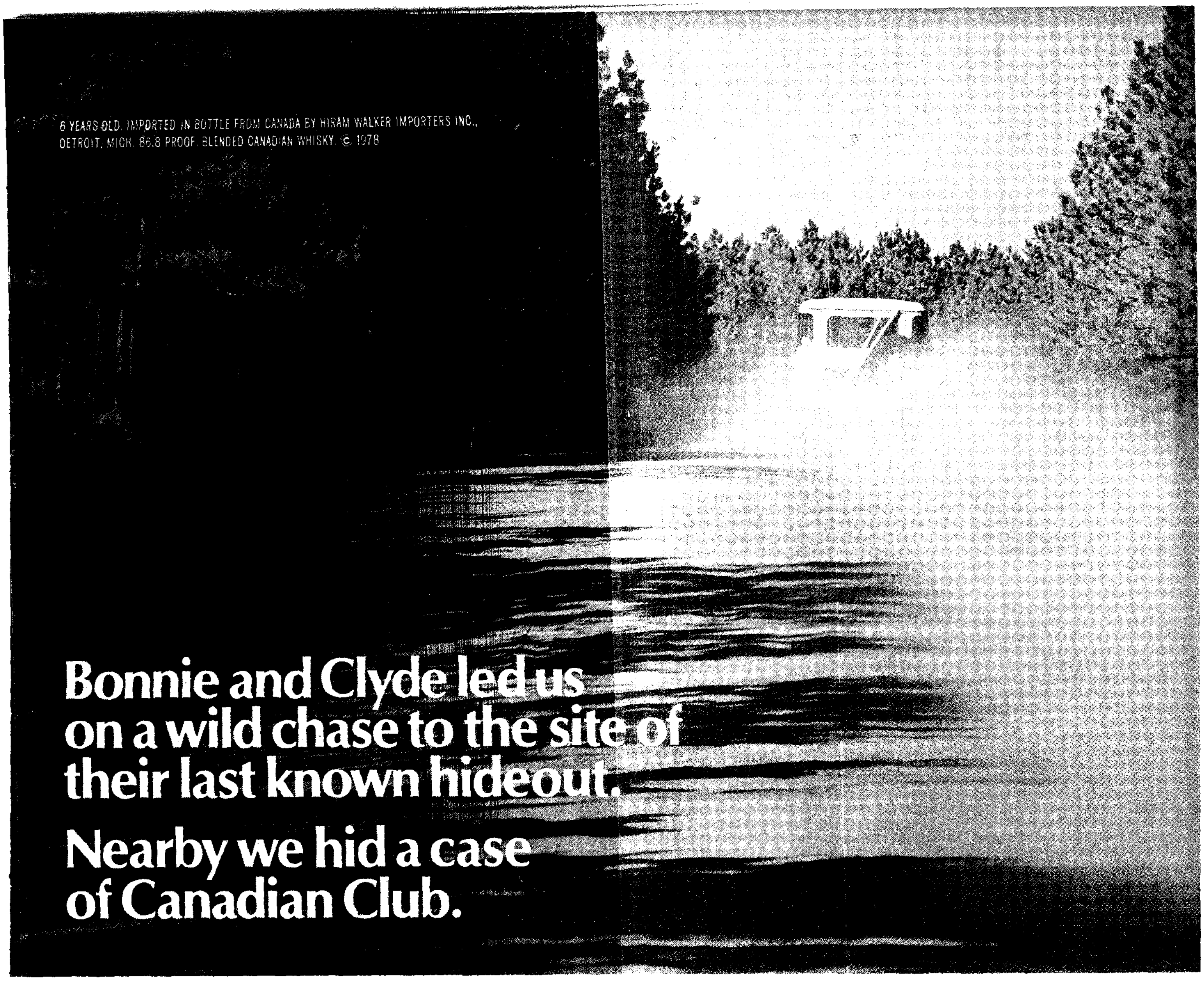

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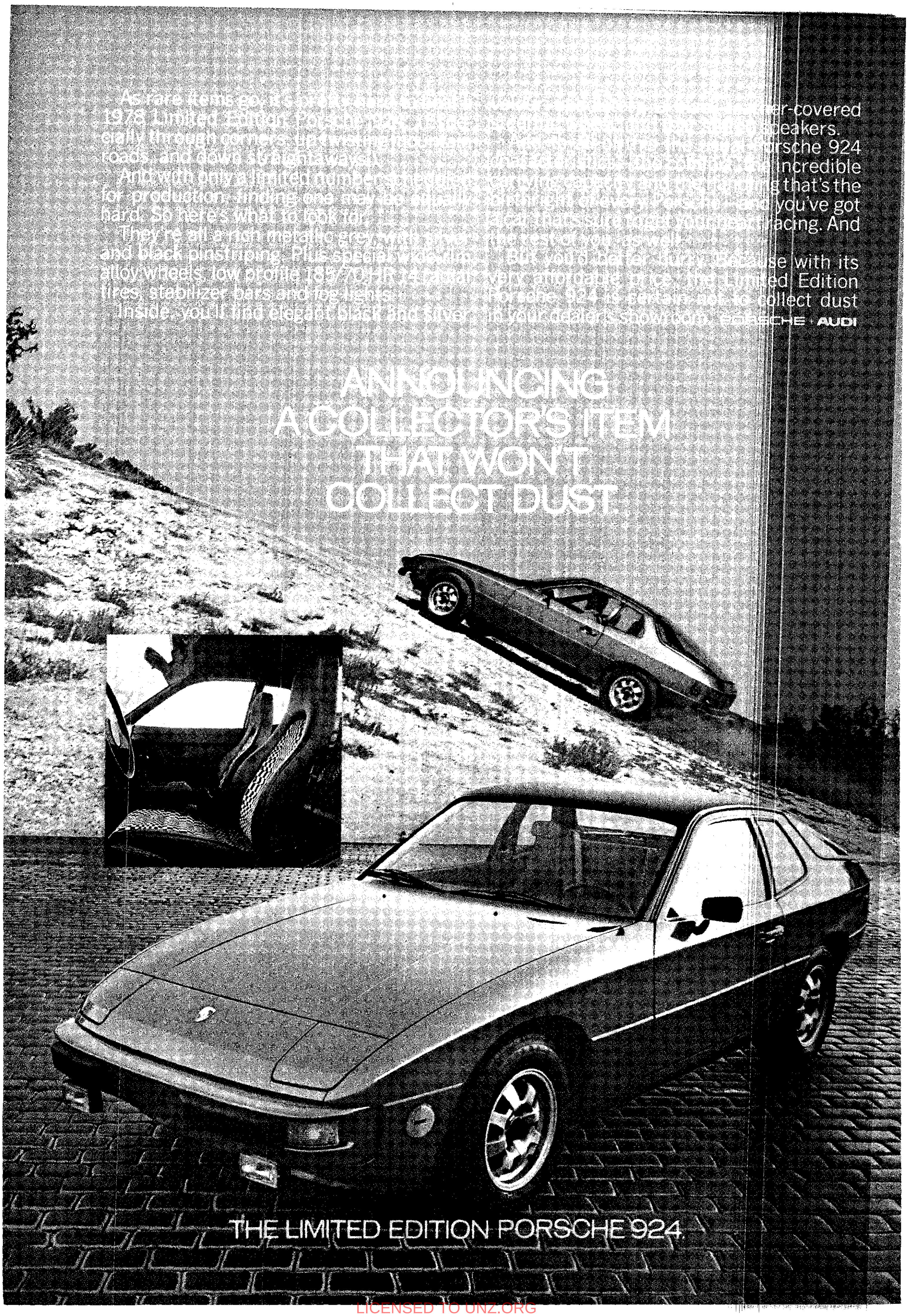

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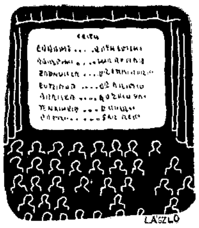

IT is of the essence of comic characters to be self-absorbed. No recent film exhibits this more funnily than "Viva Italia!," directed by Mario Monicelli, Ettore Scola, and Dino Risi, with Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi in the cast. The picture consists of a series of nine sketches of which at least four throw their hats in the air. The best parts of the film are a study of contained fervor in the face of chaos, as if the actors were trying to continue with a performance of "King Lear" when one actor had wandered into speeches from "Richard III" and, piling Ossa on Pelion, everyone onstage was aware of a rhinoceros in the wings. The nature of the film reminded me of the equilibrium in the midst of disorder which was demonstrated by something that actually happened in England. A water reservoir had burst and flooded the gardens and ground floors of a row of state-owned semi-detached houses just behind the reservoir. Instead of going to complain to the public authorities—who, after all, owned both the reservoir and the houses—the inhabitants simply moved upstairs and adapted. They were publicly discovered in their improvised way of watery life after getting on with things without a murmur for a year. One house owner, a nuts-and-bolts mechanic who was an inventor in his spare time, had invented a one-wheeled baby carriage, so that his wife could wheel the baby along the top of the garden wall, which he had extended to reach dry land.

In "Viva Italia!," the best of the characters express the same measure of adaptability to the impossible. A sketch called "The Inn," with Vittorio Gassman and Ugo Tognazzi, is reminiscent of silent comedy. The inn is run by a cook and a waiter in middle age who are eternally brawling. The cook is terrible, and the waiter can barely hang around for the guests' thoughts about an order before banging through the kitchen door to get back to the fight. Eight worldly guests have arrived: an odd international assortment, exclaiming in various languages over the country typicality of this place that they have driven many kilometres to reach so as to taste its famous country recipes. One of the guests, looking vaguely Moorish, seems to be wearing a necklace round her forehead. All are quite unready to acknowledge the eccentricity of the place. The waiter is allowed to order for them: eight potpourris of the region, or some such thing. He hurries back to his fight in the kitchen. Flour is flung. An octopus somehow arrives squarely on the head of one of the combatants. In the delirium, some false hair loses its place and its owner is sternly told by his opponent, who is in equal disorder, that he might at least put his toupee on. Let us cling to the last to outward appearances, even with an octopus limb dangling in the eye. The noise is unusually audible to the guests, but they merely exclaim enthusiastically that the kitchen people must be killing the turkey, and must chop meat here the way Mother used to. The resulting potpourris, a mess *molto regionale*, have a shoe in them, among much else. "Ah, what is this?" says a woman guest, charmed, fishing out a cigar stub. There is no trace of rebellion. The harassed stoics of the kitchen have brought it off, and their inn's reputation for old country recipes and antique merriment is unimpaired.

Alberto Sordi, he of the face like a hard-boiled egg turned upside down, is the star of the three other best sketches. One is called "First Aid." Playing a papal aristocrat on his way to a posh party, driving an old white Rolls along Thailand Street and Indonesia Street, turning the corner at New Zealand Street and asking the way to Cambodia Street, the Sordi character stops graciously at a monument to Mussolini and allows the bleeding victim of a hit-and-run driver to get into the passenger seat beside him. What a pity, he exclaims to the world at large, which he typically expects to be all ears: what a pity that he keeps the first-aid kit in the Land-Rover, not in the Rolls. Oh, the victim is now only semiconscious. That's awkward. On the other hand, hard to say no. It is up to the aristocrats of the world to dispense charity, he implies, even if it does mean being late for a party. Taking the victim's moans for conversation, with the hermetic self-concern that is a staple of this sort of comedy—as it is in Robert Dhéry's—he drives sedately to a hospital, discussing the contradictory merits of the Mass in Latin and in Italian with the object of his Good Samaritanism. When he reaches the hospital, he finds it full. Full of tourists, as a result of a tourist-bus crash. He suspects an orgy. He suspects orgies at all the other hospitals he visits. At one, a military hospital, where he is asked sternly if the patient is a soldier, he says impatiently that the man is, after all, old enough to have been a soldier *sometime*, and introduces his papal-dignitary self to the cowed attendants as a rather grand officer. Even this ruse doesn't work. Well, he has done his best. Here we are, dear boy, says the elegant monologuist to the suffering passenger, dumping him graciously back on the steps of the Mussolini monument.

Sordi is a great comedian, and it is good to have him with us again. It seems a long time since we saw him in Nanni Loy's "Why" (1972); and what ages since he was in Fellini's great "I Vitelloni" (1953). In "Viva Italia!," he is also very fine in the closing sketch, "Funeral Elegy," playing the straight man of a dead comedian whose coffin is being lowered into the ground with the comedian's bowler hat on it. The mourners wail and howl. The straight man begins to recall his partner in a eulogy that turns into a recollection in which he takes over the comedian's jokes, wearing his bowler hat. The mourners start to rock with laughter. They join hands. The ending has a circus conviviality, absolving grief, and recalling Fellini—it has the flavor of the last scene of "8½"—and a peculiarly Italian sort of comic courage, asserting that nothing is altogether irremediable.

The same sort of courage, though not of a comic kind, rules in the most piercingly humane of all the sketches, "Like a Queen." A dapper son, played by Sordi, is taking his old mother (Emilia Fabi) on an outing. Sordi is one of those actors who seem to change shape and height with a part: where he was shortish and of sprawling music-hall flesh in "Funeral Elegy," here he seems tall and has a tight figure that looks corseted, suggesting the carefully dignified bearing of the subjects of military portraits of a century or two ago. His mother is tiny, very old, with a determined walk, on the bowed legs of someone who has come a long way and worked all her life. She wears spectacles and watches things keenly but without suspicion, knowing too much of gravity and disappointment to react with anything but the resolve that shows in the jut of her wrinkled lower lip. Her callous son, whom she adores but, with sadness, sees as he is, takes her out for a coffee sundae, which she gaily says she would love, though it will keep her awake. Craven, the son then goes on to drive her through trees. Who knows, he says, if we ever get tired of home there's always this big hotel. Like a palace. She can stay there. Yes, she can stay right away. The son's wife has packed a suitcase ready in the back of the car. What luck! To live here! A nurse says that the single rooms are all taken. Ah, well, communal rooms mean company. When a "guest" turns out to be mute, that's an advantage, says the son. Less chatter. When the second channel of the TV turns out not to work, that's one less channel to put you to sleep. The telephone has to be unlocked. A nurse unlocks it for him, thinking he is a doctor. He calls his wife, Patricia, and says that he almost feels like bringing his mother home, but Patricia hangs up on him. The old woman is to be left to cope with the unknown. But it's for the best, because this home for the aged is a *palace*, and they can visit each other, he says; and, anyway, the maid at home has to have an abortion in Abyssinia. Already dealing with being alone, the old lady says matter-of-factly that she was always fond of Patricia. And Patricia was always fond of you, says the son, wanting only to get away. Push the old under the carpet, because we shall all be old soon and that's the best way to forget it. This unpretentious sketch—written, like the others, by Age-Scarpelli, Ruggero Maccari, and Bernardino Zapponi—says more in ten minutes or so about tenacity and poise than most full-length films. And this in an otherwise recklessly comic picture from the country that is taken to do better than most at loving the old of its families. "Viva Italia!" is sometimes as clear-eyed as the gaze of the old lady herself as she looks at her life, and at the son whose cowardice she so obviously sees, and probably even holds herself responsible for: certainly forgives him for. Her fortunes have declined now just as they once rose, in the usual way of matters. Her fortitude and humor are out of the run. We look to true comedy as much as to tragedy to tell us such things. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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Following the plaque presentations, Stanley Marcus, president and chairman of the board of Neiman-Marcus, Inc., addressed the group. In his presentation, entitled "Who's Minding The Store," he drew a close parallel between business ethics in the department store merchandising world and funeral service. His wry sense of humor and pointed antidotes made this one of the most well-received sessions of the conference.—*The Knight Letter, publication of the International Order of the Golden Rule.*

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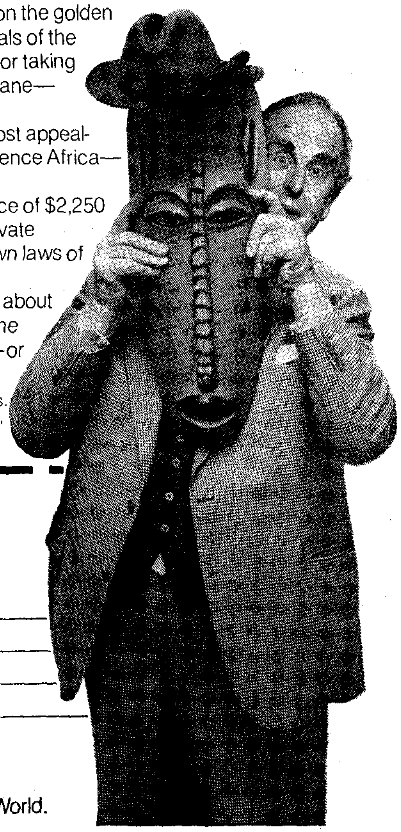

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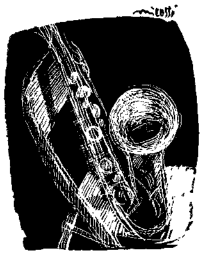
JAZZ

Twenty-five, Take Away One

FRIDAY, JUNE 23RD: One is burdened by arithmetic at the outset of this year's Newport Jazz Festival-New York. The words "Silver Anniversary" are emblazoned on the festival's program cover, and on page 3 its producer, George Wein, declares, "For the past twenty-four summers, at the conclusion of each jazz festival, one question was omnipresent: 'What are we going to do next year?' " One had hoped that first off we would tell the truth about how old we are. The Newport Jazz Festival *was* started twenty-five summers ago, in 1954, but there have been only twenty-four festivals (including the one beginning tonight), since none was held in 1961, the year after the Newport Riot, which caused the festival to be shut down on its third day. The rest of the math is easier. This is the seventh year of the Newport Jazz Festival in New York, the first year that concerts will also be held in Saratoga, the fifth straight year that Sarah Vaughan has sung at the festival, and the second straight year that she has starred at its opening. She did so in Carnegie Hall tonight, and all three octaves were in order—particularly her quasi-baritone, an area roomy enough to hold a dance in. Her vibrato was sumptuous, and her intervals, ascending and descending, were chasmal. She did a fast "I'll Remember April," a slow "I Fall in Love Too Easily," Tadd Dameron's "If You Could See Me Now," a Gershwin medley, and Duke Ellington's "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good," wherein she sang "I'm not made of wooooooooooood-ah." Audiences now react to Sarah Vaughan the way they do to drummers. She is a virtuoso, a high-wire act, an eighth wonder. Her accompanists of these many years are Carl Schroeder on piano, Walter Booker on bass, and Jimmy Cobb on drums.

The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band preceded Sarah Vaughan with seven selections, which included a ballad, a funk-soul number, a flag-waver, a bossa nova, and an Ellington dream number. Some of the old hands are still present, and there are a couple of new reed men and some fresh trombonists. The regimen hasn't changed: good Benny Carter reed writing; blasting, chopping brass; and lots of long solos, spelled here and there by shiny ensemble patches. But the band doesn't swing, probably because of Mel Lewis, who, though a good timekeeper, seems to be hooking rugs back there, so homey and avuncular are his effects.

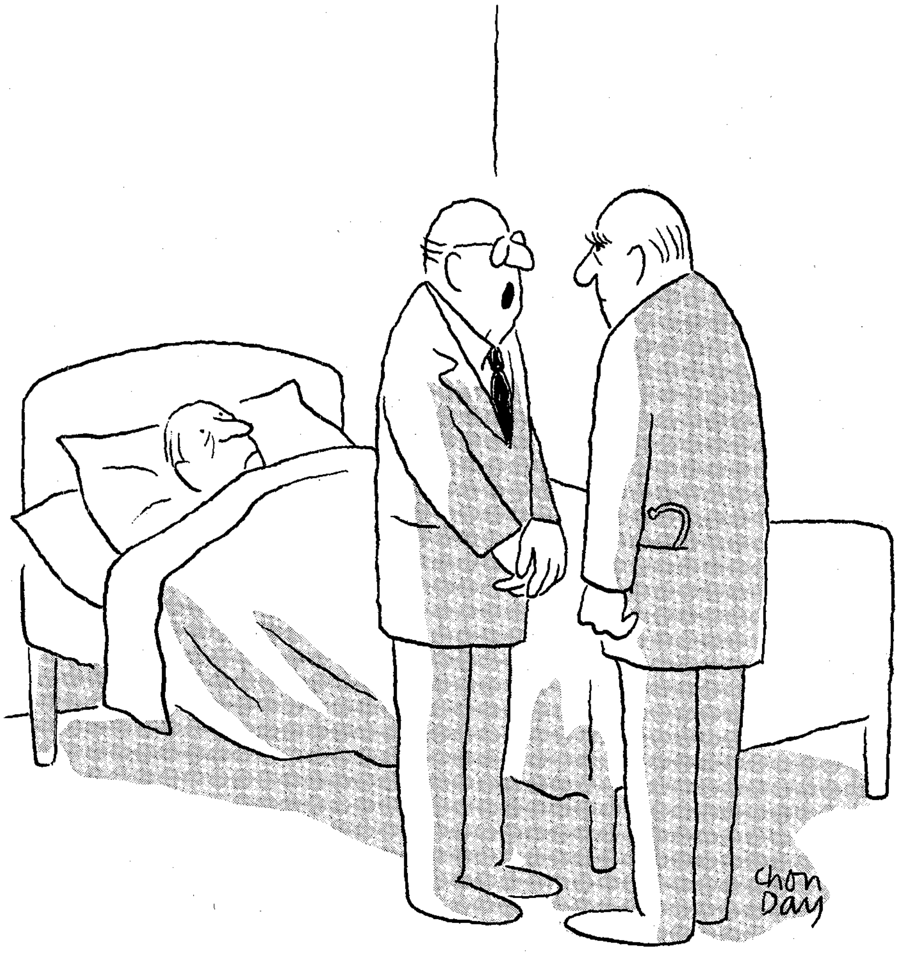


SATURDAY: Ella Fitzgerald recorded "A Tisket, a Tasket" with Chick Webb forty years ago. Some of her lower tones have more resonance now, and her middle register has thickened, but her voice is still a teenager's—light, pure, boxy, emotionless. She and Billie Holiday started in the thirties as born singers. Both had almost unnervingly natural attacks, but Holiday was soon decorating her singing with mannered bent notes and a long-gowned solemnity, and Fitzgerald got increasingly "jazzy" until, in the mid-forties, she was doing little besides scat singing. This jazzlike attack became fixed in the fifties, and, despite her recorded voyages into the land of Gershwin and Kern and Porter, she has never chosen to shake loose from it and move on. She still tends to pump up certain phrases with anticipatory syllables, as in Cole Porter's "Dream Dancing," which she sang tonight at Carnegie Hall as "drehehehumeum dancing." She inserts sudden falsetto notes, needlessly big intervals, and ski-jump glisses; often, in fact, she resembles a lesser Sarah Vaughan. She seemed edgy tonight. Her intonation slid off several times, she never quite managed to swing, and some of her songs were poorly chosen or were sung at odd tempos. She included "Satin Doll," with its silly lyrics, and tired old "Ain't Misbehavin'." She did "I Cried for You" at a *very* fast tempo, and "That's My Desire," a song forever associated with Velma Middleton, who used to do it vaudeville-style with the Louis Armstrong All Stars. In between, she scatted, a forlorn cement that failed to hold her performance together.

But there was a surprise at the concert. Fitzgerald's accompanists were Tommy Flanagan on piano, Keeter Betts on bass, and Jimmy Smith on drums, and they were given fifty minutes to themselves. Flanagan belongs with Jimmy Rowles and Ellis Larkins and Dave McKenna. He has humor, a zephyr touch, an oblique and original harmonic sense, and unwearying invention. His great facility makes what he does sound too easy—the tricky, quiet, single-note melodic lines that often abruptly slow to a walk just before they end; the loose, echoing tenths in his left hand; the nimble parallel chords; the love of melody; and the multilayered improvisations he builds on a tune like "Body and Soul," which he played tonight. He also played a superb medium-tempo blues; "Good Bait;" a bossa nova; Thelonious Monk's "Friday the Thirteenth," into which he let a lot of light and air; and "All the Things You Are."

Is it possible, decade after decade, to appreciate a music that isn't fully comprehensible, that is boring and exhilarating, overweening and lyrical, ponderous and fleet—the music, in short, of Cecil Taylor? Yes. One simply relishes Taylor's stamina and technique, his willful and joyous obscurantism, and the immense bath of sound—the omnisound—he engulfs us in. At the late concert at Carnegie tonight, he brought along Jimmy Lyons on alto saxophone, Ramsey Amin on violin, Raphé Malik on trumpet, Sirone on bass, and Steve McCall on drums. They played a single one-hour number with opening and closing ensembles that sounded like free dirges, and there were extensive solos for the violin and horns, punctuated by Taylor solos. He was flamboyant and triumphant, perhaps because of the wunderkind welcome given him by President Carter at the White House concert last weekend. He played glisses, Niagara arpeggios, chords struck with his fist or with his hands joined into a kind of hoof, impenetrable low-register figures (not helped by muddy amplification), and a long and lovely passage of improvised Debussy.

Last year at the festival, Ornette Coleman gave a two-part concert to an astonishing packed house. The first part was a successful attempt to re-create the turbulent, I-sing-of-myself music he pioneered in 1959 at the old Five Spot, and the second part offered a new and unwieldy electronic group, Prime Time. Tonight, he brought along only Prime Time, and it consisted of two guitars (Bern Nix and Charlie Ellerbee), two bassists (Charlie Haden and Jamaaladeen Tacuma), and two drummers (Coleman's son, Denardo, and Ron Shannon). The group did five Coleman compositions, each with Coleman solos on alto saxophone, trumpet, and violin, supported by a dense rhythmic underbrush. In a broadside handed out before his performance, Coleman wrote, "I once heard fifty Malagache creating music from inhaling and exhaling oxygen through their noses." Coleman would have sounded



"It's a baffling case, all right. I hate baffling cases."

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better tonight backed by Malagache. Better still would have been to hear *him simply play* by himself.

SUNDAY: Sonny Rollins "crossed over" several years ago—that is, he electrified himself and truncated his style, all to be "popular." Tonight at Carnegie Hall, his tenor saxophone had a microphone clipped inside its bell, and he was accompanied by a pianist, a bass guitarist, and a drummer. He also had two selves with him—his mellifluous, eloquent Coleman Hawkins-Charlie Parker self and his new, rasping Gato Barbieri self. Five of his seven numbers were by the new Rollins, and two were by the old. The old Rollins closed a slow ballad with one of his renowned codas, filling it with mercurial runs, double-time sections, and assorted melodic furniture and bric-a-brac from the past thirty years. This statement so excited his predominantly young listeners that they asked for an encore, and got one by the new Rollins, who, if the audience was yelling at what it appeared to be yelling at, needn't exist at all.

McCoy Tyner must be contemplating crossing over, too, for he followed Rollins with an entourage made up of a chorus, a large rhythm section, and seven horns, which played the sort of romantic twiddle one hears from Don Ellis, George Duke, John Klemmer, and Keith Jarrett.

A second concert, held at Avery Fisher Hall a couple of hours later, was nearly destroyed by sound distortion. Dexter Gordon's quartet could have been playing in Grand Central Station. Gordon, who seemed in excellent form, was muffled; his pianist, George Cables, sounded like high heels on marble; and his bassist and drummer were thunderous. Betty Carter, that ardent, expert, funny surrealist, who has developed a nearly atonal singing style out of Billie Holiday's middle period, was clear but remote, and had to battle her overamplified bassist. Max Roach, in company with Cecil Bridgewater on trumpet, Billy Harper on tenor saxophone, and Calvin Hill on bass, was simply loud. It is an articulate hard-bop group. Bridgewater is graceful and imaginative, and Roach, though he doesn't swing any more than he ever has, is unfailingly glib.

MONDAY: Wild Bill Davison, at seventy-two, is the same bundle of mannerisms, tics, and poor jokes that he was almost forty years ago, when he first arrived in New York. He puts his cornet just to the left of the center of his lips, aims it at third base, and beetles his brows ferociously. At the close of each pivotal phrase, he removes the horn and shakes it. He wiggles the pinkie of his right, or fingering, hand with each vibrato. He still wears his hair flat and parted slightly off center (it lines up perfectly with his embouchure), his black eyes still snap, and his face is as smooth as a honeydew. He is unique. He is probably the best Chicago-style lead trumpeter-cornettist who ever lived, and he is a fiery and lyrical soloist. He uses a hoarse tone, he plays right on top of the beat or ridiculously far behind it, and he is concise to the point of being aphoristic. He is a consummate melodic improviser, and the delight in following one of his solos is guessing when he will suddenly fall behind the beat into a soft legato phrase, when he will insert an upper-register shout, when he will drop an octave. One can hear where Ruby Braff and a host of lesser players came from, and one can hear the parts of Louis Armstrong and Bix Beiderbecke and King Oliver that Davison came from. He played yesterday at one of the festival's outposts, in Stanhope, New Jersey, but he is also in the middle of his annual two-week stint at Eddie Condon's, where he was in bloom tonight. He did easy versions of "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now" and "I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me," a fast "All of Me," a rolling "You Took Advantage of Me," and a fast "When You're Smiling." Davison is a spruce gent, and he looked just as ready to lead the regiment when he finished as when he started.

TUESDAY: Between 1930 and 1945, most jazz improvisers played the songs of George Gershwin, Harold Arlen, Irving Berlin, Richard Rodgers, and their like, and in the forties the Gershwins' "I Got Rhythm," disguised in an immense variety of bebop hats, seemed to be their *only* song. Before that, they had written much of their material, and since the early fifties they have resumed the practice. Every so often, George Wein likes to pay tribute to American song at the festival, as he did tonight at Carnegie. Alberta Hunter, accompanied by Gerald Cook and Al Hall, sang six of her own numbers, and confirmed the suspicion that several hearings are more than enough to admire her pipes, pep, and perseverance. (She is eighty-three now.) Dick Hyman (on the Carnegie Hall electric organ) and Ruby Braff did three Fats Waller songs—"How Can You Face Me?" and "Ain't Misbehavin'" and "Honeysuckle Rose." The contrast between Braff's cello tone and the rainbow shades that Hyman got from his various keyboards was subtle and rich. Braff was full of delicate, glancing notes as well as his singular basso-profundo excursions, which he should use more sparingly. Hyman's low-voiced touch called up Waller's own playing, so the old fox was doubly celebrated. Irene Kral brought along her Anita O'Day-Carmen McRae patterns and imposed them on three Cole Porters ("Experiment," "Easy to Love," "Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye"). And Stan Getz, in company with the superior pianist Al Dailey, did three Alec Wilder songs ("I'll Be Around," "Ellen," and "The Winter of My Discontent") and Thad Jones' "A Child Is Born," with Wilder's lyrics, which we didn't hear. Getz played each song straight before embellishing it, and Dailey worked up a fascinating series of harmonic adventures in "Ellen." The final set was a celebration of Harry Warren, Arlen, Berlin, Arthur Schwartz, and Eubie Blake, done by Mel Tormé, who doubled on piano; Gerry Mulligan, who also sang; and Jimmy Rowles. They were backed by George Duvivier and Oliver Jackson. The group had rehearsed—to the point where it could easily go out on the road. Tormé sang Arlen's "Get Happy," and Rowles sang Warren's "I Wish I Knew." Tormé sang Arlen's "Let's Take a Walk Around the Block," and Mulligan sang Schwartz's and Larry Hart's very early "And Fall Asleep with a Smile." Mulligan, who has a cheerful, attractive voice, also sang Schwartz's "By Myself," while Tormé sang highly effective obbligatos behind him. Jimmy Rowles played a handsome version of Warren's "You're My Everything," and Tormé did Arlen's "On the Swing Shift" and "Accentuate the Positive." There was an Irving Berlin medley in which Tormé did "How About Me?," Mulligan played "Easter Parade," Rowles played "Remember," and Tormé sang "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Tormé closed with Blake's "Memories of You." His singing throughout was stunning. He swung, he was oblique and correct and adventurous, he filled each word, he made the songs brand-new. "Memories of You," where he summoned up Ben Webster, was extraordinary.

It's too bad that the concert went by without any mention of Teddi King, who, among so many other things, brought Cole Porter's "Dream

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Dancing" back into the repertoire at the first American-song evening, five years ago.

WEDNESDAY: The concert at Carnegie Hall tonight ended before it began. Mary Lou Williams, alone and accompanied by Buster Williams (no kin) on bass, did her cloudy eight-minute history of jazz piano playing, which suffers on several counts. She doesn't identify the different styles, she separates them with meaningless chordal sections, and she is not even chronological. An appropriately labelled rundown of ragtime, New Orleans, stride piano, Kansas City blues, boogie-woogie, New York blues, and bebop would enlighten her younger listeners. She also played three "modern" numbers, including a couple of blues, and she was sharp and hard and swinging. The only surprise in the downy, inner-directed numbers of Bill Evans (unaccompanied and unamplified) was that he broke his twenty-year silence and named each selection. The guitarists Larry Coryell and Philip Catherine did half a dozen clanging acoustic duets, and in "Nuages," by their idol Django Reinhardt, they proved that the secret of how that ingenious musician swung remains inviolate. McCoy Tyner (also alone and unamplified) gave us four cluttered, agitated rhapsodies that were no better than his hybrid doings of a few nights back. Then a touted eleven-man Cuban group called Irakere was brought forth and recorded onstage by Columbia Records. The group is a contradiction. Its members are formal and bow a lot, but it is a showy, excitable Afro-Cuban jazz-rock band.

THURSDAY: Mel Tormé was back tonight—at Avery Fisher, with its exasperating, furry sound—and again he lifted the proceedings. He was accompanied by Buddy Rich's big band, which went through its customary maneuvers and then fell back for a Rich gallimaufry, complete with a whisper-to-crescendo snare-drum roll, ricky-ticking on the drum rims, elephant tomtoms, and straight-ahead, pavement-pounding Chick Webb snare figures. Dizzy Gillespie came aboard for a long, sensational solo. He sent up blares; fashioned a gentle, careering passage of half-valved notes that were almost subliminal; and loosed plumb runs. Tormé warmed up with Count Basie's "Down for Double" and with "You Are the Sunshine of My Life," and brought Stan Getz on for "Here's That Rainy Day." Getz is the last of the romantic saxophonists (Ben Webster, Don Byas, Johnny Hodges), and when he plays ballads one just wishes that he wouldn't keep peering out longingly between the notes. Tormé joined him, and the supper-club Tormé of the other night had been replaced by the Las Vegas Tormé. It was the same superb singer, but in italics—the daring phrasing and dynamics, the beautiful substitute notes, the cantorial voice. He sang Toots Thielemans' "Bluesette," and in "I Can't Get Started" he and Gillespie did obbligatos for one another. He sang Harold Arlen's "Blues in the Night," using a five-story Gothic arrangement by Marty Paich, in which the tempo changed continually. Tormé likes to top himself, so he did an improvisation on Ella Fitzgerald's famous scat version of "Lady Be Good." It was spectacular, right down to the fragments of Leo Watson.

Meanwhile, over at Carnegie Hall, the Trapp family of jazz, the Brubecks, were bouncing through "Blue Rondo à la Turk," a ballad called "Tea for Jane," and a peculiar tribute to Fats Waller that began with blues and boogie-woogie, neither of them forms that Waller was particularly at home with. Darius Brubeck played several skillfully turned single-note melodic lines on his electronic keyboards, but his brothers (Chris on bass and Danny on drums) were dumpy. Brubeck *père* busied himself at his piano with his old impossible task of trying to translate into music the lyrical freight he carries within.

FRIDAY: Chick Corea, once a Latin-band pianist and now, at thirty-seven, the operator of a small musical empire, gave two concerts at Avery Fisher Hall tonight. Both were sold out and received tumultuous applause, and it is easy to understand why. Corea's music, whether in his compositions or in the way he chooses to play them, is soft and romantic and elusive. It hovers on the edge of jazz, of classical music, of rock. It is melodic and pretty, and it often feigns complexity, so as not to insult its audiences. Woody Herman's band played Corea's "Suite for Hot Band," and it had blues effects, brass-band effects, and lots of solos. Corea and Gary Burton played a couple of duets, in which their instruments (vibraharp and acoustic piano) clipped and twined. Then a thirteen-piece ensemble with strings, rhythm section, horns, and the singer Gayle Moran went through five long pieces. The strings shimmered, there were lots of flute solos and ostinato passages, and Gayle Moran sang and vocalized in a lunging soprano. In the last two numbers, Corea, on acoustic piano, was joined by Herbie Hancock on the Yamaha electric piano. Corea and Hancock toured for two months last winter, and their duets, on acoustic piano, were full of Lisztian rhapsody, flash, and empathy. The atmosphere onstage was like Valentine's Day in the sixth grade, and it wasn't much different tonight.

Sam Rivers is a forty-seven-year-old reed man, pianist, composer, arranger, and visionary, and he has become the doyen of the jazz avant-garde in New York. At a midnight concert in Carnegie Hall, he offered a quintet, made up of Ted Dunbar on guitar, Mike Nock on piano and synthesizer, Dave Holland on bass, and Bobby Battle on drums, and a big band, made up of four trumpets, two trombones, five saxophones, a tuba, a bass, and drums, and including Ricky Ford, Hamiet Bluiett, and Chico Freeman on reeds, Jack Walrath on trumpet, Holland, and Barry Altschul on drums. The quintet played the conservative half of "The Hong Kong Suite," which consists of eight ten-minute sections, four of them traditional jazz and four avant-garde. For nearly an hour, Rivers and his cohorts issued an uninterrupted series of melodic reflections on the small-band jazz of the forties and fifties. The tempos and time signatures changed constantly; there were quiet, studied solos by Rivers and Dunbar and Nock; and the music circled and circled but never came to rest. The big band was another matter. A lot of avant-garde musicians have been trying to get the big band out of the marching-band box it has been in for fifty years (Ellington and Basie excepted), and among them are Mike Mantler, Archie Shepp, Anthony Braxton, Muhal Richard Abrams, and Rivers. Tonight, Rivers arranged his musicians in a loose, three-sided box centered on the tubist, the bassist, and the drummer, while he played and conducted at its open end. They did an hour-long piece called "Evocation." It had a lot of "free" figures played separately by the sections in long, heavily accented melodic lines or all at once in dense, cacophonic ensembles. Soloists, one or two at a time, worked their way between the sections, and were rarely more than functional. Rivers is a possessed musician (after a time, he resembled a puppet, spinning just above the ground among his musicians, his back now toward us, now toward them), but for all his efforts "Evocation" never took off. Nor did it have any of the humor of Abrams or Braxton or Shepp, who are aware that parody both blesses and buries what has come before.

SATURDAY: The *Times'* music reviewer Robert Palmer, whose love is the jazz avant-garde, was so taken with the tenor saxophonist Arnett Cobb and the trumpeter Doc Cheatham at Lionel Hampton's fiftieth-anniversary concert at Carnegie Hall tonight that Cobb's solos left him "speechless" and Cheatham's made him "gasp." Though clearly suffering from the festival jellies, which attack critics on the ninth or tenth day, Palmer was essentially right. The evening, indeed, was a surprise, for Hampton's appearances at the festival as a leader have generally been given over to exhibitionistic displays on the drums, piano, and vibraphone. He had a seventeen-piece band with him. A third of its members were alumni (Cat Anderson, Joe Newman, Billy Mackel, Benny Powell, Cobb), and the rest included Cheatham, Jimmy Maxwell, Panama Francis, Chubby Jackson, Ray Bryant, Pepper Adams, Eddie Bert, and Earle Warren. Almost everyone got a solo turn, and Cobb and Cheatham *were* exemplary. Cobb replaced Illinois Jacquet in Hampton's band in the early forties, and he is another of the big-toned tenor saxophonists who modelled themselves on Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster. But he is from Texas, and his tone has the ribbed, four-by-four texture of the Southwestern saxophonists. Cobb also has their spacious melodic sense. He likes long-held notes and arching slurs and the sort of legato phrasing in which the player *pushes* his notes. In general, the Southwesterners have never been formidable improvisers, but Cobb's selections—"On the Sunny Side of the Street," "I'm Confessin'," and "The Nearness of You"—were jubilant melodic re-creations. He moved his notes around grandly, and he made his sound heavy and *working*. Cheatham has been startling for years, and he was tonight in "Don't Be That Way." His lilting, staccato solos are impeccably structured, and they have a noonday ring and shine. Hampton himself played with delicacy and beauty, and it was good to hear Teddy Wilson and Bob Wilber, who helped form a mock Benny Goodman quintet. Wilson leaned into his solos for a change, and Wilber was his gleaming, racing self.

The L.A. Four (Bud Shank, Ray Brown, Laurindo Almeida, Jeff Hamilton) and Stan Kenton were at Avery Fisher Hall at the same time, and an observer reports that the quartet was "slick and decorative and unmoving,"

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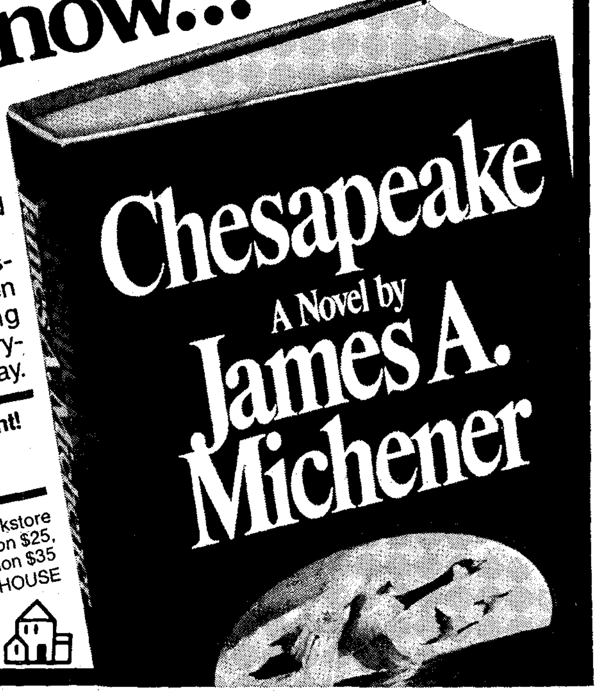

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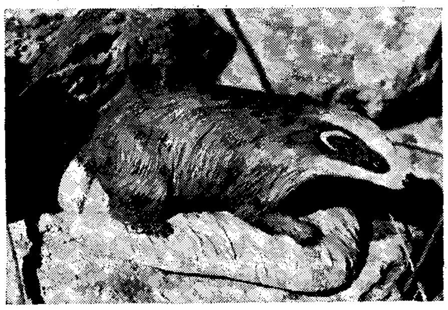

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and that it played a lot of "pretty pieces." Kenton did big brassy numbers, the observer went on, but used none of his old good things from the fifties by Lennie Niehaus, Shorty Rogers, and Bill Holman. Nor did he get into jazz-rock or fusion music. Kenton himself appeared "reasonably well."

SUNDAY: The festival closed with an afternoon street fair, at which a dozen groups held forth for an hour apiece from three platforms set up between Fifth Avenue and Seventh Avenue on Fifty-second Street. The groups were led by the likes of Jimmy Owens, Dewey Redman, Roy Eldridge, Billy Taylor, Barry Harris, Lee Konitz, and George Coleman, and the best were Harris and Konitz and Redman. The very notion of asking listeners to sample music hour after hour on foot in dense crowds suggests that something seems to be going awry at the Newport Festival. It has begun to make money, and it is becoming safe and secure and predictable. Few years go by without our hearing Count Basie, Sarah Vaughan, Buddy Rich, Latin music, Herbie Hancock, Bill Evans, Maynard Ferguson, McCoy Tyner, Woody Herman, and those old revolutionaries Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor. But a festival should be a celebration of the neglected or little-known as well as the famous. And it should be a celebration of the good things that have happened in the past year, an indicator of the good news in the world of jazz. So where, this year, were Red Garland, Joe Morello, Jimmy Raney, Jim Hall, Joe Wilder, Red Mitchell, Joanne Brackeen, Phineas Newborn, George Lewis, Woody Shaw, Mike Moore, Philly Joe Jones, Barbara Lea, Hank Jones, Steve Lacy, Soprano Summit, Anita Ellis, Dave McKenna, Art Farmer, Warne Marsh, and Bill De Arango? Why were Barry Harris and Konitz's Nonet (with the masterly Jimmy Knepper) relegated to the street fair? And why was Dave Chesky's big band sent off to Saratoga? The imagination and invention that once gave us programs built around Mahalia Jackson and tap-dancers and Ray Charles and Archie Shepp when those performers were not particularly fashionable appear to be dissipating.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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Louis Roman, the president of Monaco's council of state, conducted last night's civil ceremony. He said Caroline's hands were "shaking with emotion" when he vowed to "cherish and obey" her husband.—*Toronto Star.*

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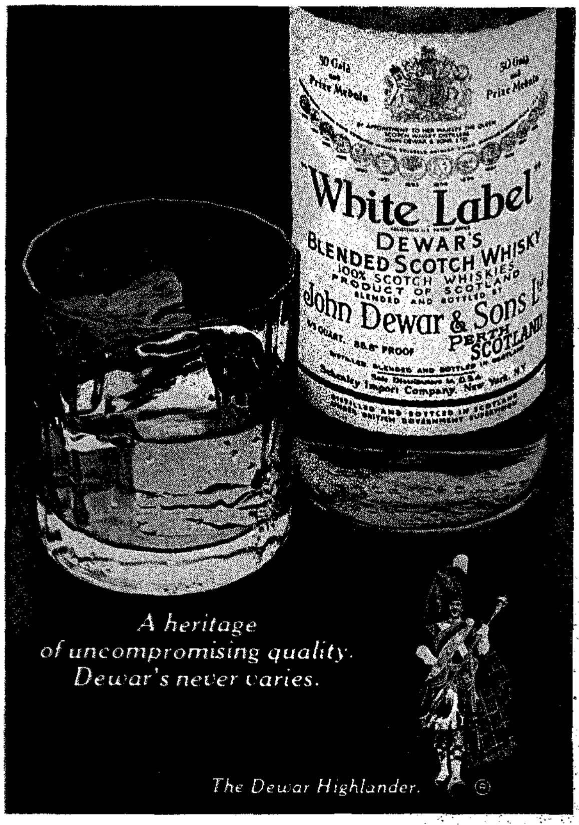
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